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N. W. McLemore

GENEALOGICAL HISTORY

of the

FAMILIES

of

McCONNELLS. MARTINS. BARBERS.

WILSONS. BAIRDS. McCALLS

AND MORRIS'

The Histories of the Scotch-Irish

and of the

Presbyterians in the Revolutionary War.

The Battles of King's Mountain and the Cowpens

Together with

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

by

NEWTON WHITFIELD McCONNELL.

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DEDICATION.

This book is tenderly dedicated to the memory of the dead of the families described herein.

N. W. M.

FOREWORD.

I make no claim of literary merit for this book. I have followed no model in its arrangement. My key-note has been my father and my mother. It is my first effort at bookmaking. Nearly all the material has been gathered, and the entire composition has been done during the passing of my eighty-first year.

My father was a Scotch-Irishman, and my mother, if not wholly, was largely, of Irish ancestry. They were both Presbyterians, to the manor born. His church and its duties constituted a large share of my father's life. He was an ardent student of the Bible. In spirit and in truth, his faith in the Bible knew no wavering or halting. He accepted it as true from the beginning of Genesis to the end of Revelation. His great men were John Knox, John Calvin, and Martin Luther. He was opposed to prelacy, and especially that which came from Rome. He was proud of the race from which he had descended. His father was a Revolutionary soldier. He was proud of that fact. He had three uncles, James, Robert and Benjamin, Armstrong, who were Revolutionary soldiers. His grandmother, Tabitha Ward McConnell, was of a family who fought for Independence.

My mother's grandfather, John Barber, was a captain and served as such two years and a half in the Revolutionary War, in the State of North Carolina. A great uncle of my mother, Josiah Martin, was a Revolutionary soldier, and near the close of the struggle was a lieutenant.

A brother, of her grandmother, Adam Baird, was a Revolutionary soldier, and fought at the battle of Kings Mountain. It seems to me then, that my children and their descendants, and all my collateral kindred in whose veins runs any of the blood, descended from these Scotch-Irish and Irish partiots, ought to know what their ancestors helped to achieve.

These considerations determined me to devote a portion of my book to the history of the Scotch-Irish race, and their achievements; another portion to the Presbyterian Church, and its influence in the Revolutionary struggle; and another portion to the history of the two crucial battles which initiated a series of events that swiftly culminated in the triumph of the cause of libery, not only of America but of the civilized world, at Yorktown, on the 19th of October, 1781.

Tables of pedigree and genealogies are dry and uninteresting in themselves, and especially to the general reader. I hope that what I have written upon the topics above indicated will entitle my book to be read and preserved and handed down from one generation to another by my family.

My own history has been written for the special benefit of my immediate family.

I have made free use of the information obtained by the researches of Charles A. Hanna, in a work published in two volumes, in Philadelphia, in 1902, entitled "The Scotch-Irish, or the Scot in North Britain, North Ireland, and North America."

I have also made a similar use of the information obtained by the researches of Dr. Draper, the Secretary of the Historical Society of the State of Wisconsin, in a work published by him in 1881, entitled, "Kings Moun-

tain and Its Heroes." This work is exhaustive of the subject.

I have also made a like use of seven volumes of the "Proceedings of the Scotch-Irish Association of America."

I take occasion to thus acknowledge my indebtedness to these authorities. I also take occasion to acknowledge my indebtedness to Mary Ellen Baker for valuable assistance rendered in the genealogical part of my work, and especially the genealogy of Josiah Martin, from whom, she is a lineal descendant.

I make a similar acknowledgment to Sarah Jane Baird Weatherly, for valuable aid in regard to the family of Bairds. She is a lineal descendant of Adam Baird, one of the heroes of King's Mountain.

I also acknowledge my indebtedness to Dr. L. C. Glenn, Professor of Geology, in Vanderbilt University, for valuable aid in regard to the history of John Barber, Mary Wray, and the Wilson family. I acknowledge my indebtedness to various other parties, whose help, while not so great as those mentioned, has been invaluable to me.

The genealogies are very incomplete, but as much is furnished as could be gathered in the few months which I have been able to devote to the subject.

The McConnell Family.

That portion of my name "Mc,' sometimes spelled "Mac," and sometimes "M' ", is defined by the Standard Dictionaries as meaning "the son of." It has the same meaning as the Irish "O' ",—McConnell and O'Connell each means "the son of Connell."

FIRST GENERATION.

.....McConnell and Tabitha Ward, were the founders of my family. I have not been able to learn the christian name of my great-grandfather, nor when he and Tabitha Ward were married, but they were married and living in the village of Port Tobacco, St. Charles County, Maryland, in the year 1757. My great grandfather, McConnell, was a tailor by trade. He was a Scotch-Irishman and a Presbyterian.

SECOND GENERATION.

Manuel McConnell was born in the year 1757, and died September 9, 1842.

I was born on the 22nd of May, 1832; hence, I was about ten years and four months old when my grandfather, Manuel McConnell, died. I remember him very well. He was a Revolutionary soldier, and, drew a pension from the year 1833 to the time of his death. I have in my possession a copy of his application for a

pension. In that he was required to state what rank he had, whether private or officer, what captain and colonel he served under, and to state the engagements he was in. He specified the battle of the Cowpens and the Siege of Ninety-Six, and that he served under Lieutenant Benj. Lawrence, Captain McCall, Captain Moses Little, Captain Richard Hurd, and under Colonel Pickens of South Carolina, Colonel Washington, Colonel Lee and Colonel James Jackson of Georgia. These services ran from May, 1780, to August, 1782. He gave as his residence at the time of his enlistment, Abbeyville District, South Carolina, and with his father, but does not state his name. The Washington referred to, was Colonel William Washington, a distant relative of General George Washington, and, the Lee, was Colonel Henry Lee, known as Harry Lee, or, "Light Horse Harry." This Lee was the father of the great Confederate General, Robert E. Lee. My grandfather was an old man, when I first recollect him. He was eighty-five years old when he died, and he must have been seventy-nine or eighty years old when my recollection of him commenced. He was a slender man, little above medium height, with dark eyes and remarkably fine, regular features. In his young days he was undoubtedly, a handsome man. He said, they called him a "pretty boy" when a child. He had a certain seat in the corner which was a split bottomed chair with a sheepskin on it. He was a great hand for pets. I especially remember a rooster, that used to sit on his knee, and at his word of command, would crow. I was very spare-made and thin, as a small boy, and he used to call me "spider."

I have heard my grandfather talk more about the services he rendered under General Francis Marion than under any other officer.

He was in many skirmishes, was captured once, and escaped while crossing a creek on a foot log. On one occasion, he told about the soldiers spreading their blankets on the floor of a bridge to deaden the noise of taking their horses across, so that the enemy, camped near, could not hear them.

I have heard him describe the battle of the Cowpens often, exactly as it is given in this book. He was in Washington's Charge upon the British Battery, and the dragoons upon the British right flank, at the time of the personal encounter between Washington and Tarleton.

He belonged to the Continental line, was twenty-two years old when he enlisted. His wife, Martha Armstrong, was a South Carolinian. Her father had three brothers who were in the Revolutionary Army, but he was a cripple and unable to serve.

My great grandfather died when my grandfather was a small boy. After his father's death, his uncle, Tom Ward, became his custodian; in what capacity I do not know. An arrangement was made between Tom Ward and John Posey and others to move to South Carolina. When the party left, Ward remained behind for some purpose, but was to follow later. He was killed by a cannon-ball. I find this in memoranda, which I got from my mother about the year 1883, and which I remember as being talked of in the family, presumably, this was in an action, during the French and Indian War which was flagrant at that time,—the treaty of peace having been made in 1763. My grandfather never lived with his own people again. His mother afterwards married Mr. Acock. From this union there was born a daughter, Sarah. My grandfather never had any

full brothers or sisters. When he speaks of living with his father at the time of his enlistment, he undoubtedly meant, his father by adoption. It is legendary history, well established in the family, that this adopted father did not treat him kindly and he ran away from home when a boy, but must have returned again.

I have before me an old document, bearing date 17th day of August, 1784. This instrument has been in the possession of my brother, W. E. McConnell, ever since our Uncle James died. Grandfather died at his house. All his papers were left with Uncle James. My brother was connected with the administration of his estate, and, received this instrument in that way. It contains a plat of a piece of land of two hundred acres, situated in Wilkes County, Georgia, on Scull Creek. I find from examining the map, that there are several counties between Scull Creek and Wilkes County. This means that new counties have been made, and at the time the survey was made, the locality of the land was Wilkes County. There is a certificate attached to the plat. It reads, in part, as follows:

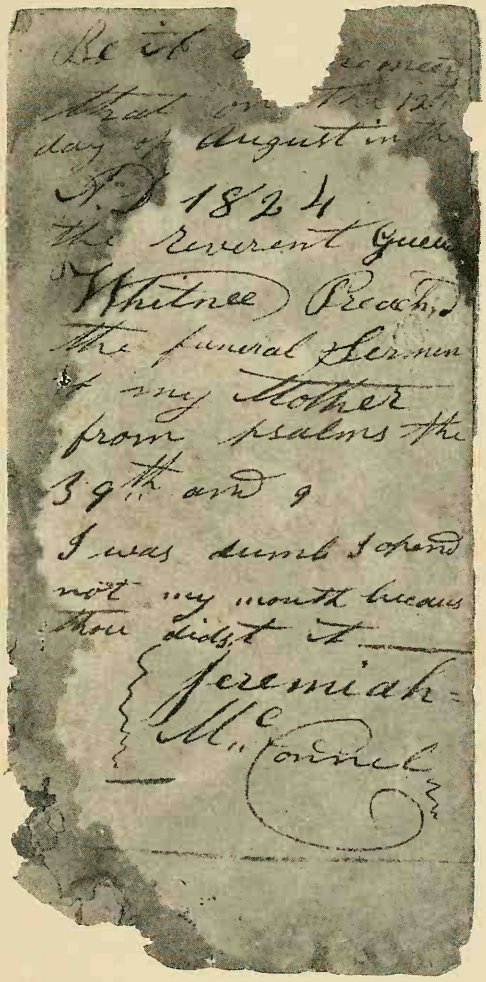
"Pursuant to a warrant from under the hand of the Honorable Absalom Bedell, Esq., Senior Justice, presiding at the Land Court, held in Wilkes County, dated the 10th day of August, 1784, was surveyed for Newel McConnell, who resides in this state, a tract of land containing two hundred acres, etc." It winds up, as follows: "Surveyed the 19th day of August, 1784," and certified by Samuel Criswell, by John Furges, Deputy Surveyor, and signed T. McCall, Surveyor General. It has a wax seal attached by a tape string.

I have also a tax receipt, which came into my possession the same way as above described. It begins,

"Received of Emanuel McConnell, Etc. I have another receipt obtained the same way, which begins as follows: "Received October 19th, 1795, of Newel McConnell, etc."

I know of no explanation of these changes of names. My recollection is, that he was sometimes called Emmanuel, when I knew him. I had some doubt as to whether his name was Manuel or Emmanuel, until I got a copy of his application for a pension. In that it is plainly written, Manuel. He did not write his name in the documents above referred to. They were written by others. I take it, that Newel must have been a nickname, by which he was familiarly known. There can be no question about his being the identical person described in these papers.

My father was born in 1797, in the State of Georgia. He could barely recollect the fact of moving to Tennessee. I have heard him say the only thing that he recollected distinctly, was crossing a river. This change of residence from Georgia to Tennessee, could not have been later than 1803. My grandfather bought a farm on the waters of Bear Creek. The country, at the time he settled there, was, largely an almost impenetrable canebrake. There were plenty of bears, rattlesnakes, copperheads, and, other venomous reptiles. The country abounded with wild turkeys. It was certainly a hunter's paradise. Tennessee was the state in which David Crockett became famous as a bear hunter. When my father married he bought an adjoining farm. His brother John A. McConnell, also bought an adjoining farm. These lands were very rich.



Photographic Copy of the Original, which is in the Handwriting of My Father.

—N. W. M.

THIRD GENERATION.

As previously stated, Manuel McConnell married Martha Armstrong. She died before I was born. I never knew any of her family except one sister, Mary Armstrong. She lived to be quite an old lady, never married, and died at my father's house, when I was a youth. She is buried in the family burying ground on the old farm. She left a Bible, printed in Philadelphia in 1815. On the blank leaf in front is the following warning: "This Bible is the property of Mary Armstrong. Do not steal this book for fear of shame, for here you see the owner's name." It is not common for thieves to steal Bibles. When I was on the bench in Tennessee, I tried a man once for stealing a Bible out of a church. The pastor of the church was introduced upon the trial, to identify the Bible as the one that belonged to the church. He was a venerable old man, and testified that he knew that Bible because he had preached over and out of it for twenty-seven consecutive years. The prisoner was convicted and sent to the penitentiary for one year. This is an anomalous case.

I heard of another thief who stole a Bible, but upon reading the twentieth chapter of Exodus, in which he found the command, "Thou shalt not steal," he returned the book to the owner. I do not vouch for the truth of this story.

There was born of the union between Manuel McConnell and Martha Armstrong, the following children, in the order herein named, to-wit: Elizabeth, John A., Jeremiah, James, Tabitha, Nancy A., Rachel, and Martha McConnell. Elizabeth, James, Tabitha, and Nancy A. McConnell never married. They respectively lived to a ripe old age and died. They are buried side

by side in the family grave yard on the farm,—being the same upon which their father lived, and situated in Marshall County, Tennessee.

Jeremiah McConnell, was my father, He was born October 14th, 1797 and died February 11th, 1871. He married Annabel Martin, the daughter of William and Catherine Barber Martin. She was born November 26th, 1803, and died October 13th, 1886.

I approach the subject of the biography of my father and mother with reverence. Since I have been engaged in the preparation of this book, I have thought a great deal about them. This reverence deepens and grows upon me, the more I reflect upon them. The Fifth Commandment in the Decalogue, enjoins upon children to honor their father and mother. It is a happy thought that there is nothing to be said of them but what is honoring to their memory. My father was a man of marked characteristics. He was a little inclined to be eccentric. He was about six feet in height, slender, and straight as an Indian. He, perhaps never weighed over one hundred and fifty pounds in his life. He had dark hair and dark brilliant eyes, rather fiery, indicative of temper, of which he had a good deal. He had a high forehead. His head was well developed in the intellectual and moral regions. He had great veneration. He was a Presbyterian in religion, as Paul says of himself, "Of the most straightest sect." He was profundly religious, and a man of rugged honesty. He held family prayers every night. His manly virtues were of the most exalted character. His education was limited. He did not own many books, but what he did own, he thoroughly knew. I think he was the best informed man, in the Bible, that I ever talked with. He was thoroughly acquainted with the History of the Reformation.

To his mind, John Knox was the greatest man that ever lived. John Calvin and Martin Luther were about equal to him. He named his first boy Calvin Luther. I have heard him discuss John Knox often and often. He believed, without any doubting, hesitation or equivocation of mind, whatever, all the doctrines set forth in the Presbyterian Confession of Faith. He was an elder in the Presbyterian church, nearly all of his adult life. He was a Scotch-Irishman. He was proud of his blood and of his race. He was bitterly opposed to the Church of Rome. He believed that Church was the Harlot of St. John's vision. He had Fox's Book of Martyrs, and knew by heart the names and circumstances attending the burning of every martyr described therein. He had no use for prelacy, whether it came from Rome, or London; but, I do not think he had any special prejudice against the Episcopalians, although I have heard him speak contemptously of the founder of the English Church, and the circumstances and motives that led to it. In this day, he would be called narrow. He was a tetotaler in temperance. One of the first things he had me do, after I learned to write my name, was to sign the temperance pledge. He was a profund thinker. He loved to discuss questions of philosophy, of theology, of science and especially of astronomy. He believed in, and practiced, the simple life. He made money and saved it. There were no holes in the bottom of his pockets. He was a man, I might say, of the intensest industry. It could not be said of him that "everybody works but father." He held his church membership at Elk Ridge. It would require dreadful weather to keep him from attendance there every Sunday, when there was preaching. He observed the Sabbath scrupulously. Firewood had to be chopped on Saturday to do

over Sunday. A pone of light cornbread was cooked on Saturday for use on Sunday. No work was done on the farm on Sunday, not even a nail driven. There was not heard in and about his premises the sound of an axe, hammer or any other tool of iron on that day. In family discipline, he was strict. Everybody on his place was industrious. None of us required any goading, for we inherited the spirit of industry from our Scotch-Irish and Irish ancestry.

My father was a Democrat in politics. His ideal statesman was Thomas Jefferson. He was an ardent believer in personal liberty, and freedom of conscience. He knew thoroughly the history of the struggles of John Knox and his co-laborers and successors, to establish civil and religious liberty in the world. He believed the Presbyterian Church was founded and ordained of God, not only for the salvation of the souls of men, but for the establishment and maintenance of civil liberty, in the world. He was a devoted patriot, proud of the fact that his father fought for the maintenance of American liberty. He was intensely on the Southern side during the Civil War. He gave up his only two sons, who were living at home at the time, to go to the war.

My father was a firm believer in Special Providence. I heard him say once there was no such thing as chance. That this word ought to be expunged from the language. He believed that it was dishonoring to the Deity to believe that he had created the Universe, harnessed it together by immutable laws and hurled it into space, to run automatically forever. Many of the greatest minds in the civilized world have the same belief. George Washington was a believer in Special Providence. He believed that Divine Providence would guide and pro-

Mrs. Annabel Martin McConnell, taken when eighty years old.

The McConnell Old Home. Rear View.

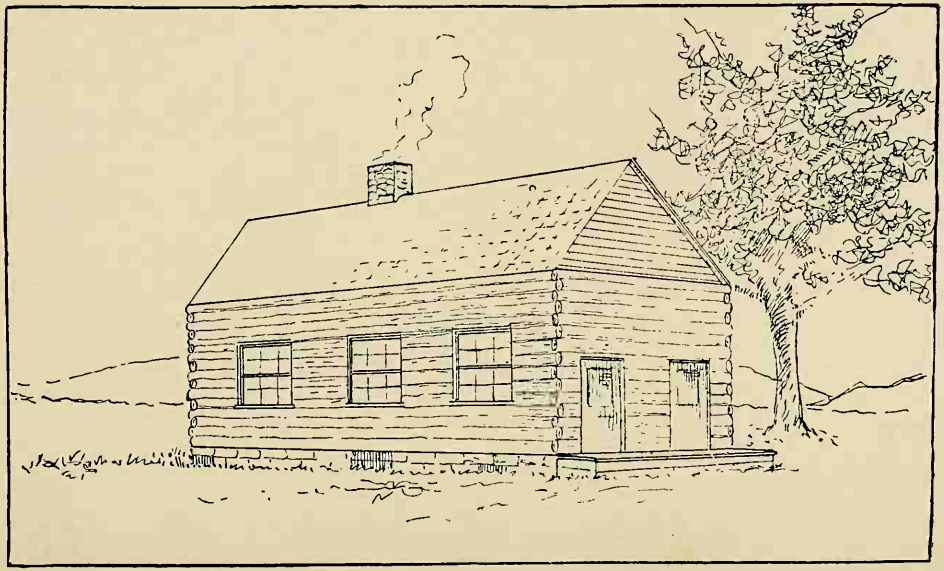
tect him in the accomplishment of the great enterprise upon which he had entered. Napoleon had a similar faith, but he called it destiny. Bancroft, the historian, used the following language with reference to George Washington.

"Profoundly impressed with confidence in God's Providence, and exemplary in his respect for the forms of public worship, no philosopher of the eighteenth century was more firm in the support of freedom of religious opinion, none more remote, from bigotry; but belief in God and trust in His overruling power, formed the essence of his character. Divine Wisdom not only illumines the spirit, it inspires the will. Washington was a man of action; his creed appears in his life; professions burst from him very rarely, and only at those great moments of crisis in the fortunes of his country when earth and heaven seemed actually to meet, and his emotion became too intense for suppression; but his whole being was one continued act of faith in the eternal, intelligent, moral order of the universe. Integrity was so completely the law of his nature that a planet would sooner have shot from its sphere than he have departed from his uprightness, which was so constant that it often seemed to be almost impersonal. 'His integrity was the most pure, his justice the most inflexible I have ever known,' writes Jefferson, 'no motives of interest or consanguinity, of friendship or hatred, being able to bias his decision.'"

While my father was not to be compared with George Washington, in his genius and commanding ability, but in so far as that "integrity was so completely the law of his nature that a planet would sooner have shot from its sphere than he have departed from his uprightness," he was every whit his peer.

My mother was low in stature; when married she weighed less than a hundred pounds but as she grew older she grew stout. Her eyes were gray; she was amiable, cheerful, sweet tempered, under all circumstances; if she had to punish any of her children, she never did it in anger, but in such a gentle, kindly way, that it was almost a pleasure to be punished by her. She was a model of industry, a good nurse, devoted to her family, and labored for their welfare and happiness in season and out of season. In a word, she was a standing contradiction to the doctrine of total depravity. She became a member of the Presbyterian Church when she was but a girl; held her membership in Bethberai, on Rock Creek and, worshiped regularly in the Cedar Log Meeting House, shown in the engraving, until she married, and left the neighborhood. She was a beautiful singer. She went about her work often singing verses from the Sacred Hymns used in the Church Service of those days. She had a music book written by a man named Johnson, which contained a great many Sacred hymns which she was very fond of singing. She belonged to a musical family; some of her brothers sang beautifully. She lived, like the great bulk of the people of her day, the simple life. She was sensible, in every thing she did. I dont recall ever having seen her do a thing or heard her say a word, with which any fault could be found.

The fact is, I am fully persuaded that my mother, my wife, and my mother-in-law were about as near perfect as it is possible for human nature to be. It is a great pleasure to me to think about them and to recall their perfect lives. I know there are multitudes of women in the world just as good as they were, but I am confident there are none better. I idolize their memories.



The Hewn Cedar Log Meeting House on Rock Creek.

The portrait of my mother is from an old tin-type.

THIRD GENERATION.

From the union of Jeremiah and Annabel Martin McConnell, there were born the following children: Calvin Luther, Harriet Atwood, Newton Whitfield, Amanda Edwards, Asenath Morrison, Jackson Watts, and Washington Emmons, McConnell. Calvin Luther McConnell married Miss Henderson of Maury County, Tennessee, who died a few years afterwards, without children. He married the second time, Elizabeth Foster of Appanoose County, Iowa, on January 21st, 1865.

FOURTH GENERATION.

Of this union there were born the following children: Foster, July 21st, 1866; Edgar, August 4th, 1868; Oscar, August 11th, 1871; Luther, October 14th, 1873; Leotie J., February 14th, 1877 and Henry F., McConnell, February 1st, 1880.

Calvin Luther died in January, 1909, in his eighty-first year.

FIFTH GENERATION.

Foster McConnell married Emma Moser. Of this union there were born, Luther, age twenty-four years; Marie, age twenty years; Ray, age eighteen years; Clyde, age thirteen years, and Otto, McConnell, age eleven years, at the present time.

Edgar McConnell married Pearl Elizabeth Hinkley. They have no children. Their address is Kendallville, Indiana.

Oscar McConnell married Emma Bridges. Of this union there was born a daughter, Nellie Marie McConnell, age about fourteen years.

Luther McConnell died when five years old.

Leotie J. married Amos W. Smith, September 12th, 1897. Of this union there were born the following children: Alice Leotie, born April 9th, 1902; Ralph C., born August 1st, 1904; Edgar Foster, Smith, born September 17th, 1909.

Henry F. McConnell is not married. His address is Elk Hart, Ind.

Marie McConnell married T. Grayson McConnell in October, 1911. Their postoffice address is Tipton Ford, Missouri.

The postoffice address of Amos W. Smith is 2103 May Street, Joplin, Missouri. The postoffice address of Foster McConnell is Saginaw, Jasper County, Missouri.

Foster McConnell is a farmer and miner; Edgar McConnell is a merchant tailor; Amos W. Smith is a bookkeeper; Oscar McConnell is a farmer; J. Grayson McConnell, while of the same name as his wife, was no kin to her. He is a merchant.

Harriet Atwood McConnell, born November 26th, 1830, married Nicholas Cheatham of Marshall County, Tennessee, born April 16th, 1823. They were married August 22nd, 1848. They removed to McNairy County, Tennessee, November 10th, 1851. Of this union there were born the following children:

FOURTH GENERATION.

Emily Jane, Jalena Ann, Washington Lafayette, Thomas Newton, James Franklin, Fielding G., Laura Ellen, and Milton L., Cheatham.

Francis Winston McConnell.

Emily J. Cheatham married G. S. Parrish, who was born December 16th, 1847, and died October 31st, 1887. Emily J. was born October 21st, 1849, and died March 16th, 1907.

FIFTH GENERATION.

Of this union there were born the following children: C. L. Parrish, February 16th, 1869; T. O. Parrish, November 19th, 1870; Felix W. Parrish, March 16th, 1873, died May 8th, 1878; E. O. Parrish, May 27th, 1875; Maggie M. Parrish, August 11th, 1877; Millie Z. Parrish, April 2nd, 1879, died February 20th, 1888; Eckie W. Parrish, February 2nd, 1884.

C. L. Parrish is at the present time, and has been for several years last past, Clerk of the Circuit Court of Chester County.

T. O. Parrish, is the City Marshal of the town of Henderson.

C. L. Parrish married Maggie Hearn and has six children, none of them married.

T. O. Parrish married Lillie Hearn and has four children.

Edgar, the third son, is telegraph operator for the Mobile & Ohio Railroad at Jordan, Ky. He is married and has two children, who constitute the seventh generation.

Maggie M. Parrish married Robert Harris, who is a locomotive engineer. Of this union there were born two children.

E. O. Parrish married Maggie Bedil.

Eckie W. Parrish married A. Swain. Of this union there were born two children.

FOURTH GENERATION.

Jalena Ann married J. R. Wright, whose postoffice address is Adamsville, Tennessee.

FIFTH GENERATION.

Of this union there were born the following children: James Nicholas, July 15th, 1877; Thomas Newton, May 22nd, 1880; Bishop Warren, October 1st, 1882; Jesse Allen, March 14th, 1885; Hattie Mary, December 1st, 1887, and Florence Wright, August 22nd, 1892. Jalena Anne and her husband reside on the old home farm in McNairy County, postoffice address, Adamsville.

James Nicholas Wright is married and has six children, who constitute the sixth generation, and is living on a farm near the old home place in Hardin County.

Thomas Newton Wright is married and has three children and lives on a farm near the old home.

Bishop Warren Wright is married and has two children, and is living in Hardin County.

Jesse Allen Wright is married and is living on a part of the old homestead.

Hattie May Wright is teaching music in Carroll County, and unmarried. Florence is attending school in Henderson.

FOURTH GENERATION.

Laura Ellen Cheatham first married Benjamin Weeks. By this union she had four children. After her first husband's death, she married Dr. J. H. Mitchell, whose postoffice address is Bethel Springs, Tennessee. By the first union there were four children and by the second union there were three children. Laura Ellen was born November 21st, 1857.

Mrs. Mary (Maymee) Nichols McConnell, and Sons, Francis Winston McConnell, Jr., and Herbert Stevens McConnell.

FIFTH GENERATION.

Flava Weeks, was born December 11th, 1881; B. O. Weeks, August 28th, 1883; Hattie Weeks, September 4th, 1885; Harrison Weeks, June 1st, 1887; Curtis Mitchell, July 1st, 1894; Beulah Mitchell, February 4th, 1896, and Oscar Mitchell, January 12th, 1899, and died November 27th, 1905.

FOURTH GENERATION.

Washington Lafayette Cheatham, the oldest son, born March 2nd, 1853, resides in Henderson, Chester County, Tennessee; owns a farm, and is living with his second wife. His first wife was Mildred Fitzpatrick, of Maury County; his second wife, was Lee Denam, also of Maury County.

FIFTH GENERATION.

Of this first union there was born one child, Echey Cheatham. She married Mr. Ammons. Of this union there were born three children. The oldest died in infancy; the other two are small children and the family reside at Corinth, Mississippi.

There was born of the second union three children, to-wit: Ulys, Clara, and Maggie Cheatham. Ulys is living with his father, unmarried. Clara is a school-teacher of high rank. Maggie is a small girl living with her parents.

FOURTH GENERATION.

Thomas Newton Cheatham, the second son, married Alice Adams. They have no children. He resides in Henderson. Hs is an optician.

FIFTH GENERATION.

Thomas Franklin Cheatham, the third son, born September 21st, 1857, and died September 25th, 1877.

Milton L. Cheatham married Maggie W. Hodges, of the city of Henderson. He was born October 13th, 1851.

SIXTH GENERATION.

Of this union there were born six children, three sons and three daughters, to-wit: Ada L., August 12th, 1884; James W., May 12th, 1886; Laura A., August 24th, 1888; Joe M. March 19th, 1890; Mary E., November 5th, 1896, and Robert M., Cheatham, March 7th, 1899.

Milton L. Cheatham resides at Henderson, Tennessee, and is traveling representative for L. Moses & Co., Louisville, Ky., and justice of the peace.

SEVENTH GENERATION.

Ada L. Cheatham is married and lives in Alabama. She has three children, the oldest, a son, died at the age of seventeen months. Her husband's name is Roy May. James Whitfield Cheatham, the oldest son of Milton L., is married and lives in Henderson. He is employed in carrying United States mail. He has two children, Margaret and James H. Cheatham, Annie Laura Cheatham, the second daughter of Milton L., is married to a Mr. Lanier. They reside in the city of Memphis, Tennessee. He is in the employ of the Cumberland Telephone and Telegraph Company. They have one daughter, Ollie.

Joe M. Cheatham, the second son, is just twenty-one years old, and is residing at Greenwood, Mississippi, his business, bookkeeper for the Cumberland Telephone and Telegraph Company; Mary Emma Cheatham, is

Odell Whitfield McConnell.

sixteen years old and attending school. Robert Milton Cheatham, the youngest child, is thirteen years old, and is attending school.

FIFTH GENERATION.

Fielding Grant Cheatham, the youngest son of Nicholas and Harriet A. Cheatham, married Ellen Hearn, and lives in Henderson. He is a merchant.

SIXTH GENERATION.

Of this union there were born eight children, Oscar O., September 1st, 1892, died October 15th, 1893; Robert E., February 25th, 1894; Willie G., August 9th, 1896; Olgie G. June 28th, 1898; Alice G., September 14th, 1900; Mary E., February 9th, 1905; Gladys O., November 8th, 1908, and Harriet Cheatham, October 17th, 1911. None of these children are married.

Milton L. Cheatham, writing me under date of January 7th, 1913, says of his parents, "They lived together forty-seven years, and, while not rich, they were in easy circumstances, and were happy and content."

FOURTH GENERATION.

Newton Whitfield McConnell, born May 22, 1832, married Nancy Elizabeth McCall, of Meadville, Pa., February 25, 1856. She was born April 26, 1833, and died August 19, 1900.

FIFTH GENERATION.

Of this union there were born Francis Winston, Odell Whitfield, and Anne Eloise, McConnell.

Francis Winston McConnell married first, Mary E.

Corley, of Hartsville, Tenn., the daughter of John B. and Harriet Low Corley.

SIXTH GENERATION.

Of this union there was born Newton Whitfield McConnell,, Jr., August 29, 1887, at Hartsville, Tenn. Mary E. Corley McConnell was educated at the Hartsville Masonic Institute, died in 1888, and is buried in Forestvale Cemetery, Helena, Montana.

Francis W. McConnell married the second time, Mary (Maymee) Nichols, of Temple, Texas, the daughter of John VanBuren and Hannah E. Nichols. She was given a good High School Education.

Of this union there were born three children, Francis Winston, Jr., June 12th, 1898; Herbert Stevens, May 25, 1905; and Harold Ayers, McConnell, who died in infancy.

Francis Winston McConnell was born January 26, 1861, at Hartsvlle, Tenn. He was educated at the Hartsville Masonic Institute and at Vanderbilt University at Nashville. He took a four year's course in the Academic Department and graduated in 1884. He was entitled to the degrees of Bachelor of Arts and Bachelor of Science. The University authorities declined to confer both degrees but required him to elect. He chose Bachelor of Science. In a public speaking contest in which a prize of a hundred dollars was awarded he was the winner. He made greater distinction in chemistry than in any other branch of his academic studies. Upon the recommendation of Mr. Lupton, who was Professor of Chemistry, the authorities of the Peabody Normal School at Nashville, offered him soon after his graduation the Chair of Chemistry in that institution.

He taught school from the fall of 1884 to the summer of 1888, first at Gallatin, Tenn., and later at the

Mrs. Annie Seay McConnell.

Hartsville Masonic Institute at Hartsville, Tenn. He was emminently successful as a teacher. While he was teaching at Gallatin, he married Mary E. Corley of Trousdale County, Tenn., who was the granddaughter of E. P. Low of the same county, Mary E. Corley McConnell had charge of the primary department of the Hartsville Masonic Institute when her husband was principal at that school. She was pleasing in her personality and easily won the confidence and affection of her pupils. Her success as a teacher was excellent, although she never had had any special training in the art of teaching.

In 1888, Francis Winston McConnell came to Helena, Mont., and was appointed clerk of the district court. He discharged the duties of this office with entire satisfaction to the officers of the court and the public. When I retired from the Bench in 1889, his resignation was requested by my successor who regarded the office a political one and appointed a Republican in his place.

He was afterwards elected to the office of clerk of the district court of Missoula, Montana, and discharged the duties of that office with equal ability with that of Helena. He is now in business at El Paso, Tex. His postoffice address is 512 Nevada St. He has been admitted to the Bar but has never practiced law. Had he chosen to, he could have achieved emminent success. He had a good foundation laid for the profession of law in his thorough Academic education. He has great aptitude and ability as a public speaker.

FIFTH GENERATION.

Odell Whitfield McConnell, born July 4th, 1867, at Hartsville, Tenn. Married Annie Seay, of Gallatin, Tenn., the daughter of Judge George E. and Mary Lauderdale Seay, in the year 1891.

SIXTH GENERATION.

Of this union there were born Clara Eloise and Odell Seay, McConnell, in 1895 and 1897 respectively.

Annie Seay McConnell received her primary education at the academy for young ladies at Gallatin and her college education at Ward's Seminary, at Nashville, Tenn. She specialized in Art. She graduated at Ward's Seminary.

Odell Whitfield McConnell graduated from Vanderbilt University with a degree of B. A., in June, 1890, and with the degree of B. L., June 17, 1891. He was appointed by the Governor of Montana to the State Board of Education, to fill out my unexpired term. He was again appointed for a full term of three years; and again in February, 1911, for a second period of three years, which has not yet expired. He was elected County Attorney, for Lewis and Clerk County in the fall of 1898, for a term of two years; he was re-elected in the fall of 1900, and served two more years. He is a director of the Conrad Trust and Savings Bank, of Helena, Montana, and also of the Montana Life Insurance Company, and is general counsel for each of these institutions.

I insert here a notice written of him two or three years ago in the Treasure State Magazine, published in Helena Montana.

"Everyone knows Odell W. McConnell. He is one of the leading and most popular lawyers in the State of Montana, having behind him a solid foundation of long continued meritorious achievement for his clients and for the State. Witty, bon vivant, happy, and genial, yet withal he maintains a dignified bearing toward his fellowmen that commands respect and stamps him as a polished gentleman of the old Southern school. When

Clara Eloise McConnell
Graduated at Pelham Manor, N. Y. June 4th. 1913.

he takes your hand you know that it is shaken; when he talks he talks to you and at you and looks you in the eye with a glance that flatters your vanity and makes you believe you are the very man he is looking for.

Odell W. McConnell, is a fighter, and the lawyer who is pitted against him, in legal combat, realizes that he has an antagonist who does not overlook a point. Important murder cases are watched with keener interest by the public than civil cases, and, in his successful conduct of a number of such cases, his superior ability as a lawyer has been evident.

He appeared for the defendants in a number of these murder trials where conviction seemed certain, his masterful handling of these cases combined with his persuasive eloquence and rhetorical ability secured acquitals. Whether or not any of his clients were guilty, the records remain and show that Mr. McConnell never lost a murder case.

His successes are however not confined to criminal cases. He has tried and won a number of the most important civil cases—including water right cases in the State and Federal Courts, involving novel questions as to rights on streams running from Montana into neighboring states. His practice is not limited to the Capital City, but he is called all over the State to look after litigation of importance.

During his tenure of office as prosecuting attorney for Lewis and Clark County, he very rarely lost a case and secured more convictions during his two terms, than for any other period in the history of the office.

Recognizing his ability as an able and fair-minded lawyer, who probes to the bottom of things, the governor of Montana recently appointed Mr. McConnell, Special Attorney General, to represent the State of Montana at

the hearing of charges against the State Landboard, and he has just been appointed a delegate from Montana to represent the Bar of the State at the meeting of the National American Bar Association, which meets at Seattle, August 25th.

Immediately after his graduation from the Law School, Mr. McConnell, came to Helena, and was admitted to the Bar of Montana in the same month that witnessed his graduation. He at once entered upon the active practice of the law.

He has given the strongest allegiance to the political party of his choice, and, has been an active worker, having taken the stump through the State and delivered many effective addresses.

Mr. McConnell is identified in numerous social and fraternal organizations, among which may be named: Benevolent Protective Order of Elks, Knights of Pythias, Woodmen of the World."

Anne Eloise McConnell married Walter Campbell Sweeney of Wheeling, West Virginia, April 19, 1904.

SIXTH GENERATION.

Of this union there were born Elizabeth Josephine, June 25, 1905, Walter Campbell, Jr., July 19, 1909, and Anne Eloise, Sweeney, July 19, 1912.

Anne Eloise McConnell Sweeney received her primary education at the Hartsville Masonic Institute, and, her Collegiate education at Belmont College, Nashville, Tenn. She specialized in Vocal Music.

After she had finished school, she continued to prosecute her study of vocal music at Helena, Mont., and later at Louisville, Ky., under Madame Vincent, an expert in voice development and culture.

Odell Seay McConnell.

Walter Campbell Sweeney, Sr., is a captain in the U. S. Army. He received his academic education at Lindsey Institute, Wheeling, W. Va.

He entered the army from civil life as a private in the Spanish-American War. Later he was commissioned second lieutenant and has advanced regularly to the grades of first lieutenant and captain. He is now attending the Army Service Schools, the second year as a member of the Staff Class at Fort Leavenworth, Kas.

The funeral of Mrs. Nancy Elizabeth McCall McConnell, wife of Judge N. W. McConnell, was preached by the Rev. Dr. W. N. Sloan, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Helena, Mont., August 21, 1900, in which he said:

"The messenger whom we call Death, but in a truer and deeper sense should be called Life, has once more summoned us as neighbors and friends to a home shadowed with a great sorrow and bereavement. We come together, not simply as sympathizers, but rather as mourners, for we all feel that we have lost a friend of inestimable value, one whose active goodness has been to many a source of comfort and happiness. A great many texts of Scripture might be selected as exceedingly appropriate and suggestive of the life of Mrs. McConnell, the end of whose life in the flesh we all lament, but the memory of which we will always cherish and the influence of which will continue to live long after the temporal body has disappeared. I have thought of what the sweet and inspirred Psalmist said as conveying the thought of God, "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints."

I have thought of Paul's words, "Absent from the body, present with the Lord," of the works which do fol-

low those who die in the Lord, of the mansions promised the children of God, of the saint's rest, of the new tabernacle for the immortal life, but most of all have I thought of our Saviour's words of commendation, spoken in reference to a faithful woman of his day; words so simple, yet so deep and full of meaning, that ever since, through all these centuries they remain as the brightest tribute ever given to mortal. The words are these, "She hath done what she could."

On wings that fear no glance of God's pure sight, the saintly spirit that animated this lifeless body, wreathed with flowers, has taken its flight to the better world, that knows no sickness, weariness, or pain. So impressed have I been of her faithfulness upon earth that were her Lord, in whom she lived and served, to speak in audible words. He would write his testimony with ours in this final tribute to her praise, "She hath done what she could; well done, thou good and faithful servant."

The Christian faith that was the inspiration of her goodness was exemplified in deeds, rather than in words. She was not a dreamer, an idealist, or a mere sentimentalist. She was practical ,wise and prudent. While she never departed from the loftiest ideals she was industrious and active beyond her strength, great-hearted, well-balanced and kind and generous. Her character was pure and unselfish, frank and courteous, known and loved by all with whom she came in contact. To her, life was made up of cheerful yesterdays and confident tomorrows.

"Like as a ship through the ocean wide,
By conduct of some star doth make her way."

No unhallowed attraction diverted the magnet of her soul, which ever pointed to the star of duty. By this

Mrs. Nancy Elizabeth McCall McConnell, taken when sixty-six years old.

she won the affection and esteem of all who knew her, and those who knew her best will revere her memory most.

By nature she seemed to possess a kind, generous heart and a temperament not easily ruffled, and these natural qualities were strengthened and cultivated by the graces of her Christian faith. She put into practice through her long and useful life the sentiment so beautifully expressed in the lines:

"Have you had a kindness?
Pass it on.
Twas not given for you alone—
Pass it on.
Let it travel down the years,
Let it wipe another's tears,
Till in heaven the deed appears,
Pass it on.

She realized that "the living which we get in this world is the smallest part of reward." Her religious duty was on the soul or heart side of life. As the heart side of life was kept in the forefront by the son of God, as his follower, she had learned the lesson well. In this way she wore the ornaments of a noble and beautiful character. Her untiring beneficence and interest for those in need of a friend found in her a motherly love. She possessed the riches of their love, and in this wealth she was more satisfied than any other possession. Too large-hearted to be selfish, too earnest in her desire to help others, she had no room or time to think of personal ease, comfort or pleasure. Standing four square to all the winds that blew, such was she whom none knew but to esteem, cherish and love. Always kind, always gentle, yet strong and firm through all her long life she had an open palm in alms giving and doing.

Her devotion to the interests and prosperity of the church, where her spiritual activities found the broadest channel of usefulness, was characterized by a loyal fidelity and untiring zeal, uncommon and helpful to an exceptional degree, and carried with it a warmth of fervor and inspiration felt throughout the whole membership thereof. In summer's heat and winter's cold, her zeal and consecration knew no change or decay. She was faithful until death. Her works will follow her. Though we shall miss the sunshine of her presence, we shall not forget the worthy example she has left us to perpetuate.

As a member of the Ladies Aid Society and Finance Committee she has been such a leader and counseller and worker as to leave a vacancy which will not be unnoticed, because of the great void her absence makes. May her mantle fall upon others and the memory of her devotion and fidelity, wisdom and grace, in all the activities of the church, be to us all in the future an inspiration, as it has been in the past.

But while devoted to her church and loyal to her pastor, to an exceptional degree, this did not limit her sphere of usefulness. The stranger within our gates was sought out and made to feel her friendship. The poor she fed, and never halted to question their particular faith. The sorrowing and bereaved among the rich and poor were the wards of her motherly comfort. The friendless found in her a friend, or rather she found the friendless and made them her friends. But as the light shines with intensest fervor at the originating point, her virtues and graces were most marked in the home."

The interment was in Forestvale cemetery.

Mary E. Corley McConnell.

THE POEM.

In order to understand the poem which follows, I will give a brief statement of the facts upon which it is based. The Aztecs settled in the valley of Mexico, known as Anahauc, in the year 1325. They founded the city of Mexico on an Island situated in a salt like. Many of its streets were canals. It was, in this respect, a varitable Venice. Two causeways, from the mainland to the Island were constructed; the one to the north was the one upon which Cortez, with his entire army, including his allies, attempted to escape on the **noche trieste** or Melancholy Night. It was about a mile long and contained three drawbridges or openings for the passage of water craft. There were numerous temples in the city at the time of the conquest. Among these was the temple to the god of war. The Aztecs were accustomed to sacrifice to this idol, human victims. Numbers of Spaniards who had been captured were sacrified before the night of the escape. The Spaniards beguiled Montezuma into their quarters and made him a prisoner. While Cortez was absent from the city, having gone to Veracruz to look after an expedition which the Governor of Cuba had sent to arrest him, Alveraz, who was second in command, had brutally slaughtered a large number of the young Aztec nobleman who were engaged in a dance. This very much exasperated the whole population. Cortez on his return had to fight his way into the city. He was unable to pacify the people. He caused Montezuma to appear before them and say to them that he was not a prisoner,—that he could leave whenever he pleased, and exhorted them to retire peacefully to their homes. This so enraged them, that a volley of arrows was shot at him and he fell mortally wounded.

Cortez attempted to escape at night. It was cloudy and a drizzling rain which fell without intermission added to the obscurity. The great square was deserted and profund quiet reigned, when Cortez started to lead his forces out of the city. He had prepared a portable bridge for crossing the openings in the causeway. When he arrived at the first one, which was at the Island shore, he found Aztecs sentinels stationed there. They immediately fled, raised the cry, which was taken up by the shells and great drum from the temple of the god of war, and the entire population was quickly aroused. The portable bridge was put in place but when the entire force had passed over it, it was found to be stuck fast in the sides of the causeway so that it could not be lifted and taken to the next opening. "Before they had time to defile across the narrow passage, a gathering sound was heard like that of a mighty forest agitated by the winds. It grew louder and louder, while on the dark waters of the lake was heard a splashing noise, as of many oars, then came a few stones and arrows, striking at random among the hurrying troops. They fell every moment, faster and more furious till they thickened into a terrible tempest, while the very heavens were rent with the yells and war cries of myriads of combatants, who seemed all at once to be swarming over land and lake. They clambered upon the causeway and fought with the men of Cortez. All order was lost. Those behind crowned those in front into the lake until a bridge was formed across the opening and, artillery, horses, and men, and those who were left passed over upon it. It was truly a night of horrors."

One of the finest Cathedrals in the world is partly located upon the ground where the temple of the god

Newton Whitfield McConnell, Jr.

of war stood at that time. The lake has been filled so that this Cathedral is a league from the Island.

The substance of this account is taken from Prescott's History of Mexico.

The following poem was written by Newton Whitfield McConnell, Jr., in 1910, while living in Seattle. I think it merits preservation in this permanent form.

The Tale of an Aztec Temple.

PRELUDE.

Lulled by the silent night,
The ancient city sleeps.
An ample gold moon creeps
Above dark mountain height.
Majestic and serene,
Loom Popocatapetl
And his White Robed Queen.
From balcony, I dwell
On scenes of olden day,
When other race held sway

PROLOGUE.

While thus I, musing, on the city gazed,
A depth of sudden darkness wrapped me round.
As if I sank into that first deep sleep
Of night, that, blotting out reality,
Paints on the brain no compensating dream.
Then like the transitory shadow cast

By swiftly moving cloud, away the void,
Of darkness rolled, unveiling to my soul's
Creative sight, a dim chaotic scene.
But as in rippled crystal lake or pool
The dancing wavelets, a perfected whole
Attain, so all that I beheld, became
Avivid scene. In pristine grandeur rose,
Clear silhouetted by the climbing sun,
The Aztec capital, the mountain throne
Of Montezuma, with its gardened groves,
Its princely palaces, and temples high,
Apparently afloat, like silvern isle,
Upon the waters of a dark-blue lake.
O Venice of the Western Hemisphere,
Ere ravished was thy virgin loveliness,
By lustful Spain, where lay a fairer scene?
Where erstwhile proud cathedral stood, I saw
The mighty temple of the god of war,
A pyramidal pile, high sending forth,
From altars blazing with undying fires,
A slender spiral of blue curling smoke,
Like Popocatepetl, the Smoking Hill,
That from the bosom of the valley lifts
Its cloud-wreathed crest of everlasting snows.
As often as the mountains snowy fields
And domes of glaciers, with the rosy light
Of dawning and departing day, were dyed,
The war god's altars were incarnidined
With sacrifice of many human lives.
How often up its sides ascending, wound,
In slow, procession, dark-robed, chanting priests,
Some diabolic deed to solemnize.
What vows, what prayers preferred, what pagan rites,
The stony idol in his temple heard.
There slave and captive prince, like fate befell
Upon the bloody sacrificial block.
There many, locked in combat fierce, approached
The summit's edge, and o'er its precipice
Down rolled to death. There many Spaniards' hearts
On altar smoking, paid the conquest's cost.

THE TALE.

My dream around the temple wove a tale
Of Aztec maid and noble Spanish Knight,
Whose name was Juan Estrada de La Mar:
To her, his royal Princess Love, he gave
The name, Dolores, and the faulty page
Of history no other name records.
When first the wond'ring streets of Mexico,
Beheld the splendid soldiery of Spain,
From balcony close screened, the Aztec maid
Looked down admiringly upon the scene.
One, of the gorgeous pageantry, a Knight,
She treasured long within her memory.
He rode a coal-black steed, and brightly shone
His sword, that brave crusader well had borne.
No taint of Moorish blood flowed in his veins.
His hair, as yellw as ripe corn, was fair
As Celt's. His eyes, reflecting purest thought,
Were blue as lakes that mirror skies of June.
His manly frame was strong with knotted strength.
No gentler Knight ere came across the seas,
To win for Spain, the new discovered world.
She was the daughter of a mighty prince.
In all the realm, none was so fair as she.
Her woven wealth of raven tresses crowned
As graceful form as ever gave delight
To cavalier in European court.
Her voice was clear and sweet as golden bell.
It came to pass that for the Spanish guests.
The Aztec king, a splendid banquet served.
In golden cups with rarest jewels brimmed,
Dark, flowing wines of mellow taste were poured.
Delicious fruits, fresh plucked that morn, deep down
In tropic grove, were piled on silver plate.
Three climes, the snowy summit, temp'rate plain,
And torrid depth of valley, gave their wealth,
To deck the royal board. Dark hair'd, dark eye'd,
Brown Aztec beauties came from palaces,

By Montezuma called. 'Twas fate ordained
That side by side should sup that happy day,
The Aztec maid and Spanish cavalier.
Her youthful charm much pleased his eye. Hers was
A gentle modesty that won all hearts;
A beauty, too, both new and strange to him;
Her dark skin glowed with color red as rose
Abloom in fair Castillian gardened court.
It seemed to his enchanted gaze that when
The sunlight fell, it lingered in her eyes;
That stolen was her grace from flitting flames.
Through perfumed garden paths that eve they stroll.
The trees with bursting buds are newly decked;
A thousand breezes steal the fragrant breath
Of drowsing flowers and ladened orange boughs.
A fountain sounds afar in cadence low;
Advancing night high thrones the queenly moon,
And earth in shade no longer lies, but stands
Forth glorified in soft emphyreal light.
The snowy peaks, moonlit and flashing fire,
Seem icefloes on a silvered sea of clouds.
Through moonlight drifts and purple depths of dusk,
Enticed afar by tangled paths, they rest
Where whisp'ring waves of lake bend low and kiss
The shining hem of spreading meadow land.
She lifts her arms, and closer draws his head.
"O Juan, I knew not love before, but now,
Gaze in my eyes and see its light is there,
You have awaked in me a love that burns
As fierce as Popocatepetl's deep fires,
Aflame beneath its moon-white crest of snows.
O Juan, love only me as I love you?"
"My love for you fills all the universe,
And so partakes of its infinity.
The hours of loneliness upon the sea,
Have fitted ill my lips to say the words
That struggle in my heart, but know I love
One woman, only one, and that is you."
"The mountains' jagged fangs now seize upon

The pale and fleeing moon. But eastward, see,
The splendor of the day dawns on our love.
A fragrant wind comes from the purpling east,
And high o'erhead, in canopy of green,
A choir invisible proclaims the dawn.
Behold, in softest tints as delicate
As golden bird of paradise, the morn
Wide spreads her gorgeous pinions. Lo! the sun
O'er bridges the leaden lake with path of gold.
'Tis day. Too soon, our lotus night of love
Has dropped its golden petals, one by one,
While we, though angel guards with flaming sword,
Its gates throughout the long eternities,
Have passed each golden hour in Paradise.
Hence will we to thy father's palace go,
Thy hand to ask, that ere another night,
The church a soul may claim, and I a wife."
But when unto her father Juan made known
His wish, as angry as the sudden storm
Of summer, threatening the sun with seas
Of surging clouds, the Aztec rose, dark, proud
And somber, thundering in ire his NO,
And bade him go. With idle tears she fell
Imploring at her father's feet. He who
Had never her, his favorite child denied,
Unmoved stood, as stony statue, dead
To plea of love; his heart grown hard with hate
Against the Spaniards. Wrathfully he spoke.
"You have by your unworthy love disgraced
Your father and the noble Aztec race.
Go pray forgiveness from the gods. Seek none
From me." Alone, rent by unhappy thoughts,
He thus communed, "O evil hour when first
The foreign foe, as friend disguised, set foot
On Aztec shore. What need of prophet priest
To read our empire's fate? Alas! I see
The tight'ning of the hateful chain that soon
Will bind our princely realm, in servitude
To foreign potentate. Our emperor,

Whose word would flame the Aztecs' hearts to war,
Contented sits, a silent prisoner,
Though in the palace of his capital.
Shall child of mine then thwart my cherished dream?
No, let my daughter's love be sacrificed;
She shall the mighty Prince Cacama wed
Who long has sought her hand. This done, would bind
In brotherhood, two states, long held apart
By ancient feuds, no longer just. Combined,
Invincible our arms, in hungry sea,
Would drive the last accursed conqueror.
The happy quiet in this solitude
Of pleasant garden, mellows much my mood.
When I was blind with rage, forgot she knew
No causes for my justly angry words.
I hear her gentle footstep fall,—she nears,—
Returning of her will to ask that I
Forget my recent anger, new to her."
"Come here my daughter, where I sit alone,
I am no longer wroth with thee, my dear.
Receive this token, this loving kiss. I give
What first I should have given you, the grounds
For my harsh, seeming hasty answer. Know
These strangers' visit long suspected I.
They now unmask to all their perfidy,
And prove themselves but eager for our gold.
Alone my forces cannot free our land,
But powerful Cacama proffers aid,
If you become his bride. My child, the gods
Desire; thy peoples' fate is in thy hands!"
Poor child, what stratagems fate loves to play.
Upon the priceless freedom of thy land,
A price is placed and thou art asked to buy,
Who having given all, hast not to give.
With unvailing argument she pleads,
"My love for Juan prompts me your fears are vain.
If true, my love would not be less. How then
Will I myself to cruel Cacama pledge?
Base offspring of a treach'rous evil stock,

He would turn traitor to his word, once gained
His wish for me, and use his power to see
Our mighty kingdom grovel in the dust."
Anew the father's anger blazed, as when
With fuel dying coals are heaped afresh.
"You must and shall obey this my command:
Make ready for your wedding day, I place
The date a week away. Today I call
Cacama from his distant capital."
The day appointed neared. Within her court,
Where flashing fountain falling formed a pool,
All day, the maiden sat with downcast gaze
Upon the waters fixed, as if she saw
Her Lover's face, or thought her grief to drown.
Upon the morning of her marriage day,
Long ere the first pearl grey of daylight crept
Into the darkened sky, the maid arose,
And as a happy bride herself arrayed.
Like sparkling cataract, her jewelled dress
In feathery folds from heaving bosom spread
In pearly ripples o'er the stony floor:
From sleeping palace, silently she stole,
And through deserted streets, fast made her way
To the great temple of the god of war.
All unobserved, like shadow grey, she sped
Along its winding stairs, that led the way,
In four great turns, up to the lofty shrine.
Day broke against the dark Sierras' walls.
The sun arising, like a tide, outpoured
O'er rosy strand of dawn, a golden flood.
The city's temples, turrets, battlements,
All shone majestic, silver white. One beam
Of gold down sloping falls through archway broad,
Into the silent shrine where sat the god,
And passing o'er the altar softly rests
A benediction on the maiden's head.
With upraised arms, she cried, "O Mexico,
How fair thy seat amidst the verdant hills!
How lovely, in thy robes of morning clothed,

O snow crowned cone of Popocatepetl!
There rise my father's halls, wherein I dwelt,
Till now, in happiness, and knew no grief.
There lies the palace where my Lover sleeps.
The fragrant breezes blowing bring fair thoughts
And memories that stir my eyes to tears.
Alas, the past is gone. But bitterness
Is left a dreg within my cup of life.
Farewell for evermore, dear scenes, farewell!
With lips, parted with her Lover's name,
As in a dream, she neared the sacred shrine.
No watching priest was there; no witness save
The Aztec god upon his lofty throne,
In vigil blind o'er doomed pagan land.
How beautiful in her despair, she stood,
With eyes downcast, in presence of her god.
Awhile she knelt before the shrine to pray,
Then pallid rising, uttering no cry
She cast herself, a living sacrifice
Upon the altar's fiercely burning fires.
Up leaped the flames, higher and higher still,
As if they reached the bending skies, and gave
The maiden's sinless soul a gift to Heaven.
The days filed by in their eventful march:
Recording History forever gives,
To those drear hours of ceaseless rain, when Spain
Was forced to leave the city she had gained
The well-earned name of Melancholy Night.
The Spaniards fled by causeway broad that led,
From city gate, o'er lake, to safer shore.
A fleet of war-canoes in number great
Swift came with storm like roar of rushing oars
To beat them down and drown them in the lake.
Though hissing darts surcharged the air, like clouds
Of locusts, Juan, half-armed, bore death on lance
To foe, but not a spear point dealt him harm;
But of a sudden fickle Chance took part;
The causeway's loosened edge gave way, and Juan
Was plunged beneath the restless waves below.

Alas, they gave him not a peaceful grave!
Like wicked monster of the deep for prey
Alert, an Aztec boat with eager crew
Forth from the darkness swiftly stealing, grasped
Him from the waves. Half-stunned, he lay as dead,
His lips all parched with blood, light hair red stained,
Bound in the bottom of the Aztec barge.
The fragile craft fast moving o'er the lake,
Made harbor in a quiet, dark canal.
Along a street, then up a steep incline,
They bore the half-unconscious, Spanish Knight,
Into a gloomy, vault-like chamber, lit
With lurid glare of blazing altar fires.
In Juan an awful fear took shape; he thought
The place Inferno's awful yawning pit.
A fear, like death, surged in his bursting heart,
When on a fi'ry altar, burning high,
They cast his helpless body, bruised and bound.
Like lightning flash, the first sharp pang of pain,
His clouded senses cleared: All was revealed
To him. His God had not against him closed
The Gates of Heaven. Earnestly he prayed
The Blessed Virgin strength the pain to bear.
Lo, as he prayed, a miracle was wrought;
Before him as fair as Madonna, clothed
In robes of white, and beautiful as Saint
From blessed realms afar, a woman stood;
She took his hand, and at her gentle touch,
He recognized his Love. He drew her close,
And around in vain the flame licked eager tongue.
Afar beyond the blackness of the night,
As if on chariot of fire upborne,
Two souls did wing their way in heavenward flight.

Walter Campbell Sweeney, Jr., was born July 23rd, 1909, and Anne Eloise Sweeney was born September 19th, 1913. The dates given on page 28 are not correct.

FOURTH GENERATION.

Amanda Morrison McConnell married William Owen Rutledge, September 9th, 1862. He was born November 5th, 1810, and died September 9, 1880, — being the eighteenth anniversary of his marriage. Amanda Morrison died July 1st, 1912.

FIFTH GENERATION.

Of this union there were born William Owen Rutledge, Jr., Lorena Octavia, Justin and Zerepta Myrtle, Rutledge.

William Owen Rutledge, Jr., married Annie May Robinson.

SIXTH GENERATION.

Of this union there was born one child, a daughter, Mary Olivia Rutledge.

FIFTH GENERATION.

Lorena Octavia Rutledge married James M. Anderson, August 6, 1891. He was born March 6, 1841, and died August 14th, 1895. There were no children born of this marriage.

Justin Rutledge is unmarried.

Zerepta Myrtle Rutledge married A. McGee Roberts, December 8, 1888. He was born July 20th, 1860, and died January 30, 1904. He was the son of John D. Roberts, who rendered service in the Confederate Army.

SIXTH GENERATION.

Of this union there were born Gladys Pauline, Rena Moralla, John Rutledge, and Oscar Grady, Roberts.

Captain Walter Campbell Sweeney, U. S. A.

William Owen Rutledge, Sr., was a major of militia before the Civil War.

Annie May Rutledge is the daughter of G. W. Robinson, who was captain of Company E, in the Fourth Tennessee Cavalry,—commanded first by Colonel Starnes and later by Colonel McLemore, and, the maiden name of her mother was Mary Clinton Orr. William Owen and Justin Rutledge are farmers. Gladys P. Roberts is a graduate of the Haynes-McClain School, and, of the English Department of Martin College at Pulaski.

William Owen Rutledge, Jr., writing me of his father, says: "My father got his title of "Major" from his rank as a field officer in the militia regiment of Marshall County, before the Civil War." He also says that: "When I was a boy studying United States History, he told me that the Rutledge of South Carolina, who signed the Declaration of Independence, was his relative."

It was Edward Rutledge, who signed the Declaration of Independence. He married Henrietta Middleton. Her father was rich; owned fifty thousand acres of land and eight hundred slaves. She was born in Charleston, in 1750. She fell into ill health soon after her marriage. She died in 1792, and left a son, Henry Middleton Rutledge, who became a prominent citizen of Tennessee, and, a daughter, Sarah, who never married. After the death of his first wife, he married Mary Shubrick, a widow. They had no children. Major William Owen Rutledge must have been a descendant of Henry Middleton Rutledge.

Edward Rutledge was a brilliant lawyer, was a man of great eloquence; he was the first governor of South Carolina, after the close of the Revolutionary War. He was the son of Dr. John Rutledge and—Hest Rutledge.

They were married when she was fourteen years old, when fifteen she was the mother of John Rutledge, who was a distinguished man. He was Governor of South Carolina during the Revolutionary War; he was Chief Justice of his State, Second Chief Justice of the United States, and a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1787.

FOURTH GENERATION.

Asenath Morrison McConnell married William Bryant of Maury County, Tennessee.

FIFTH GENERATION.

Of this union there was born a daughter, Ella Bryant, May 27, 1859.

Ella Bryant married Hilary Wright on the 10th day of November, 1874.

SIXTH GENERATION.

Of this union there were born the following children: Virgie E., November 24th, 1876, Lula May, May 14th, 1878, Mabel Claire, September 14th, 1879; Joseph Emmett, June 25th, 1881; Allie Birdie, October 22nd, 1884; Hilary Rush, July 25th, 1886; Hattie Alma, October 19th, 1887; Annie Brown, June 12th, 1890; Katherine Waters, August 19th, 1892; Mary Vera, Wright, September 23rd, 1894.

Virgie E. married Wallace T. Sowell, December 24th, 1895.

SEVENTH GENERATION.

Of this union there were born the following children, Vera, December 12th, 1896; Ruth, January 17th, 1899; Mary Virginia, February 11th, 1901, and Wallace

[illegible] Mc[illegible] S[illegible]y, and child, Anne Eloise.

Wright, Sowell, April 9th, 1903. Mr. Sowell married the second time, December 14th, 1912, Frances Forrest Farrar. He now resides with his family in Columbia, Tennessee.

None of the other children of Hilary and Ella Wright have ever married. Allie Birdie was educated at the Haynes-McClain School at Lewisburg. Virgie E. and Lula May graduated at the Haynes-McClain School. Hattie Alma, was educated at the Peabody Normal School at Nashville. Annie Brown graduated at the Columbia High School. Katherine Waters is now in the Columbia High School and will graduate this year. All these young women have made teaching their profession, and are now engaged in the same.

Asenath Morrison McConnell Bryant, died January 11, 1908. Virgie E. died May 7, 1904. Mabel Claire died October 1, 1881. May Vera died May 10, 1910.

Joseph Emmet and Hilary Rush are not married They are farmers.

FOURTH GENERATION.

Jackson Watts McConnell, born August 24, 1838, married Mary (Mollie) Orr, born January 26, 1844.

FIFTH GENERATION.

Of this union there were born Inez E., November 11, 1873, Alice L., December 27, 1875, and Oscar J., McConnell, May 5, 1878. Inez E. married Lewis Bryant. Their address is Culleoka, Tennessee, R. R. No. 3.

Alice L. McConnell, born December 27, 1875, died September 17, 1879. Oscar J. McConnell married Zada Bryant.

SIXTH GENERATION.

Of this union there were born two children, William (Billy) and Nellie McConnell. Billy has entered school and stands at the head of his class. Oscar J. McConnell has been a merchant but is now farming. His address is Culleoka, Tenn., R. R. No. 3.

Jackson Watts McConnell enlisted on the 8th of December, 1861, in the Fifty-first Regiment of Tennessee Infantry, Confederate Army; was at home sick with measles when his regiment was captured at Fort Donelson. When he recovered, he joined the Fifth Tennessee Regiment, Captain John Van Cleave's company, General Cleburn's Brigade, was with Bragg's Army during the campaign in the fall of 1862 in Kentucky. Writing me on the subject, he says: "We crossed the mountain (Cumberland) on my birthday, the 24th of August, 1862, that is one birthday I can never forget; I was so tired. The next morning we crossed the river, captured Barbersville, went up the river near Cumberland Gap; while we were in this part of Kentucky, I never ate a bite of bread for eight days. We lived on sorry beef and parched corn. We then marched on Richmond and fought that battle on the 31st of August, 1862. During the battle, a shell burst and the pieces hit nine men of my company,—two died of their wounds. Two men, one on each side of me, had their clothes torn with bullets, but were not hurt. Our victory was complete. We then marched within a few miles of the river (the Ohio) near Cincinnati; thence west to Shelbyville, thirty miles of Louisville; thence to Perryville and fought that battle, October 8th, 1862. Our company lost three men, killed, and three, wounded; we then took up the march for Knoxville, arrived there on the 27th, and, on the 28th, the snow fell

Elizabeth Josephine Sweeney
and
Walter Campbell Sweeney, Jr.

three inches deep. We then went to Chattanooga and thence to Shelbyville, Tennessee. Here our company was disbanded. (This company was made up of parts of different commands, who were not captured at Fort Donelson. They were disbanded to return to their own commands, that had been exchanged.)

On January 1st, 1863, I was transferred to Company E, Eleventh Tennessee Cavalry, Captain A. R. Gordon's company. I was elected first sergeant of the company during the month of January, and served in that capacity to the close of the war. Colonel Edmondson, was in command of the Eleventh, from the spring of '63 to the summer of the same year. After that the regiment was commanded by Colonel W. D. Holman. We went, in the spring of 1863, to Courtland, Alabama; we were then with General Forrest. We were in the pursuit of the Federal column under Colonel Streight, and participated in the battle which Forrest fought with that officer's command upon the 30th of April, 1863. We were then sent back to Decatur, by General Forrest, with the prisoners that were captured up to that time. From there we returned to Tennessee. Our regiment was with Forrest in the battle of Chickamauga. I participated in that battle, with my company. We were then sent to East Tennessee. There, Forrest left us, and we served under General Wheeler, through the Georgia campaign. When Gen. Hood started for middle Tennessee, I was with him until he got to Dalton, Georgia. Here, General Hood sent Lieutenant Edmondson, of my company, and myself, and eight other men on a scout some ten miles north of his army; he sent for us to come in about the same time he left Dalton. The Federals were in Hood's rear on the next morning, and we were cut off. Edmondson and I rode within a few hundred yards of Dalton, and

the village was blue with Union soldiers. We made a circuit around the United States Army, and never reached our command again for three weeks. While in East Tennessee I took three men and went on a scout and rode within fifty yards of the Federals.

You see, I served under Wheeler, in Georgia, but when Hood came to Tennessee in 1864, we came with him as a part of Forrest's command. In the pursuit of Streight, I rode beside Forrest for several miles. He had our company in the front. In the fight with Streight, Forrest ordered our regiment to dismount and follow him, and at it we went. A bullet hit my boot heel. I surrendered with Forrest, on the 8th day of May, 1865, —was in the service three years and six months."

THE ORR FAMILY—SCOTCH IRISH.

In the first volume of Hanna's Work we have the following in relation to the Orr family: "From this statement of the author it is evident that a large number of settlers had come with Sir Hugh Montgomery to the Ards during the first four years of his colonization. It is to be regretted that no list of these original settlers can now be found. Among them were several named Orr, who appear to have originally settled in the townlands of Ballyblack and Ballykeel, and were the progenitors of a very numberous connection of this surname throughout the Ards. The earliest recorded deaths in this connection, after their settlement, in the Ards, were those of James Orr of Ballyblack, who died in the year 1727, and Janet McClement, his wife, who died in 1636. The descendants, male and female, of this worthy couple were very numerous, and as their intermarriages have been carefully recorded, we have thus fortunately a sort

of index to the names of many other families of Scottish settlers in the Ards and Castlereagh."

Their descendants of the male line intermarried with many prominent Scotch-Irish families and among the number is our name (M'Connell). When, therefore, Molly Orr, married my brother, Jackson Watts, she was but repeating what some of her Scotch-Irish ancestors had done.

Inez E. Bryant is a graduate of the McClain-Haynes School at Lewisburg. She was a professional teacher before her marriage. Lewis Bryant is a farmer.

Washington Emmons McConnell married Mary Addie Higgins of Giles County, Tenn. He was born on May 22, 1844; she was born on August 5, 1848.

Of this union there were born the following children: Odell Whitfield, August 4, 1870; Acton Emmons, May 15, 1874; and Nina L., McConnell, December 12, 1878. Nina L. died April 27, 1894.

Odell Whitfield McConnell, son of W. E. McConnell, married Mary Stone. Of this union there were born Nina Stone, Addie, Frank, Preston, Odell Whitfield, Jr., John Clinton, and Henry Washington, McConnell.

These children are all minors, living with their parents and attending school.

Acton McConnell married Anna Vincent. Of this union there were born the following children: Zada, Whitfield and Anna May, McConnell. These children are all minors and in school.

The postoffice address of all three of these families is Culleoka, Maury County, Tenn., R. R. No. 3.

Mary Addie Higgins is of Scotch-Irish descent on the part of her father and English on the part of her

mother. She is of Revolutionary stock,—is fourth cousin to Patrick Henry.

Washington Emmons McConnell was elected in August, 1890, to fill an unexpired term of four years as Jutsice of the Peace, of the Cornersville District, in Marshall County. He was elected in August, 1894, Justice of the Peace of his district for the term of six years. In August, 1900 for a second term of six years; in August, 1906, for a third term of six years. This term expired August, 1912, when he declined a further election.

In Tennessee, the County Court is composed of the Justices of the Peace, of the county. This court has charge of all the county business, of the probate of wills, and, the granting of letters of administration on estates, and, generally, of all matters pertaining to the handling of the estates of deceased persons. The court elects a chairman, who presides at their sessions. Mr. Justice McConnell filled this office for two terms. He served on every important committee of the Court, during the entire time of his service as Justice of the Peace.

He entered the Confederate service during the Civil War at the age of 19. He was with Company E, of the 11th Tennessee Cavalry under Forrest and was in the famous pursuit of Colonel Streight. His next service was in East Tennessee in the fall and wnter of 1863. He was in the siege at Knoxville, and in the other battles in which his regiment took part, including the battles of Strawberry Plaines, Mossy Creek, and French Broad River, and on the 25th day of Jan. 1864, he was in the hard fought battle of Vance's Ridge. In this battle he received a slight wound in his left leg. In March, 1864, his regiment was transferred to Georgia. He was in the whole struggle in Johnson's retreat from Dalton to

Jackson Watts McConnell and wife, Mary (Mollie) Orr McConnell.

Marietta. At this place he was commissioned as special scout by General Wheeler. He served in this capacity until after Atlanta had fallen into the hands of the Federals in November, 1864. When Sherman started on his march to the Sea at Savannah, Georgia, and Hood succeeded Johnson, and started on his march for Nashville, Tennessee, his regiment was transferred back to Forrest's command. Wheeler followed Sherman and Forrest accompanied Hood's army into Tennessee. At this time Washington E. quit the service of General Wheeler and went back to his Company in the 11th Tennessee Cavalry. On the retreat from Tennessee his regiment was detailed as provost guard for Hood's army. After that his regiment was ordered to report to its old brigade which was at that time in South Mississippi. From thence they marched to Tuscaloosa, Alabama, thence to Gadson, Alabama, and on May 8th, 1865, surrendered with Forrest's command at Gainesville, Alabama.

A. R. Gordon, the captain of Company E, of the Eleventh Tennessee Cavalry, writing me under date of October 18, 1912, says of Jackson W., and Washington E. McConnell: "In regard to Jackson and Washington McConnell, will say they both belonged to my company, and can truthfully say, braver and more gallant soldiers cannot be found. Jackson was Orderly Sergeant, of the Company, and a good one, he was,—always got what was due his men, and saw that it was equally distributed. They both have records that their families may well be proud of."

DESCENDANTS OF JOHN A. McCONNELL.

John A. McConnell, the second child of Manuel and Martha Armstrong, McConnell, married Sarah (Sallie)

L. Bills. He died at the age of eighty-six, and she at the age of eighty-eight.

Of this union there were born nine children.—six sons, and three daughters. They are as follows: William B., Mary (Polly) Martha, James Amos, Harvey H., Caroline Alsie, Anderson H., John Chalmers, Sarah D., and Josephus W., McConnell. William B. McConnell was a doctor. He married Lucinda C. Hayes. Of this union there was one daughter, Sarah Margaret, who married .....Powell. Of this union there were born three children, ...Powell, ...Powell, and Josephus, Powell.

William B. McConnell died at the age of fifty-four.

Mary (Polly) Martha McConnell married first Franklin L. Barkley. Of this union there were born one son, and two daughters. The son was John H. Barkley, and the daughters were Sarah A., and .....Barkley.

John H. Barkley married Minnie Easter; to them were born two daughters, Nola and Avery, Barkley.

Mary Martha married the second time William H. Bradford.

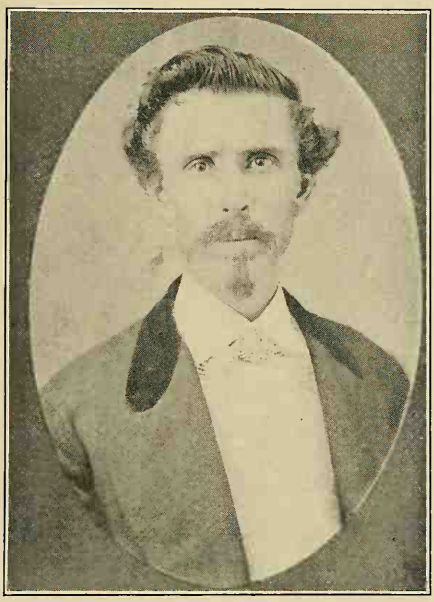
Of this union there was born one son, William H. Bradford, Jr., who married Dora Patrick, and of this union there were born two sons, Frank and Floyd, Bradford. They are both now grown.

James Amos McConnell, the third child of John A. and Sallie L. Bills McConnell, was born October 10, 1825, died January 25, 1899.

He was married to N. Selina Knox, daughter of Joe C. Knox, of Giles County, Tenn., in 1849. He moved to Green County, Mo., in 1857.

Of this union there were born seven sons, all living.

John K. McConnell, first son of James Amos and N.



Washington Emmons McConnell, taken when thirty-five years old.

Selina Knox, McConnell, was born February 12, 1850. His postoffice address is Elwood, Mo.

George H. McConnell, the second son, was born February 17, 1852.

J. C. McConnell, the third son, was born November 6, 1855. Address 859 N. Main St., Springfield, Mo.

Milton Chalmers McConnell was born November 24, 1857, address Springfield, Mo.

Henry D. McConnell was born May 7, 1860, address St. Louis, Mo.

Albert A. McConnell was born July 7, 1862, address Oklahoma City, Okla.

Josephus W. McConnell, born December 3, 1864, address Fayetteville, Ark.

N. Selina Knox, McConnell died in October, 1867.

John Knox McConnell, married Mattie E. Butler, December, 1871.

Of this union there were born J. A. McConnell, May 8, 1872, address Rosedale, Kans., 1541 Sullivan Ave.

Selina, born November 17, 1873, address Elwood, Mo.

C. H., born December 13, 1874, address 770 Linden St., Springfield, Mo.

Alice, (date of birth not known to writer), married Charles Chriswell; address Rosedale, Kansas.

Cord, born December 14, 1884, address Marionville, Mo.

Myrtle, born May 5, 1885, married to Thomas Wallace, address Republic, Mo.

Thressa, born 1887, married Robert Chastain, address Springfield, Mo.

C. B., McConnell, born February 18, 1878, address Detroit, Mich.

George H. McConnell, second son of James Amos McConnell, married Hattie McDonald.

Of this union there were born Ernest, Lella, Wilburn, Fred, Mamie, Jennie, and George K., McConnell. Postoffice address, Hayner, Ark.

J. C. McConnell, third son of James Amos McConnell, was married December 28, 1888, to Isabella Anderson, daughter of David Anderson. Of this union there were born Anderson W., January 19, 1899, whose postoffice address is 859 S. Main St., Springfield, Mo.

Emma, second child of J. C. McConnell, born May 10, 1890, address 859 N. Main St., Springfield, Mo.

Hugh C., born December 25, 1892, died October 25, 1893.

Francis Willard, McConnell, born February 5, 1898, address 859 N. Main St., Springfield, Mo.

I wrote to my correspondent, J. C. McConnell, who has furnished me the greater portion of the information I have in regard to the family of my cousin, James Amos McConnell, to tell me something about himself. He told it in such a frank straightforward way that I am going to give it in his own language:

"Regarding myself, would say I guess I am just about an average McConnell, as my schooling was rather limited in my early years, owing to the disturbance of the school system in this country on account of the war. I took the ordinary common school education in the country, and afterwards entered Drury Academy in Springfield; going from there into Drury College, I pursued the regular colege course through my Sophomore

Mrs. Mary Addie Higgins McConnell, taken when forty-six years old.

year. But as my means were limited, or rather as they seemed to me to be limited at the time, I never completed my college course. I entered the employ of a retail clothing firm in this town, and from there went on the road, sixteen years ago, and have been constantly on the road, selling clothing, since.

Have made no great progress, but have lived comfortably, and raised my family giving them far better education than I was able to receive myself.

My son, who is twenty-four years old, is a traveling salesman, selling typewriters. My oldest daughter, who is twenty-three, graduated from Drury College with her A. B. Degree last year, and is teaching in the High School at Everton, Mo., this season. My third daughter, who is fifteen years old, is now half way through High School and if nothing interferes, will also go through college."

There is much in the above narrative to commend. In the first place, J. C. McConnell, who is my second cousin, educated himself the best he could under the circumstances and then went to work, made an honest living, raised and educated his children, better than he was educated himself and as soon as they were educated they went to work to earn a living in useful and honorable callings. Our national life and the perpetuity of our free institutions depend upon just such families.

Milton Chalmers McConnell, fourth son of James Amos McConnell, was married October 15, 1884, to Mattie E. Firestone.

Of this union there were born Gertrude McConnell, who married Will Crow. Address Lebanon, Mo.

Thurman McConnell, born August 25, 1888, address Springfield, Mo.

Lee McConnell, born August 5, 1890, address Monterey, California.

Ethel McConnell, born May 20, 1899.

Henry D. McConnell, fifth son of James Amos McConnell, married Lilla Waltz, in 1882.

Of this union there were born Etta, March 17, 1883, address St. Louis, Mo.; Marguerite, William, and Kenneth, McConnell.

Albert A. McConnell, sixth son of James Amos McConnell, married Lillie Buck, March 18, 1882.

Of this union there were born Cecil, Russell K., and Pauline, McConnell. Address Oklahoma City, Okla.

Josephus W. McConnell, the seventh son of J. A. McConnell, and N. Selina Knox McConnell, married Minnie Grimes.

Of this union there were born John A. Ella, and James Clinton, McConnell. Postoffice address Fayetteville, Ark.

J. A. McConnell, the oldest son, of John Knox McConnell, married Kate Hosey, June 5, 1900.

Of this union there were born Ruth, October 5, 1901, Hosey, and Kathleen, McConnell. Postoffice address, 1541 Sullivan St., Rosedale, Kansas.

C. H. McConnell, son of John Knox McConnell, married Gertrude Roberts, in February, 1905. Of this union there were born Russell, and Edith, McConnell; the former, February 21, 1906, and the latter, December 9, 1909.

Of the union between Alice McConnell and Charles Chriswell, there was born Myrtle Chriswell, February 19, 1905.

Mrs. Amanda Edwards McConnell Rutledge.

Cord McConnell married Minnie Wallace, January 15, 1908. Of this union there were born Gladys McConnell, April 12, 1909, and Dorothy McConnell, December, 1911. Postoffice address Marionville, Mo.

Of the union between Myrtle McConnell and Thomas Wallace there were born Lucile Wallace, April 7, 1907, and Lee W. Wallace, August 8, 1909. Myrtle and Thomas Wallace were married April 11, 1906. Postoffice address, Republic, Mo.

C. B. McConnell married Pearl Dumaw.

Of the union between Theresa McConnell and Robert Chastain, there were born Gail, November 27, 1912.

James Amos McConnell married the second time Mary Thornberg, in January, 1871. Of this union one son was born, in October, 1872, Walter McConnell. He died when nienteen years old, and one daughter, Mary McConnell, who died January 22, 1873.

James Amos McConnell was married the third time to Mary Wright, in February, 1876.

Of this union there were born Ella, Charles, Fred, and Frank, McConnell. Postoffice address, Boyan, Okla.

Harvey H. McConnell, the fourth child of John A. and Sarah L. Bills McConnell, married twice. His first wife was Eliza Veach. Of this union there were born five children, three of whom died in infancy, Saphronia (Fronie), the oldest, was never married. Her address is Brown's Grove, Ky. Elizabeth (Lizzie) McConnell married Clinton Coleman in 1887.

Of this union there were born one son, Harvey Clinton Coleman, a namesake of his grandfather and father. Elizabeth McConnell Coleman married a second time in 1899, Smith Ronton, of Callaway County, Ky., her first husband having previously died.

Of this union there was born one son, Rober Ronton, who is a youth thirteen years old, living at the home of his father in Henry County, Tenn.

Harvey C. Coleman married Iva Seaton in 1911.

Harvey H. McConnell married the second time in the year 1863, Jane Paty, of Henry County, Tenn., his first wife having previously died.

Of this union there were born eight children, two of whom died in infancy, the others, four sons and two daughters, are still living, J. H. McConnell, one of the sons, age forty-three years, married Mary (Molly) Smith, age forty-one, in 1900; W. B. McConnell, the second of said sons, age forty, married Donnie Hendrix, age thirty-five, in 1895. This was his first wife. After her death he married a second time in 1900; Gashum Bills, the third of these sons, thirty-eight years old, married Ella Stunston, age thirty-six, in 1892; Dola McConnell, age thirty-four, married John Killebrew, in 1893; Etha McConnell, age thirty-one, married Ock Cole, 1901; G. W. McConnell, the fourth son, age 29, married Julia Grace, age twenty-five, in 1905. The address of G. W. McConnell is St. Joseph, Mo.

Harvey H. McConnell was an elder in the Christian Church at Bethany, Henry County, Tennessee, and a Master Mason, belonging to the Lodge at Cottage Grove, Tenn. He and his wife had just arrived at home from church when the lightning struck the house and killed them both instantly. All their children belonged to the same church. I met him at one time at the Grand Lodge of Masons at Nashville, Tenn.

Caroline Alsie, the fifth child of John A. and Sarah L. Bills, McConnell, born August 30, 1829, married February 20, 1851, Samuel Williams, and, died July 27, 1856.

Mrs. Asenath Morrison McConnell Bryant.

Of this union there were born two children, a son and a daughter, the son was John B. Williams, and the daughter was Tabitha Caroline Williams.

One of my correspondents gives the middle name as Elsie, and another as Ailsie. My recollection is that her name was Caroline Alsie. When a girl living in Marshall County, Tennessee, she was called Alsie.

John B. Williams, born December 15, 1853, married Mindoza Simpson, January 28, 1873, and died June 16, 1906.

Of the union between John B. and Mindoza there were born five sons and two daughters: George H., Dee, Sarah L., and Thomas, Williams. I have not been able to ascertain the names of the other three.

Tabitha Caroline Williams, born September 8, 1855, and married Thomas W. Branson, December 17, 1874.

Of this union there were born two sons and one daughter, to-wit, Thomas (Tommie) Branson, born October 2, 1881; Carl Branson, born November 23, 1882, and Madrettee Branson, born October 31, 1875.

Madrettee Branson married James L. Law, February 3, 1897, and of this union there were born five sons and one daughter. Harold S., in 1898; Lesley Hays, Era Gladys (dead), and Aubry and Andry, Law, twins, two months old. Thomas W. Branson, the oldest son of Tabitha Caroline, married Lula Hammond, and, of this union there were born one son, H. L. Branson, July 14, 1907.

Carl Branson the second son of Tabitha Caroline, married Zora Fowler. Of this union there was born a daughter, Ruby Branson, March 19, 1910, and one other child that died in infancy.

Tabitha Caroline Williams was left motherless when she was nine months old. She was raised by her grandparents, John A. and Sarah L. Bills McConnell.

Anderson H. McConnell, the sixth child of John A. and Sarah Bills McConnell, married Sarah L. Griffith. They had no children. He entered the Confederate Army in 1861, was captured near Bowling Green, Kentucky, and confined in the military prison at Indianapolis, Indiana, where, from exposure he contracted pneumonia and died.

John Chalmers McConnell, the seventh child, married Susan Elizabeth (Bettie) Landrum. Of this union there were born five sons and two daughters, Oliver B. McConnell, who married Martha (Mattie) Bryant, and, of this union there were born two daughters and two sons, to-wit, Nona, Nina, and Cecil, and Gardner McConnell. James A. McConnell, the second son of John Chalmers McConnell, is a bachelor.

Lemuel L. McConnell, the third son of John Chalmers McConnell, married Fannie Crawford. Of this union there were born three children: Fannie died and Lemuel L. married his first wife's cousin, Ida Crawford. Of this union there were born several children (names not known to me). Manleff E. McConnell, the fourth son, of John Chalmers McConnell, married Ha-de Bounds; of this union there was born one daughter.

John H. McConnell, fifth son of John Chalmers McConnell, married Lillerd Browning; of this union were born several children (names unknown to the writer.)

Saphronia C. McConnell, the first daughter of John Chalmers McConnell, married Lafayette Lawler, a Methodist minister. They have several children.

Della McConnell, the second daughter of John Chalmers McConnell, married Thomas Harris. Of this union

there was born one son, Chalmers Harris. Della McConnell died in 1909.

Sarah D. McConnell, the eighth child of John A. and Sarah L. Bills, McConnell, married December 24, 1860, Jas. W. Landrum, who was born March 12, 1833 and died July 30, 1906. He was in the Union Army during the Civil War; was buried in Concord Cemetery, Gibson County, Tenn.

Of this union there were born Lebonia C. Landrum who married Hiram Marsham in 1899. Of this union there was born a daughter, Annahew. Lebonia C. was born in 1863. Her husband is a farmer.

John M., second child of Sarah D., born June 27, 1865, married Delia A. Foster, September 1, 1886. Of this union were born two children, J. Guy and Lena K. Landrum.

Jenaie C., third child of Sarah D., was born March 3, 1867 and died August 1, 1883. She was a teacher by profession. William C., fourth child of Sarah D., died in infancy.

Robert A., born August 5, 1870, married Amanda Crews in 1888.

Of this union there were born three children, two sons and one daughter, Bonnie, Dewey and Fanny, Landrum. He is the manager of the Dyer Fruit Box Manufacturing Co., at Dyer, Tenn.

Mary A. Landrum, sixth child of Sarah D., born February 12, 1873, married M. T. Flowers, December 25, 1897.

Of this union five boys were born, Clarence, Robert, Frank, Legal, and Lacelle, Flowers. Their occupation is farming.

A. A. and Albert N. Flowers, twin boys, born November, 1875.

A. A. Flowers was married to Mattie D. Harrison, September, 1894. Of this union six children were born, two girls, Mary Wanda and Vera, both dead; four boys, Cecil, Coy, Harry, and Claton, Flowers. Farmng is their occupation.

Albert N. Flowers was married to Molly Edmonds, December, 1895. Of this union were born three children, two daughters, and one son, Ethel Faye, Kate Bell, and Carl P. Flowers. They reside in Oklahoma City.

Sarah D. McConnell Landrum died October, 1891. She was buried in the Concord Cemetery, it being known as the McConnell Old Cemetery.

Josephus W. McConnell, the ninth and youngest child of John A., and Sarah L. Bills McConnell, was born May 1, 1841, and married Marie A. Landrum, January 22, 1863.

Of this union there were born Lundie McConnell, Vibila A. McConnell, Dona J. McConnell, John R. McConnell, Mary Madrette McConnell, who died at the age of one year, James E. McConnell, and Finis Ampha McConnell.

Lundie McConnell was born January 14, 1864, married Emerson E. Bodkin in the year 1888.

Of this union there were born two sons, Bernal Otis Bodkin, who is now in Lafayette, Indiana, preparing himself to be a mechanical engineer. He was born February 14, 1893. Hobart Bodkin was born December 24, 1897. This family resides in Humboldt, Tenn.

Vibilla Alice McConnell was born March 24, 1865, married Dr. W. W. McRae, of Corinth, Miss.

Of this union two children were born.

Maury Holcomb McRae, was born April 26, 1895. He has completed the High School of Corinth, and is now at University, Miss., studying medicine.

Ione McRae was born in the year 1896.

Dona J. McConnell was born December 18, 1867, married first Prof. William S. Jones of Mertens, Texas, June 4, 1895.

Of this union no children were born. Near the end of four years Prof. Jones died and after more than two years had elapsed Dona J. married John Nunn, who is manager of the Home Telephone Company, Dyersburg, Tenn. Of this union no children were born, but this does not mean that their home has always been without children. They have taken several orphan children at different times, raised and educated them.

Mrs. Nunn is a teacher, is highly educated and active and useful in church and benevolent work.

John R. McConnell was born February 3, 1869, married Mattie A. Conlee, in 1895.

Of this union there were born three daughters. Verne McConnell, 1896; Boda Q. McConnell, 1897; and Alta May McConnell in 1900.

There was also a son born, Roy Conlee McConnell in 1905.

Mary Madrettee McConnell was born 1871. She died at the age of one year.

James E. McConnell, born November 3, 1874, married first Maud Boone, January 15, 1896.

Of this union one son, Otto Boone McConnell was born, November 17, 1897.

James E. McConnell, married the second time, Mattie Warmoth, November 22, 1909.

Of this union a son was born, November 20, 1910. He was christened Robert Warmoth McConnell.

Finis Ampha McConnell was born November 10, 1882, married Carrie Lovelace, January 24, 1905.

Of this union there were born one daughter, Mary Louise McConnell, August 26, 1908, and two sons, Durward Otis McConnell, June 6, 1910, who died August 1912, and G. W. McConnell, born January 20, 1912.

The families of Harvey H. and Josephus W. McConnell, and Thomas E. Veach, one of the descendants of Silas and Rachel McConnell, Veach are all members of the Christian Church.

Descendants of Martha McConnell and William Bills.

Martha (Patsy) McConnell married William Bills. Both are dead.

FOURTH GENERATION.

Of this union there were born four sons and two daughters, Floyd A., Harvey B., Newt., Eliza B., Caroline (Callie) S., and Monroe, Bills.

Floyd A. Bills married Amanda Burgess.

FIFTH GENERATION.

Of this union there were born W. Newt. Bills and Mattie Bills. W. Newt. Bills married Ellen Welch.

SIXTH GENERATION.

Of this union there was born one son, Eugene Floyd Bills.

Mattie Bills married M. J. Beatty. They have no children.

Harvey Bills, the second child of Martha and William Bills, died unmarried.

Newt. Bills, the third child, died unmarried.

Monroe Bills married Susie Orsburn, and died without heirs.

Eliza Bills married William Charlton.

Of this union there were born two daughters, Martha and Maggie, Charlton.

Martha Charlton married James Stewart.

Of this union there were born three sons and two daughters, Cecil, Claudie, Willie, Allie, and Thomas (Tommy) Stewart.

Allie Stewart married Robert Fagan.

Of this union there were born two sons, Stewart Baxter, and James William, Fagan.

Willie Stewart married Mamie Tilman. No children born of this union.

Thomas Stewart married Marie Turner.

Of this union there was born one daughter.

Maggie Charlton, the second daughter of Eliza Bills and William Charlton, married Newt. Pearch.

Of this union there were born three daughters, Pearl, Irma, and Nina, Pearch.

Pearl Pearch married Elliot Clark, no children.

Nina Pearch married Ernest Bradford, no children

Irma Pearch is unmarried.

Caroline (Callie) Bills married Spencer M. Snell.

Of this union there were born one son, and one daughter, William J. and Johnnie, Snell.

William J. Snell married Lizzie Stewart. No children.

Johnnie Snell married Edward L. DeWitt.

Of this union there were born one son and three daughters, Lewis, Irene, Mabel, and Helen, DeWitt.

Of the above families, the DeWitt's reside in Hugo, Oklahoma, and the others in Tennessee.

The Descendants of Silas and Rachel McConnell Veach.

Rachel McConnell, one of the daughters of Manuel and Martha Armstrong McConnell, married Silas Veach. Of this union there were born five children, to-wit: Martha W., Eliza, Arminta, Ethelbert W., and Franklin Brooks, Veach.

I do not pretend to give these names in the order of their ages.

Martha W. Veach married a man by the name of Miller.

Of this union there were born a large family. They lived in Tennessee, probably Maury County. She is dead. I have been unable to get into communication with any one of her family. Her nieces and nephews, who were born in Illinois or left Weakly County when very small, were unable to give me any information except what is given above.

Of this union two children were born.

Maury Holcomb McRae, was born April 26, 1895. He has completed the High School of Corinth, and is now at University, Miss., studying medicine.

Ione McRae was born in the year 1896.

Dona J. McConnell was born December 18, 1867, married first Prof. William S. Jones of Mertens, Texas, June 4, 1895.

Of this union no children were born. Near the end of four years Prof. Jones died and after more than two years had elapsed Dona J. married John Nunn, who is manager of the Home Telephone Company, Dyersburg, Tenn. Of this union no children were born, but this does not mean that their home has always been without children. They have taken several orphan children at different times, raised and educated them.

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Of this union there were born one daughter, Mary Louise McConnell, August 26, 1908, and two sons, Durward Otis McConnell, June 6, 1910, who died August 1912, and G. W. McConnell, born January 20, 1912.

The families of Harvey H. and Josephus W. McConnell, and Thomas E. Veach, one of the descendants of Silas and Rachel McConnell, Veach are all members of the Christian Church.

Descendants of Martha McConnell and William Bills.

Martha (Patsy) McConnell married William Bills. Both are dead.

FOURTH GENERATION.

Of this union there were born four sons and two daughters, Floyd A., Harvey B., Newt., Eliza B., Caroline (Callie) S., and Monroe, Bills.

Floyd A. Bills married Amanda Burgess.

FIFTH GENERATION.

Of this union there were born W. Newt. Bills and Mattie Bills. W. Newt. Bills married Ellen Welch.

west of that town, upon which he spent the remainder of his life, dying December 5, 1902, at the age of seventy-three years, and five days. He was buried in Friendship Cemetery one mile from his home. While his name was Franklin Brooks, he was known among his intimate friends and neighbors as "Dock." His occupation was that of a farmer. He was regular in his habits, never used intoxicating liquors, nor tobacco in any form, indulged in no kind of gambling, or profanity. He was a quiet, orderly, Christian man, to whom his wife and children were devotedly attached.

His wife passed away February 12, 1905, at the age of seventy-two years, one month and two days, and was buried beside her husband. In her quiet, orderly, Christian life, she was all that her husband could require.

Of this union there were born the following children: Floyd Wilson, the first child, October, 1859; he died August 10, 1862,—only three years old, but a remarkably intelligent little fellow. He was stricken with that dreaded enemy of children, membranous croup.

Rachel Rebecca Angeline, the second child, was born February 27, 1861, and died May 18, of the same year.

Alta M., the third child, April 18, 1862, in Weakly County, Tenn., who died November 19, 1877, at the age of fifteen years and seven months, of Typhus fever. She was buried at Friendship Cemetery. She was a member of the Methodist Church, full of promise of a happy and useful life.

Lydia J., fourth child, was born September 5, 1868, and died August 4, 1869.

Laura Veach, was born in Weakly County, Tenn., February 11, 1864, and was brought by her parents, when they emigrated from Tennessee to Illinois in May

of that year. She was educated in the country schools until she was prepared for college, when she entered Creal Springs College, where she completed her education. She taught school in Johnson, Williamson, and Franklin Counties aggregating eighteen terms.

She was married to John T. Bishop, November 22, 1904. Of this union no children have been born. Her address is Thebes, Alexander County, Ill.

Amanda F., sixth child, February 2, 1866, was married November 19, 1891, to James Harvey Hamilton. Their address is Ina, Jefferson County, Ill., R. R. No. 2. To this union six children were born, all living, as follows: Arthur F., May 30, 1893, Laura C., June 30, 1895; Isaac R., October 30, 1896; John H., January 11, 1899, Frances J., June 5, 1901, Margaret A., Hamilton, August 4, 1904. All these children are at home with their parents, living on the farm one and one-half miles from Ina.

Franklin Lafayette Sherman Veach, seventh child, April 8, 1871, married May 15, 1895, to Sarah Emily Jones, of Goreville, Ill.

He taught school for several years, but is now in the United States Mail Service. His address is Marion, Illinois.

Of this union there were born one son, Ogle E. Veach, September 26, 1897, and one daughter, Nova Veach, March 28, 1904.

Alice Veach, eighth child, born June 18, 1874. She is unmarried, and lives with her sister, Laura V. Bishop, at Thebes, Ill.

Silas Veach survived his wife. He married the second time, but there was no issue by this marriage.

He married the third time, and of this union several children were born.

As these children are no relation to me or my wife they do not come within the scope of this book.

The Martin Family.

The Martins are numerous, and widely distributed throughout the English speaking nations. "John" seems to be the favorite Christian name. I had occasion to examine the United States Census of North Carolina, taken in the year 1790. I found that there were thirty-one John Martins in that state, taken in that census.

My mother's name was Annabel Martin. She was one of ten children. She was born in the Era of Rooseveltian families. Ten seemed to have been the favorite number. The founder of my mother's family came from Ireland, and settled in Cumberland County, Pa. He was a Presbyterian, and very likely was from Belfast, and a part of that great emigration through that city from Ulster Province, during the first half of the eighteenth century. I do not know that he was a Scot. He might have been, for the Martins are everywhere. Legend says simply that he was Irish, and by this I understand, that Ireland was his native home.

I do not know the Christian name of the founder of this family in America, nor do I know the name of his wife. He had two sons, John and William. William Martin was killed and scalped by the Indians during the French and Indian War.

John married Mary McDowell. Of this union there were born three children, Sarah, James and Josiah Martin. They were occupying a fort some distance from Harrisburg during the early part of this war. John Mar-

tin had his family in the fort at that time. He and his brother left the fort for some purpose, leaving his wife and children in the fort. They were attacked by Indians. William was killed, John was made prisoner, taken to the Indian settlements and kept there until the close of the war,—some two and a half or three years. After the treaty of peace, he was released. While with the Indians, just at what time I am not informed, he was adopted by the head of an Indian family. During all this time, he never heard from his wife and children. On his way to the fort after his release, he met his wife and children going to their home. Such was his anguish at this long separation from his wife and children, not knowing what had become of them, that his hair became perfectly white. His reunion with his wife and children must have presented a pathetic scene.

I have not any certain information as to what became of the father of John and William Martin. Much research has been made with the view to ascertain not only his given name but his fate during the French and Indian war. In the History of Cumberland County, Pa., by I. D. Rupp, Lancaster 1846, there is this statement: "Killed by French and Western Indians, April 23, 1757—John Martin and William Blair, near Maxwell Fort, Conochoocheaque."

Again, from the same work, "May 12, 1757—John Martin and Andrew Paul both old men, taken from Conochoocheaque." It was customary in those days to name the first son born, after the father. It is probable that the founder of his family bore the christian name of John or William. In that event the John Martin spoken of by Rupp in the above quotation, may have been the one in question. And more than likely the latter one, as he was an old man.

Mary E. Baker, one of the lineal descendants of Josiah Martin, who has made a great deal of research concerning the Martin family, writes me as follows:

"I think I told you one tradition that the two brothers John and William were attacked by Indians, William killed and John made prisoner,—this during the infancy of my ancestor, Josiah, your ancestors, James and Sarah, being older. He was born in Cumberland County, Pennsylvania, about 1756, he says, that is, during the French and Indian War.

In examining the Pennsylvania Magazine of history, I found a list of killed and wounded at Paxton, with this entry, "William Martin killed and scalped, October 1st, 1757." Paxton is about thirty miles from Harrisburg on the Dauphin County side of the Susquehanna, just across from Cumberland. Fort Hunter was between Paxton and Harrisburg, about six miles from the latter. Grandmother always said her father 'lived on a big river in Pennsylvania.' The locality suits tradition very well.

In studying county histories I found a letter written by the Commander of a fort in that vicinity, I think it was October 3, 1757, in which he tells of being out a day or two before when a shot was fired and hastening to the spot the body of one William Martin was found. He had been out hunting chestnuts. The Indians escaped.

One tradition is that they had gone together to look after their cabin and goods in the settlement. The reason for being out of the fort may have been mere supposition in either case."

The tradition of the killing of William and the imprisonment of John Martin is well established. Miss Baker was the grand-daughter of Marilla Martin Baker, the latter was the daughter of Josiah Martin, the infant

son of John Martin at the time these events occurred. Marilla Martin Baker was born in 1799 and lived to be ninety-four years old. Josiah Martin, her father, was born in 1756; his father, John Martin, was living as late as 1786, which is shown by a deed executed by him and his wife, Mary Martin, at that date, which is on record in the office of the clerk of the Superior Court of Lincoln County, North Carolina. This old lady lived with her son, Nathan Martin Baker, the father of Mary Ellen, during many of the last years of her life. It fell to the lot of Mary Ellen to take care of her grandmother and hence was thrown in her company a great deal. The old lady retained her memory and mind to a remarkable degree to the end of her life. It was from these conversations, that Miss Baker was able to gve me the information contained in her letter as above set forth. Her grandfather, John Martin, who lived to a ripe old age, undoubtedly told his grand-daughter many times of the events happening to him and his brother during the French and Indian War. The wonder is that something more was not told concerning the founder of the family in America.

Some time after the treaty of Peace in 1763, but not later than 1766, John Martin emigrated from Pennsylvania to North Carolina with his family and settled on the waters of Crowder's Creek in what was then Tryon County. The place where he settled was right under the shadow of King's Mountain, near the South Carolina line. In 1778, Tryon County was divided into the counties of Lincoln and Rutherford; and Tryon as a County name ceased to be used. Lincoln County embraced the territory of the waters of Crowder's Creek so that John Martin and family became residents of that county. In 1847, Gaston County was created out of that portion of

the territory of Lincoln, which lay next to South Carolina; so that Crowder's Creek is now in Gaston County. The records of the old Tryon County as far back as 1769 are now a part of the records of Lincoln County. These records contain various real estate conveyances made by John Martin and his son James and his grandson, William Martin, which will be noticed later on. These conveyances show that John Martin settled there not later than 1766. They also show that he was still living in 1786. He executed a deed of that date which is of record in the clerk's office of the Superior Court of Lincoln County.

Sarah Martin, the oldest of the three children of John Martin and Mary McDowell Martin, married John Barber. James Martin, the second of John Martin's children, married Sarah Baird. Josiah Martin (sometimes spelled Josias) the youngest of the three children, married Mary McClary. I am the lineal descendant of both Sarah Martin Barber and James Martin. My grandfather and grandmother were first cousins,—the grandmother being the daughter of Sarah Martin Barber and the grandfather being the son of James Martin and Sarah Baird Martin. This makes it necessary to enter upon quite an extensive genealogical field. It involves the family of John Barber, the family of Sarah Baird,—in other words, to give my ancestral connections fully, I will have to give the different generations of these families. Josiah Martin was my grandfather's uncle and hence my great great uncle.

Of the union between James Martin and Sarah Baird Martin there were born nine children, Susan, Sarah, Nancy, Annabel, Earny, Mary (Polly), Isabel, John and William, Martin. Susan did not marry. Sarah Martin married a cousin, Robert Baird; both of them lived all

their lives and died in Lincoln County, later Gaston County. Their descendants will be given in connection with the Baird family. Nancy Martin married James Wilson and moved to Illinois and settled near Edwardsville. Annabel Martin married A. Dixon; Fanny married .....Dixon (given name not known); Mary (Polly) Martin married Peter Garrison,—there were no children born of this union; Isabel Martin married her cousin William Martin, son of Josiah Martin; John Martin married Rebeca Davis. She died and afterwards John married Betsy Kelton; William Martin who is my grandfather, married his cousin, Catherine Barber, daughter of Sarah Martin Barber.

Of this union there were born ten children, to-wit: James, Sarah, John B., Vincent, who died in infancy, Mary, commonly known as "Polly" who never married and who was born January 11, 1802 and died June 9, 1886; William Martin, Jr., who died in infancy; Annabel Martin, Vincent B. Martin, Cynthia Martin, and Josiah Newell Martin.

Cynthia Martin married Ezekiel Vernor.

Of this union there were no children. Cynthia died in 1890. Vernor is also dead.

FIFTH GENERATION.

James Martin was born September 26, 1796. He married Elizabeth C. Finly, who was born April 17, 1798, February 24, 1820. She was of Revolutionary stock. Her father and his six brothers were all soldiers on the American side in that war.

Of this union there were born eleven children.

SIXTH GENERATION.

Samuel Harvey, Eliza A., William H., John Bunyan, Martha Caroline, Nancy Catherine, James LeRoy, George Finley, Newton Franklin, Josiah Newell, and Marie Harriet, Martin.

Samuel Harvey Martin, the oldest child of James and Elizabeth C. Martin, was born February 14, 1821, died September 20, 1878, was married in June, 1838, to Mary Anne Black, who was born in June, 1820, and died April 1, 1883.

Of this union there were born nine children. The first (George) died in infancy; Eliza Jane, the second, was born Sept. 1, 1842, died October 1, 1907. In 1857, she was married to Harris Bishop.

Of this union there were born two boys, Samuel and Wenfield, Bishop.

After her first husband's death she married James Anderson.

Of this union there were born two daughters, Alice, and Ella, Anderson.

Patsy Anne, the third child of Samuel H. and Mary Anne Black Martin, was born in 1844, and died in 1861.

Sarah Catherine, the fourth child was born March 12, 1846, died July 21, 1885, was married February 19, 1874, to Luther A. Hall.

Of this union there were born four sons.

Almus Stella, their first, was born January 26, 1875, was married January 4, 1900, to Maggie Lee Puckett.

Eldorado, the second, was born January 5, 1877, (single.)

William L., the third, was born October 12, 1880, was married in 1906 to Katie Hawkes.

Alfus, the fourth, was born August 23, 1883 (single.)

Franklin Lafayette Martin, the fifth, was born June 15, 1849, died July 10, 1888, was married in 1872, to Susan Flemming.

Of this union, three children were born, Walter Martin, their first, married Miss Roach; Claudia, their second, married Poncie Anderson; Effie, their third, married Hiram Chapman, in 1912.

Margarette Harriette Martin, the sixth, was born May 14, 1852, married December 1, 1878 to Leonadus Adolphus Boone.

Of this union there were born seven children Lettie Brown, their first, was born October 23, 1879, died February 6, 1901, was married December 24, 1899, to Novel Jones.

Lilla May, the second, was born February 13, 1881, was married September 24, 1899, to Jacob Elmore Cunningham.

Odessa Evangeline, the third, was born May 16, 1883, (single.)

Karl Bell, the fourth, was born August 28, 1885, (single).

Myrtle Lyle, the fifth, was born February 20, 1888, was married November 16, 1909, to Virgil M. Morris.

Leslie Leonidus, the sixth child, was born February 13, 1891, (single.)

Una Estella Boone, the seventh, was born September 9, 1893, (single).

Amanda Caroline Martin, the seventh, was born July 15, 1855, (single.)

William James Martin, the eighth, was born December 22, 1858, died June 10th, 1878.

The ninth died in infancy.

Eliza Ann Martin, the second child of James and Elizabeth C. Martin, was born August 13, 1822, and married Joseph Barr. Of this union there was born one child, Martha Larena Barr. Eliza Ann died when this child was small. The child was raised by her grandparents, James and Elizabeth C. Martin.

Martha Larena Barr married John Martin. Of this union there was born one child, Elizabeth, January 17, 1876, who married B. C. Cummins, December 20, 1900. Of this union there were born two sons, Jewell Duncan, July 15, 1902, and John Henry, October 5, 1908. Post-office address of this family is Portland, Sumner County, Tennessee.

Mrs. Cummins was not raised by her parents, but by a lady in whose care she was placed by her mother on account of the superior advantages which that lady could give her daughter.

SIXTH GENERATION.

William Henry Martin, the third child of James and Elizabeth C. Martin, was born February 26, 1824, and married Jane Black, a sister of the wife of his brother, Samuel Harvey Martin.

Of this union there were born six children,—two of whom are still living. There were four boys, the three oldest died when small, Samuel H. died in 1875, at the age of twenty-two years. A daughter was born July, 1856, and married A. J. Pardue. Her name was Leanna Bell Martin.

Of this union there were born Ola Pardue, January 8, 1871. She died September 24, 1881; Myrtle Pardue, born October 19, 1881, was married to Henry Denges, May 13, 1905.

Of this union there were born three daughters, ages six, four, and two years respectively, and named Lotta Belle, Henrietta, and Hazel Denges; Inez Pardue, was born October 2, 1884, was married to Harry Stapleton, January 8, 1902.

Of this union there were born three children, one dead, two living, Nanies Lexie, age ten, and Pauline, Stapleton, age two years. Frank Pardue, was born October 9, 1886, was married to Gearaldine Hutchins, July 4, 1904.

Of this union there were born two children, a son and a daughter, Leland, and Catherine, Pardue, ages six and three years, respectively.

Lexie Pardue, born October 5, 1889, died October 30, 1894.

The postoffice address of Mrs. L. B. Pardue is High, Texas; of Myrtle Denges, Ben Franklin, Texas, R. R. No. 1, Box 16; of Frank Pardue, High, Texas; of Inez Stapleton, San Angelo, Texas.

J. D. Martin is the youngest child of William H. and Jane Black Martin; he was born November 28, 1862, married E. J. Manuel, February 16, 1888.

EIGHTH GENERATION.

Of this union there were born five boys, Samuel H., February 4, 1889; W. Arthur, February 16, 1891; Murley C., October 5, 1893; Charles E., December 22, 1902, and Onis N., Martin, January 9, 1905.

William Henry Martin and wife are both dead.

SEVENTH GENERATION.

John Bunyan Martin married Winnie Pierce; of this union there was born one child, John C. Martin; he was born in middle Tennessee, Lawrence County, August 7, 1846, postoffice address, Hinson Springs, Tennessee; he married Elizabeth McClain, February 12, 1863; of this union there were born four children, Fannie, who married H. H. Tripp, January 29, 1888, born January 30, 1864, postoffice address, Lexington, Tennessee; of this union two children were born, George, December 2, 1888, and Bettie Tripp, January 18, 1894; address Lexington; Mattie, who married F. M. Hart in 1893; of this union there were born two children, Lucieal, sixteen years old, the other died in infancy; the mother is also dead.

J. F. (Frank) Martin, the third child of J. C. and Elizabeth Martin, born September 28, 1869, lives at Lexington, Tennessee, is Sheriff of Henderson County, and married Julia C. Odle, September 20, 1893. Of this union there were born, J. Frank Martin, Jr., twelve years old; Samuel E. Martin, ten years old, and Willie C. and Brady Turner Martin, both of whom are dead.

Hortensia Josephine Martin, the fourth child of John C., and Elizabeth Martin, born November 18, 1879, married J. S. Odle, in 1905. Of this union there were born four children, Addie May, Preston, Elizabeth, and John C. Martin. All these are children.

John C. Martin and his father John B. Martin both served during the Civil War, in the Ninth Tennessee Cavalry of the Confederate Army.

Martha Caroline Martin, the fifth child of James and Elizabeth C. Martin, was born January 10, 1828, married D. W. May, in October, 1846.

Of this union there were born eleven children, George H., Ann Elizabeth, John and James, each of whom died while small; Thomas, who died in infancy, Amanda, Martha, Francis, Daniel W. Jr., Joseph L., and Robert C., May.

George H. May resides at the present time in Bakersfield, Cal.; Ann Elizabeth May married John Hickman, and now resides in New Mexico; Amanda May married Norman C. Brown and now resides at Orangeville, Texas; Martha May married James M. Ready and resides at the present time at Leonard, Texas; Francis May married Harvey Walker and reside at Valley View, Texas; Daniel W. May, Jr., married Fannie Holcomb, and died September, 1897, at the age of thirty-one years; Joseph L. May died January 2, 1892, age twenty-three years; Robert C. May married Mary Agnes Wright in the year 1899.

Of this union there were born two children, a daughter and a son, Beryl May, age eleven years, and Donald Wright May, age two years.

Martha Caroline Martin May died at Leonard, Texas, January 6, 1898. She lacked four days of being seventy years old.

Daniel W. May, Sr., died on his farm near Leonard, Texas, May, 1892, age sixty-five years.

He entered the Confederate Army at the outbreak of the Civil War, enlisting in Co. B, 23rd Tennessee Infantry. He became Captain of the company and served until the reorganization of the army. He then entered the Cavalry in General Forrest's command, serving as lieutenant, commanding a company. He was captured in the latter part of 1863, and imprisoned at Camp Chase, Ohio, until the close of the war. He returned home and

in 1870, he moved with his family to Fannin County, Texas, where he lived until his death. The husbands of the daughters of Martha Caroline Martin May are all engaged in farming.

Robert C. May, the youngest of the eleven children, was born in Gibson County, Tenn., January 12, 1870, shortly before his father removed to Fannin County. He has resided in the town of Leonard, where he now resides, for twenty-four years. He is at present postmaster and has been for the past sixteen years.

Nancy Catherine Martin, the sixth child of James and Elizabeth C. Martin, was born June 30, 1830, married Moses Matthew Faught, a Methodist Minister, September 9, 1853; She died December 9, 1862. Of this union there were born seven children, four sons and three daughters, James Wiley, May 14, 1855; Thomas Cicero, June 17, 1857, died November 20, 1876; Winfield Wesley, November 26, 1858, Mary Elizabeth, January 22, 1861, Laura Eugenia, December 2, 1862, Addie Ettas, January 15, 1866, and Moses Cathedral, Faught, November, 1868, died August 1869.

James Wiley Faught, married Carrie Calhoun Davis, April 29, 1888; no children have been born of this union.

The postoffice address, Commerce, Hunt County, Texas.

Winfield Wesley Faught, married Lucy Burnett, December 25, 1881.

Of this union there were born eight children, five sons and three daughters, Katie, November, 1882; Silas Willie, died in infancy; Bessie Belle, died in infancy; Ernest R., Eleanor, Hallie, Charles, and Clifton Faught. Postoffice address of the living, Houston, Texas, except Katie.

Katie Faught was married to Ernest Keiser, in 1905. Of this union there were born three children. Postoffice address, Terrell, Texas.

Mary Elizabeth Faught, the fourth child of Moses Matthew and Nancy Catherine Faught, married William D. Trent, June 1, 1887.

Of this union five children were born, one son and four daughters, Nona Floyd, December 16, 1888; William Harry, April 7, 1892; Bessie Marie, January 6, 1895, Eloise and William, twins, April 15, 1898. William died in infancy. All the others are married and reside at Dallas, Texas.

Adair E. Faught, the sixth child of Nancy Catherine and Moses Matthew Faught is unmarried and lives at Dallas, Texas.

Laura Eugenia Faught, the fifth child, married John Wesley Stewart, November, 1882.

Of this union there were born eleven children; three died in infancy; the other eight, four sons and four daughters, are as follows: Thomas Henry, Mabel, Daniel McIntyre, Mildred, Johnnie, Marie, Marvin, Katherine, John Wesley, Jr., Stewart.

Postoffice address, Aubray, Denton County, Texas, except Thomas Henry and Mabel.

Thomas Henry Stewart married Mattie..... One child was born to them. The post office address is Canyon City, Texas.

Mabel Stewart married C. E. Hall; no children born of this union. Postoffice, Argyle, Denton County, Texas.

Daniel McIntyre Stewart married Ethel Henderson. Of this union one child was born. Postoffice address Aubray, Denton County, Texas.

George Taylor Brown, married Ella King, November 1, 1883.

Of this union four children were born, two daughters now living, one daughter and one son are dead.

Margaret J. Brown married J. M. McKee, October 17, 1878.

Of this union twelve children were born; three sons and one daughter are still living, the others are dead.

William A. Brown married Sallie Beckett, December 25, 1895.

Of this union two children were born, one daughter now living and one son dead.

James Archie Brown died November 22, 1898, and Harriet J. Brown, his wife, died August 31, 1899.

Josiah Newell Brown married Clementine Orr, October 5, 1898; no children. His postoffice address is Lewisburg, Tenn., R. F. D. No. 2.

James Harvey Martin married in 1872, Sarah J. Finn. Of this union there was born William Nelson Martin, who died May 27, 1904, age thirty-one years. He never married. He was a noble Christian young man. Sarah J. died in 1873. James Harvey Martin married a second time in 1878, Elizaeth Catherine Johnson. He died October 24, 1902.

Of the union with the second wife were born four children, Eula May, who was born December 22, 1881, married Charles J. Keener, September, 1900, and of this union there was born one son, who died in infancy; there were four daughters, Ina, Lizzie, Willie, and Ella, Keener. Their postoffice address is Vanalstyne, Texas, R. F. D. No. 2.

John Henry Martin, second child, born December 24, 1883, died February 24, 1900.

Third child, James Johnson Martin, born April 12, 1889, died April 24, 1889.

Fourth child, Catherine Lamyra, born September 25, 1886, married Albert J. Gunn, in 1904. Of this union two sons were born, Paul Martin, and Elisha Knight, Gunn. Postoffice, Bairdstown, Texas, R. F. D. No. 1.

Esther Lamyra Martin married George Felix Legate. She was born Feb. 7, 1847; Legate was born July 31, 1840, and died September 14, 1889. Of this union there were born John R., August 9, 1867. He married May 7, 1893, Agnes Kinsey. Of this union there were born Lillie May, February 25, 1894, and Felix Wilson Legate, December 17, 1898.

James William, second child, born August 30, 1869, was married 1897 to Mollie Black. Of this union there were born Earl, September 10, 1898; William, January 3, 1902; Albert, June 28, 1903. Mollie Black Legate died in 1908.

James William Legate married the second time Mrs. Madge Watson, December, 1910. They have one child, Ulric, born November 1, 1911.

George Sterling Legate, born May 10, 1887, the third child, married Addie Mowery, December 22, 1894. Of this union there were born Roy, November, 1895, who died in infancy; Charles Pleasant, October 7, 1896; Ollie, November 17, 1898; Harvey, November 10, 1900; Ralph, January 10, 1902; Myrtle, died in infancy; Robert born February 24, 1908, and Evelyn, Legate January 11, 1911.

Amanda Isabella Legate, fourth, born December 13, 1872, married Hugh Witt, January 1, 1896. Of this union there was born Clyde, May 9, 1897; Faye, December 7, 1900, and Renna, November 7, 1906.

were five children born of this union. They are all dead, as are also their father and mother. The family is extinct.

SARAH MARTIN married Thomas Miller.

Of this union there were born Claudius B. Miller and Harriet Jane Miller. The family migrated from Tennessee to Iowa in the early settlement of that State and located on a farm in Appenoose County, near the village of Unionville.

Claudius B. Miller is now about eighty-one years old; he was a soldier in the Union Army during the late Civil War. He was married and had several children. He has a daughter Agnes Miller, who is not married. They live together at Unionville, Appenoose County, Iowa.

Harriet J. Miller married William Carol Baldridge, who was born November 28, 1819; Harriet J. Miller Baldridge was born December 3, 1826. William Carol and Harriet Jane, were married November 3, 1842. Of this union there were born the following children: Maggie C., August 14, 1843; Drusilla E., February 10, 1845; Sarah Anne, December 25, 1846; James H., February 4, 1849; Cynthia J., May 27, 1851; Mary E., March 23, 1853; Rosa, May 20, 1860, and Harriet E. Baldridge, July 26, 1864.

Deaths—W. C. Baldridge, October, 1867; Rosa Baldridge, November 23, 1863; Cynthia J. Baldridge, December 31, 1890.

Marriages—Maggie C. Baldridge to George Dean; Sarah A. Baldridge to S. L. Smith; Cynthia J. Baldridge to R. M. Hicks; Mary E. Baldridge to E. J. Underwood; Drusilla E. Baldridge to A. P. Taylor; James H. Baldridge to Susan M. Roberts; Harriet E. Baldridge to Charles H. Hicks.

The mother of these children writes me that she has thirty-nine grandchildren, fifty-nine great grand-children and two great great grand-children.

JOHN B. MARTIN had three wives. His first wife was Margaret Shields.

Of this union there were born the following children: Mary Jane, Elizabeth Catherine, who died in 1854, unmarried; Harriet J., James Harvey, and Margaret Ann, Martin.

Margaret Martin, John B.'s wife, died at the birth of Margaret Ann.

John B. Martin married the second time, Esther Lamyra Shields, a sister of his first wife.

Of this union there were born three children. The two older ones died in infancy. The youngest was Esther Lamyra, at whose birth her mother died. She is still living.

John B. Martin married the third time, Flavia Miller, a sister of the wife of his brother, Vincent B. Martin. Of this last union there were no children.

Mary Jane Martin, the first child of John B., and Margaret Martin, married Adison Hunter. Her history is given in the genealogy of Josiah Martin.

Harriet J. Martin was born June 5, 1834, and married James Archie Brown, who was born November 15, 1827.

Of this union there were born the following children: George Taylor, September 17, 1852; he is still living; John H., March 20, 1856, died September 11, 1858; Margaret J., September 20, 1858; died February 1, 1912, an infant son, May 6, 1861 and died October 26, 1862; William A., March 3, 1866, still living, and Josiah Newell, Brown, March 7, 1870.

George Taylor Brown, married Ella King, November 1, 1883.

Of this union four children were born, two daughters now living, one daughter and one son are dead.

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Amanda Isabella Legate, fourth, born December 13, 1872, married Hugh Witt, January 1, 1896. Of this union there was born Clyde, May 9, 1897; Faye, December 7, 1900, and Renna, November 7, 1906.

Ephraim Eugene Legate, fifth child, born September 7, 1875, and died September 2, 1877.

Albert Leander Legate, the sixth child, born January 13, 1880, and died April 14, 1881.

Augustus Legate, born October 6, 1881, married October 25, 1905, to Mabel Snell. No children.

Martha Elizabeth Legate, eighth child, is unmarried, and is a teacher; she was born October 24, 1883.

Robbie Lee Legate, born January 29, 1886, married Lester Brown, May, 1900. Of this union were born Velma, July 9, 1905; Feral, May 11, 1908, and Kenneth, Borwn, August 20, 1910.

Vincent B. Martin was born September 26, 1813, and married Lavisa Miller, January 28, 1836; she was born April 19, 1814.

Of this union there were born James Miller, Henderson Eagleton, March 30, 1839, and who died July 27, 1855, unmarried; Saphronia E., September, 12, 1843, and Robert Doak, Martin August 19, 1852.

Saphronia E. Martin married William Hatch in 1876.

Of this union one daughter was born. Saphronia E. died October 3, 1878.

Robert Doak Martin was married twice, first to Sarah E. Gaines, November 14, 1877, who died March 19, 1879.

He married the second time Eliza D. Geron, December 25, 1879. Robert Doak died April 18, 1907, the victim of tuberculosis. His widow is still living, and furnished me the record which I am now giving.

Of the union between Robert Doak and Eliza D., there were born six children.

An infant, September 9, 1880, that lived only one day.

Arthur D., born July 25, 1881, married Josephine Spears, April 20, 1904.

Of this union there were born three children, Agnes R., January 27, 1905; Robert Howard, November 27, 1908; Joe Dee, November 21, 1911.

James Nelson, the third child of Robert Doak and Eliza D. Martin was born September 18, 1883, and died July 26, 1885.

Wilburn Vincent, the fourth child, was born May 14, 1886; married Carena Lucy Hood, January 17, 1907.

Of this union two children were born, George Robert, January 29, 1908, and James Edward, Martin, September 28, 1911.

Oscar M., the fifth child, was born November 26, 1890.

Myrtle May Martin, the sixth and youngest child, was born May 13, 1894, and died September 13, 1896.

Vincent B. Martin was murdered near his own house about two miles from Carthage, Mo., in August, 1864. His murderers claimed to be Federal soldiers. They were stationed at Carthage. They concealed themselves and sent a boy to the house to ask him to come out. When he came, not suspecting anything, they galloped up, shot him to death and then galloped away. They gave his wife notice to leave the country in ten days. She was indulged, however, a few days longer. It was surmised that the excuse for his murder was, that he had given food and shelter to his son, James Miller Martin, who was in the Confederate Army, but they afterwards killed another old man in the same way, who had no son in the Confederate Army.

I remember my uncle Vincent Martin very well. He was as kindly and good a man as ever lived. The killing of him, under the circumstances, was simply an atrocious murder. It is astonishing how quick men can shed the garb of civilization and become brutal savages. The widow of Uncle Vincent, together with her sister, Flavia Martin, left the State of Missouri and settled near Bairdstown, Texas, where they died a few years later. They are buried side by side in Shady Grove Cemetery about five miles from Bairdstown.

James Miller Martin, the first child of Vincent B. and Levisa Miller, Martin, was born January 9, 1837, and died January 6, 1908. He was married three times; first to Rachel Stith, November 11, 1858.

Of this union there were born three children, Matilda M., September 12, 1859, who died October, 1882.

Jefferson D., October 7, 1861, died October 1862. James, February 3, 1863, died September, 1880.

He married the second time Mary Jane Craft, May 14, 1868.

Of this union seven children were born, Charles, March 7, 1869; George, April 26, 1871; Albert, September 21, 1872; Sarah Lou, February 9, 1874; Bobbie, November 29, 1875; Mattie, August 5, 1877, and William, Martin, August 22, 1879, and died June 14, 1880.

James Martin died September 1880; George Martin died September 11, 1907; Bobbie died October 22, 1876; Mattie Martin died October 1, 1889.

He married the third time Susan Elizabeth..... August 14, 1881, who is still living.

Of this union there was born one child, Lillie Jane Martin, July 4, 1884, who was married December 9, 1906, to G. W. Young.

Of this union there were born two children, a son and a daughter, James Martin Young, December 1, 1907, and Mabel Young, July 29, 1910.

Charles Martin, the son of James Miller Martin, by his first marriage, married Sallie Brown, November 25, 1891.

Of this union there were born six children, Mary Bess, August 19, 1892; Lallah Rook, January 21, 1895, Fannie, October 20, 1897; Buna, August 19, 1900; Mattie July 7, 1903, and Georgia, Martin, July 1, 1911.

Albert Martin, the son of James Miller Martin by his second marriage, married Anne May Ball, January 10, 1894. Of this union there were born three children, Ollie, October 20, 1894; George Elihu, April 26, 1908, who died July 23, 1909, and Lucy Ethyllweve, February 23, 1911.

James Miller Martin served four years in the Civil War, in the Confederate Army. He was the only son of Vincent B. Martin, who was old enough to enter the service. James Miller had two brothers, Eagleton Martin and Robert Doak Martin, and one sister, Saphronia Martin.

John B. Martin and his brother Vincent B. Martin emigrated from Marshall County, Tenn., in the year 1855, to Jasper County, Mo. They bought and settled upon adjoining farms. These farms were situated near Carthage, the county seat. John B. Martin soon became justice of the peace and deputy postmaster. James Harvey Martin entered the Confederate Army in 1861, and was desperately wounded at the battle of Jenkin's Ferry, in the State of Arkansas, in a battle between the army of General Steele and the army of General Sterling Price. James Harvey's hip was broken and he lay in a hospital

until March, 1865. The action at Jenkin's Ferry occurred on April 30, 1864. When he left the hospital he was destitute; a friend furnished him some money, and, he made his way to Texas, not knowing at that time what had become of the families of his father and of his uncle, Vincent B. His father, John B. Martin, died December 19, 1861.

My uncle, Josiah Newell Martin was accidentally shot and killed by a friend and neighbor when shooting squirrels. Uncle Newell was the youngest of my mother's family. While his name was Josiah Newell he always went by the name of Newell. He had a splendid baritone voice and led the choir in his church. He lived some ten days after he was shot. I remember being present at his home during this period. A hymn was being sung and he joined in with a full strong baritone voice. I was then a boy 15 years old. The scene was exceedingly touching. Two or three days thereafter he passed away. He only had one child, Emily Jane Martin. The widow, Mary Ann Brown Martin, with her daughter, removed from Tennessee to Missouri and settled in Webster County. Just what year this took place I am not advised but from letters in my possession, they were settled there as early as 1861. In June, 1867, Emily Jane married Thomas H. Benton Clifton. After their marriage they settled near Marshfield, Webster County, Missouri.

Of this union there were born Nathan M. Clifton; Josiah Allison Clifton, and Mary Elizabeth Clifton and two other children who died in infancy. Emily Jane died about the year 1874. Mary Elizabeth Clifton married Robert Andrews. Of this union there were born eight children, to-wit: Albert Jacob, Emma May, Virgil Thomas, Goldie Chancel, James Elmer, Franklin Arthur, Carrie Agnes, and Lena Elizabeth, Andrews.

Nathan M. Clifton married Agnes White and of this union there were born five children, to-wit: Lawrence, Ray, Pearl, Mayfrey, and Eugene Clifton.

All of the above live in Webster County, Missouri. P. O. address, Marshfield. J. A. Clifton is Probate Judge of the County of Webster. He is a bachelor and prior to his election in 1910, to the office of Probate Judge, his profession was that of school teaching. He derives his name, Josiah Allison from his two grandfathers. Thomas Benton Clifton is still living.

Mary Anne Brown Martin died in 1909 in Webster County, Missouri.

Since the above was written my bachelor cousin has become a benedict, having married Miss Stella V. Bennett, April 27, 1913. He writes me under date of May 2, 1913, in a very happy mood.

The following are the real estate conveyances among the members of the family of John Martin as shown by the records of Lincoln County. At the time that John Martin emigrated from Pennsylvania and settled on Crowder's Creek, that territory was in Tryon County. The records of this County from 1769 are among the records of the Superior Court of Lincoln County.

There were other Martins, but the following conveyances were made by the members of John Martin's family. I have not included any that I had any reason to believe were made by Martins of other families.

Deed executed March 8, 1778, by John Martin, "Cooper," and Mary Martin, to James Martin "Planter," consideration 100 pounds, 200 acres, "on south side of Catawba River on Waters of Crowder's Creek, on both sides of the Creek."

The John Martin in this deed was the father of James Martin, who was my great grandfather.

A deed of gift was made on March 20, 1782, by John Martin and Mary Martin, his wife, to Josias (Josiah) Martin and is as follows: To all people to whom these presents shall come: I, John Martin, of the County of Lincoln in the State of North Carolina, send greeting, know ye, that I ,the said John Martin, for and in consideration of the natural love and affection which I have and do bear unto my beloved son, Josias Martin, of the County and State aforesaid, and for divers other good causes and consideration, me thereunto moving have given ,granted, and by these present do give and grant unto the said Josias Martin, his heirs and assigns, a certain tract or parcel of land with the premises situate, lying and being in the county of Lincoln and State aforesaid, on the north fork of Crowder's Creek, a branch of Catawba River, containing by survey three hundred and sixty acres, be the same more or less as appears by courses and distances in a deed executed by Nathaniel Alexander to the said John Martin, bearing date, 2d day of July, 1766."

This deed shows that John Martin was in North Carolina in 1766 at the time he executed the deed to Alexander. It also shows that he and his wife were both living in 1786, at the time they executed this gift. This is the latest information I have about John Martin and his wife Mary McDowell Martin.

Deed executed February 14, 1786, by John Martin "Cooper" to James Martin "Planter," consideration 100 pounds of twenty-three (23) acres "on the south side of Catawba River on the waters of Crowder's Creek, on both sides of the Creek, originally granted to John Martin by patent, dated 9th of April, 1770.

Deed executed February 14, 1788 by James Martin "Planter" to William Earwood, consideration forty (40) pounds of two hundred and fifty (250) acres.

Deed executed October 15, 1806, by William Martin of Lincoln County to John Irby of South Carolina of one hundred and twelve (112) acres on the east side of Crowder's Creek.

William Martin moved to Tennessee in 1806. He doubtless made the sale before he moved.

Deed executed March, 1805, by James Martin to Thomas Smith, consideration one thousand (1000) dollars of five tracts of land on both sides of Crowder's Creek.

My great grandfather, James Martin, moved to Tennessee and settled in Rutherford County, in 1805. This sale was doubtless made just before he moved.

Deed executed September 29, 1803, by Josias Martin to James Dunn of three hundred (300) acres, "on North fork of Crowder's Creek, consideration nine hundred ($900) dollars. This conveyance was made for the purpose of removal to Tennessee.

Deed executed December, 1801, by William Martin to James Montgomery of three (3) tracts of land situated on Middle Fork of Crowder's Creek. The three tracts aggregated 352 acres.

Deed executed by James Martin to William Martin September 15, 1802 of a tract of land between one and two acres. This was probably a spring.

My grandfather, William Martin, was a little below medium height; had grey eyes; was quiet in his demeanor. I was often at his house and never saw him the least bit out of patience in my life. He was a very pious man, a strict Presbyterian; held his membership in the

Bethberai Church on Rock Creek; held family prayers morning and evening. He was remarkably orderly. He exhibited this in the management of his farm and in all other affairs.

He was born November 20, 1769 and died September 6, 1855. His death was painless and natural; in other words, the machinery of his body having worn out, just quit running. For a number of years before his death his eyes renewed their youth and he could read any kind of print without the aid of glasses. He had a good memory to the end of life. He was a fine example of what a man can be who does not injure his health by anger, hatred, malice or impatience. He was temperate in all things.

His wife, Catherine Barber Martin, was a little above the medium heighth, had blue eyes, was rather stout as I first recollect her, and gradually grew stouter to the end of her life. She had all those qualities which go to make a suitable wife and help-mate for her husband as I have described him. She was born April 23, 1774 and died December 30, 1851.

The entire Martin family as I remember them, all bore the same characteristics of their parents. They all owned farms, were industrious, lived well, were good neighbors, pious, Christian, church-going people. They were all Presbyterians. My grandfather settled on the farm on which he lived and died, in 1806. He moved directly from his home on Crowder's Creek in Lincoln County, N. C., to this place. It was then in Bedford County, Tenn. When Marshall County was formed his place was included in the new County.

The Descendants of Josiah Martin.

Josiah Martin was born in 1756 and died in 1835. He married in 1783 Mary McClarey who was born September 15, 1765, and died in 1852. Of this union there were born the following children: Abigal, William, Hannah, Robert McClarey, Clarissa, Marilla, Mary McDowell, and Matilda, Martin.

Abigal Martin, born March 28, 1784, died in 1855; married in 1803, William Dinwiddie Baird, who was born March 4, 1780, and died April 17, 1843.

1. Of this union there were born Lemuel Martin, September 4, 1804, and died in 1851; married Violet Henderson, who died in 1853.

Of this union there were born, 1. Violet, 2. Amanda, 3. Charles, and 4. William Dinwiddie, Baird, Jr.

1. Violet Baird married John Price, and of this union there were born two children, Kate and John, Price, Jr.

2. Amanda Baird married Minus Leatherman.

Of this union there were morn (a) Mary Leatherman, who married Venerable Pitts, of which union there was born Minus Leatherman Pitts, Jr.

There were also born of the union between Amanda Baird and Minus Leatherman, (b) Kate, (c) Linda, (d) Charles, (e) Leland, and (f) Emmett Ramsey, Leatherman. Charles Leatherman married Miss Spain.

3. Charles Baird never married.

4. William Dinwiddie Baird Jr., married in 1906, Lena Maria Donakey.

II. James Pinckney Baird, the second son of Abigal and William Dinwiddie, was born August 9, 1808, died in 1900, married in 1833, Eliza White Kirk, born in 1817, died in 1846. Married again in 1849, Sarah J. Ward, who was born n 1825, and died in 1898.

Of these two unions there were born the following children: 1. Jane Abigal, 1834; 2. William, 1837; 3. James Robert, 1863, died 1890; 4. Mary Texana, born 1851, died 1888; 5. Ada Martin, born 1858, died in 1884; and 6. Hugh Pinckney, Baird, born 1843, died 1903, married Victoria Ward, first, and Mattie Allen, second.

1. Jane Abigal Baird married James Ward.

2. William Baird married Bennette Patillo, who was born in 1845 and died in 1910.

5. Ada Martin Baird married George McGaughey.

6. Of the union of Hugh Pinckney Baird and his first and second wives, there were born the following children, (a) Sallie Fannie, (b) Ellen Louisa, (c) Jack Ward, (d) Jennie May, (e) William Dinwiddie, and (f) Belle, Baird.

(b) Ellen Louisa married Herrad Malone, and of this union there were born Frank and Victoria, Malone.

(c) Jack Ward married Miss Burnet, and of this union there was born Victoria Baird.

(d) Jennie May Baird married William Dubois, and of this union there were born Hubert, Emmett, and Mabel Dubois.

(e) William Dinwiddie Baird, married Sadie Ward, and of this union there was born Mary Dean Baird.

(f) Belle Baird married James Rice, and of this union there was born Mattie Sue, and Irene, Rice.

III. Josiah Martin Baird, the third child of Abigal

Martin and William Dinwiddie Baird, was born 1811, died 1887, married 1835. Elizabeth Henderson, who was born in 1816, and died in 1845.

Married a second time in 1851, Sarah J. McKnight, who died in 1906. Of these two unions there were born the following children: 1. Violet L., 2. William Dinwiddie, 3. Mary Abigal, 4. Lemuel Martin, 5. Elizabeth Alvira, 6. Edwin Montesque, 7. Josiah Martin, 8. Isabella Eliza, 9. James Sylvanus, and 10. Charles McEwin, Baird.

1. Violet L. Baird, born in 1836, died in 1905, married in 1854, Thomas Blair, who was born in 1833, and died in 1869. Of this union there were born the following children: (a) Ella W. Blair, in 1855, who married in 1878, W. B. Henley, who was born in 1853.

(b) William Blair, the second child of Violet L., and Thomas Blair, was born 1860, married Mattie Blair, and later Reba Robertson.

(c) James Blair, the third child of Violet L., and Thomas, was born 1862, married Rosa Hill.

(d) Joseph Blair, fourth child of Violet L., and Thomas, born in 1866, married Jeffey Griffin.

(e) Martin Blair, fifth child of Violet L., and Thomas, was born in 1858, and married Allie Patton.

(f) Thomas Blair, the sixth child, born 1869, married Amanda Blair.

(g) Robert L. Blair, was born in 1864, and died in 1867.

2. William Dinwiddie Blair, born 1838, died 1872.

3. Mary Abigal Baird, born in 1841, died in 1883, married William Martin, who died in 1903.

4. Lemuel Martin Baird, born in 1843, married Mattie Henderson. Of this union there were born the

following children: (a) Elizabeth, (b) Sarah, (c) Mary, who married James Blair, (d) Mattie, (e) Estora, who married Charles Moore, (f) Willie (a girl), (g) James, (h) Joe, (i) Nettie and (j) Lou, Baird.

5. Elizabeth Alvira Baird, born in 1851, married Rufus Jarman. Of this union there were born the following children: (a) William, (b) Edwin, who married in 1906, Daisy Byrn, (c) Hall, (d) Martin, (e) John, who married in 1905, Julia Ransom, (f) Fred, and (g) Nellie, Jarman.

6. Edwin Montesque Baird was born in 1853, died in 1878.

7. Josiah Martin Baird, Jr., born in 1856.

8. Isabella Eliza Baird, born in 1858.

9. James Sylvanus Baird, born in 1861, married Cordelia McSwine, and of this union there was born Griffith Edwin Baird in 1895.

10. Charles McEwin Baird was born in 1867.

IV. Mary Rohena Baird, born in 1816, died in 1851, the fourth child of Abigal Martin, and William Dinwiddie Baird, married John Alexander.

Of this union there were born the following children: 1. Elizabeth, 2. Cora, 3. Tinnie, and 4. Abigal Alexander.

1. Elizabeth Alexander married .....McGaughey. Of this union there were born (a) Laura McGaughey, who marred .....Thompson, and (b) George, and (c) Andrew McGaughey.

2. Cora Alexander married .....McGaughey.

Of this union there were born, (a) Eva, (b) Mary, and (c) Barnett, McGaughey.

3. Tinnie Alexander married first, ...Lane.

Of this union there were born (a) Edgar, (b) William, and (c) Andrew, Lane.

Tinnie Alexander married the second time, ... Haines.

Of this union there were born, (a) Laura and (b) Frank, Haines.

4. Abigal Alexander married .....McGaughey.

Of this union there were born, (a) Lena, (b) Samuel, (c) Miller, and (d) Ruth, McGaughey.

V. William Baird, the fifth child of Abigal Martin and William Dinwiddie Baird, died when a child.

William Martin, second child of Josiah Martin and Mary McClarey, was born on December 8, 1787, married in 1814, Isabel Martin.

After the death of Isabel Martin in 1853, he married Caroline....., who survived him, living until 1877. He was a soldier in the war of 1812.

Of the first union there was born, I. Zenas Alexander Martin, who married Eugenia McKnight and of this marriage there was born one son, 1. William Martin, who married Abigal Baird, who was born in 1841, and died in 1883. William died in 1903.

Of this union there was born a son and a daughter, (a) William, and (b) Elizabeth, Martin.

(a) William Martin married Margaret Edmonson, and of this union there were born three children: Edwin, Marion and Robert Martin. They lived in Nashville in 1898.

Hannah Martin, third child of Josiah and Mary McClarey Martin, was born in 1790 and died in 1827. She married Aaron J. Wilson, who died in 1831. Of this union there were born six children: 1. Mary Wilson, who died in 1835; 2. James Dickson Wilson, who died in 1842; 3. Ewing Anderson Wilson, who was born in

1818, and died in 1883; 4. Marilla Diantha Wilson, who died in 1835.

5. Susanna Melinda Wilson, who was born in 1824, and died about 1900. She married John D. Roberts, who was born in 1824, and died in 1884. Of this union there were born the following children:

1. Sallie H. Roberts, born in 1847, married in 1872, Thomas B. Fisher, who was born in 1844. Of this union there were born the following children: (a) Wilson Fisher, who married, lives near Chapel Hill, Tennessee, and has children. (b) John R. Fisher, (c) Mary Fisher, (d) Fannie B. Fisher.

2. A. McGee Roberts, who married Zerepta Myrtle Rutledge.

3. Sydney, who married Maggie Hunter. Their descendants appear in the Hunter list.

4. Ida Roberts married Clary McCurdy. Their children are (a) Leo, (b) Alpha Bell, (c) Roy, (d) Richards McCurdy.

5. Bright Roberts.

6. Ann Roberts married Roy Saddler. Their children are (a) Pearl, (b) Bright, and (c) Minnie, Saddler. The last of whom married Paul McCaul and was the mother of Inez, Irene, James and Mary Roberts., McCaul.

Ann Roberts married later a man named McAnally, and they had two children, (a) Novella, and (b) Willie McAnally.

7. Maggie Roberts married Harris Allison. Of this union there were born the following children: (a) Willie, (b) Sallie Bright, (c) Claude, Allison.

8. William Roberts married Ella Hunter and they had a daughter Willie Roberts.

VI. Sallie Giles Wilson married Mr. McCord. Of this union there were no children.

Robert McClarey Martin, fourth child of Josiah and Mary McClarey Martin, was born on November 10, 1793, and died in 1840. He married in 1816, Polly Aston Baker who was born in 1795, and died in 1839.

Of this union there were born four children: I. Amzi Wilson; II. Eliza Angeline; III. Margaret Isabella; and IV, Jemima, Martin.

I. Amzi Wilson Martin married in 1841 Eliza McKnight and died in 1855; of this union there were born four children, 1. Mary Angeline; 2. Lemuel; 3. Robert L.; and 4. Harlin, Martin. Robert L. Martin married, and of that union there were born two children, a son, (a) Knight Martin, and a daughter.

II. Eliza Angeline Martin married in 1841, David McKnight and died in 1855. Of this union these children were born: 1. Virginia McKnight, who married .....Craddock; 2. David McKnight; 3. Robert McKnight; 4. Andrew McKnight; 5. William McKnight.

III. Margaret Isabella Martin married William McKnight in 1850, and died in 1855. They had a daughter, Eliza Jane, who married James Spain. They lived east of Murfreesboro in 1898, and had a family of boys.

IV. Jemima Martin married Andrew McKnight in 1843. He died in 1883. They were the parents of seven children.

1. Robert Morton McKnight married and had at least one child, Sallie Jennings McKnight.

2. Almansa Fidelia McKnight born 1849, died 1871.

3. Eliza Melissa McKnight married and had one daughter, Vanderlyn.

4. Addie Miller McKnight, born 1858, died 1885.
5. Viola Brunett McKnight, born 1850, died 1851.
6. Mary Jane McKnight, born 1844, died 1874.
7. Andrew McKnight.

The Descendants of Clarissa Martin and Edwin Hunter.

Clarissa Martin, the fifth child of Josiah Martin and Mary McClarey, his wife, was born August 15, 1796. She married Edwin Hunter. Of this union there were born the following children: Milton Bell, Martin, Robert Henry, Mary Diantha, all of whom died young and unmarried; Leander, Matilda Paulina, Josiah Riley, and Adison, Hunter.

I. Leander Hunter married Phoebe Gillespie, both of whom died in 1908 without issue.

II. Matilda Paulina married John D. Logan. Of this union there were born, 1. Clarissa; 2. Silvester Marian, who died in infancy; 4. William Pinkney, who died at the age of eleven years; 4. Mary Diantha; 5. Martha Josephine; 6. George Donald; 7. John Milton, who died when only two years of age; 8. Clementine, who died in infancy; 9. Thomas Riley; 10. Cora Ida, Logan.

1. Clarissa Logan married Robert Mount (their present address is Evansville, Arkansas). Of this marriage there were born the following children, (a) Mary Ella; (b) William Pinkney; (c) John Knox, who is dead; (d) Robert Swanson, who is dead; (e) James Modrell; (f) Anna Paulina; (g) Ora Grace; (h) Clara May; (i)

Sadie Bell; (j) Shelly Logan and (k) Ida Josephine, Mount, who died in infancy.

(a) Mary Ella Mount married Richard Reed whose address is Stillwell, Oklahoma. They had one child, Clara Russell Reed.

(b) William Pinkney Mount married twice, his first wife was Tabitha Shannon. There were no children of this marriage. His second wife was Jennie Hasp. Of this union there were three children, Nane Alma, Robert Freland, and Bertie Myrtis, Mount, whose address is Peggs, Oklahoma.

(c) John Knox Mount married Frances Tatum. Of this union there was born one child, Hazel Roxie. Their address is Basalt, Colorado.

(d) Robert Swanson Mount married Pearl Denton. Of this union there were born five children,—Lana Ella, Robert Benjamin, Lilly Lucile, Logan McKnight, and Ida Lee, Mount. Address Stillwell, Oklahoma.

(e) James Modrell Mount married Effie Reed. Of this union there were six children, Nellie Irene, Frederick Todd, Anda Ruth, Clara Lavina, James Knox, and Reta I. Mount.

(f) Anna Paulina Mount married James West. Of this union there were born six children,—William Bruce, Robert Alvy, Carl Edwin, James Forrest, Joe Earl, Madge, now dead, West. Address, Headrick, Oklahoma.

(g) Ora Grace Mount was married twice. Her first husband, John Thomas Greer and her second husband, W. T. Crawford. By the first marriage there were two children, Lota Mural Greer and Johnnie Clara Greer. By the second marriage there were three children,—Thelma May, Carmine Ezell and Lucile, Crawford. Address, Hope, Idaho.

(h) Clara May Mount married Al. Lewis. Of this marriage there was born one child, Oleta Lewis. Address, Evansville, Arkansas.

(i) Sadie Bell Mount married Hiram Allen. Of this marriage there were born two children, Maggie Ruth and Fount Earl, Allen. Address, Wauhika, Okla.

(g) Shelly Logan Mount married Mary Bacon. Of this union there was one child, Swanson Allan Mount Address, Evansville, Arkansas.

4. Mary Diantha Logan married John Ealy. Their present address is Stillwell, Oklahoma. Of this marriage there were born two children, (a) Virtna, who married Don McAllister, whose. present address is Wichita, Kansas. Of this marriage there were born three children, Porter Lee, Dudley Ward, and Laretta May, McAllister.

(b) Garey Ealy, whose address is Stillwell, Okla.

5. Martha Josephine Logan married P. H. Bartlett, whose address is Lewisburg, Tennessee. Of this marriage there were born five children, (a) Edna, (b) Effie, (c) Irby, (d) Zella, who died in infancy, and (e) George, Bartlett.

(a) Edna married Walter Garrett, Lewisburg, Tennessee, and have one child, Josephine. The other children are not married. All reside in Lewisburg.

6. George Donald Logan, who married Fannie Nerren and had one child, (a) Irene Logan, who married L. R. Hogan, whose address is McMinnville, Tennessee. They had two children, William Ransom, and Frances Louise, Hogan. George Donald Logan and R. L. Hogan were both Presbyterian preachers, the former is dead.

7. Thomas Riley Logan, who is a physician and

surgeon in Lewisburg, Tennessee, married Flora Montgomery.

8. Cora Ida Logan married Lee Calahan. Their address is Lewisburg, Tennessee. Of this union there were born four children: (a) Myrtis, and (b) Murphree, who are twins and the latter died in infancy; (c) Clifford Calahan, (d) Lucile Calahan, who died at three years of age.

III. Josiah Riley Hunter married Miss Williamson. Of this union one child was born. The whole family are dead.

IV. Adison Hunter married twice. His first wife was Mary Jane Martin, the daughter of John B. Martin. They had one child. His second wife was Margaret Neil. Of this union there were born six children, (1) Mary, commonly known as Molly, died unmarried; (2) Bee, (3) Maggie, (4) Sarah (commonly known as Sallie), (5) Dovie, and (6) William Charles Hunter.

(2) Bee married Thomas Harris. Their address is Silver Creek, Tennessee. Of this union there were born four children, (a) Hunter; (b) Earl; (c) Charles, and (d) Dovie Florine, Harris.

(3) Maggie Hunter married Sydney Roberts. Of this union there were born five children, (a) Mary Roberts, who married Edgar Minor, who had one child, Howard Minor; (b) Annie Roberts, who married Herman Hunter, no children living; (c) Era Roberts; (d) Margaret Roberts, and (e) William Roberts, who died when young.

(4) Sarah Hunter married Gilbert Hunter, whose address is Virona, Tennessee. Of this union there were born three children, (a) William and (b) Gill, who are twins, and (c) Neola, Hunter.

(5) Dovie Hunter married John Hunter. Of this union there were born three children, (a) James Webb; (b) Elizabeth, and (c) Grady Marshall, Hunter. The address of this family is Columbia, Tennessee.

6. William Charles Hunter married Annie Warner. They had one child, Elene. Their address is Farmington, Tennessee.

Marilla Martin, sixth child of Josiah and Mary McClarey Martin.

She was born on September 29, 1799, in Loncoln County, N. C., and moved to Tennessee with her parents in the year 1805. She married William Davis Baker, in Tennessee in 1823. He was also born in North Carolina and came to Tennessee when a boy. After their marriage they moved to Macon County, Illinois, in 1828, —settling on the farm where their son, Nathan Martin Baker now resides. Of this union there were born the following children: I. Matilda Lavena, II. James Templeton, III. Mary Elizabeth, Robert Sidney, who died when one year old, IV. William Pinckney, and V. Nathan Martin Baker.

I. Matilda Lavena was born in 1824, married Andrew Dennis in 1854, who was born in 1820, and died in 1893. Of this union there were born the following children: 1. Marilla Magdalen, 2. Mary Catherine, 3. Ira Rae, who died in infancy, and 4. Charles Henry, Dennis.

1. Marilla Magdalen Dennis, born 1855, married in 1876, Rev. Abner P. Cobb. Of this union were born ten children.

(a) Ethel Mary Cobb, born 1877, married in 1905, James L. Adams. who was born in 1877.

(b) Zoe Matilda Cobb, born 1879, married in 1901,

Allen L. Sommer, who was born in 1872. Their child, Mildred Dorothy Sommer, was born in 1906.

(c) Ambrose Merle Cobb, born 1881, married in 1904, Bertha Heminger, who was born in 1883. They have two children, Eleanor Frances, born 1909, and Ruth Lucile, born in 1911.

(d) Lois Margarita Cobb born 1883, married in 1909, A. C. Diller.

(e) Cyril Malcolm Cobb, born 1885, married Ada Flynn, born 1890.

(f) Harold Llewellyn Cobb, born 1889.

(g) Eloise Claribel, and Evelyn Estella Cobb, twins, born 1892, died in 1893.

(h) Elise Elinor Cobb, born 1894, died 1897.

(i) Lillian Irene Cobb, born 1896.

2. Mary Catharine was born in 1857, and died in 1878.

4. Charles Henry Baker was born in 1860, married in 1884, Rachel Wilson, who was born in 1863, and died in 1891. Charles Henry married in 1893, the sister of his former wife, Jeanelle Wilson, who was born in 1860. Of these two unions, there were born four children. (a) Ruth, in 1885, (b) William Andrew, born 1888, (c) Herbert W. born 1890, died 1909; (d) Mildred, born 1895. This family live in Chicago. The other descendants of Matilda Lavena Baker reside in Decatur, Illinois.

II. James Templeton Baker was born in 1826, and died in 1891; in 1853 he married Phoebe Gepford, who was born in 1836. Of this union there were born, 1. Ewing Allison; 2. James Sidney, 3. Anna Marilla, 4. Laura Matilda, and 5. Frederick Wilson, Baker.

1. Ewing Allison Baker was born in 1860, married

in 1884, Matilda Davidson, who was born in 1868. They have two sons, Roy and Herbert, and reside in Kansas City, Missouri.

2. James Sidney Baker was born in 1868, and married in 1903, Henrietta Veech. They reside in Fort Scott, Kansas.

3. Anna Marilla Baker was born in 1871 and married Robert Fowler. They have six children, (a) Mable Victoria, born 1897; (b) Leila Myrtle, born 1899; (c) Archie Marlin, born 1901; (d) Montee Carlton, born 1904. (e) Ena Madelyn, born 1906, and (f)..... Fowler.

4. Laura Matilda Baker was born in 1874, and married H. L. Munn, in 1895.

They have one son, Gerald Laurayne Munn, born 1895. H. L. Munn died in 1909.

5. Frederick William Baker married Kate Wilson. They have three children, (a) Walter, (b) James Templeton, and (c) Mildred Phebe, Baker. They live near Parsons, Kansas.

III. Mary Elizabeth Baker was born in 1831, married in 1860, J. R. Smith, who was born in 1830, and died in 1864; afterwards Mary Elizabeth, in 1885, married William C. Smith, who was born in 1819, and died in 1899. They lived in Decatur, Illinois, and have no family.

IV. William Pinckney Baker was born in 1835, married in 1857, Mary E. Wilson, who was born in 1841, and died in 1862; William Pinckeny married the second time in 1864, Mary Jane McLean, who was born in 1836. Of the first union there were born 1. William Calvin Baker, and 2. Ora Diella Baker, William Calvin Baker

was born in 1858, and died in 1880; in 1879 he married Mary Gillespie; of this union there was born (a) William Elmer Baker, in 1880, who married in 1903, Atta Jeanette Young, and has a daughter, Mary Jeanette, born 1905, and a son William Young Baker, born 1909. They reside in Girard, Kansas.

2. Ora Diella Baker was born in 1860, married in 1890, George Donnell, who was born in 1853. They have four children, and reside in Snohomish, Wash. The children are as follows: (a) Georgia Mary, born 1892; (b) Hollis Calvin, born 1894, (c) Marjorie, born 1896, and Howard, Donnell, born in 1898.

Of the second union there were born, 3. Joseph McLean Baker, and 4. Mary Jane Baker.

3. Joseph McLean Baker was born in 1866, married in 1906, Lela Hammack, who was born in 1885. They reside in Hillsboro, Illinois.

4. Mary Jane Baker was born in 1876.

V. Nathan Martin Baker was born in 1837, married in 1864, Sarah Elizabeth Price, who was born in 1841, and died in 1912. The Rev. N. M. Baker, enlisted as a private in Company C, of the 116th Regiment of Illinois Volunteer Infantry, in August 1862; was promoted to a chaplaincy of the regiment before leaving camp of instruction with the rank of captain. He was in the battle of Chickasaw Bayou; at the capture of Arkansas Post; also the siege of Vicksburg; was at Jackson when Johnston was pushed beyond the Pearl river; floated down the Tennessee River with his brigade in the night from the North Chickamauga, and landed at the mouth of the South Chicamauga, and was present at the battle of Missionary Ridge, and in line of battle with his company. Sickness of a serious nature caused him to resign in the

Miss Mary Ellen Baker.

spring of 1864. He has never fully recovered his health.

Of the union between Nathan Martin Baker and Sarah Elizabeth Price, Baker, there were born, 1. Charles Clarence, 2. Florence Floatie, 3. Mary Ellen, 4. Emma Lavena, and 5. Clara Martin, Baker.

1. Charles Clarence was born in 1865, and died in 1870.

2. Florence Floatie Baker was born in 1870, and married in 1900, W. T. Burrill, who was born in 1868. Of this union there were born Charles Martin, in 1901; Lida Marilla in 1903, and Lois Elizabeth Burrill in 1906, who died in 1907. This family reside in St. Paul, Minnesota.

3. Mary Ellen Baker was born in 1874, near Decatur, Illinois, on the farm her grandparents secured from the government in 1828, and where her father was born in 1837. She was ready for college several years before she could enter, as her family had the care of her grandmother, which devolved largely upon her. It was from this grandmother, who was the daughter of Josiah Martin, that she learned a great deal about her family history. This grandmother lived to be ninety-four years old.

Miss Baker graduated from Lincoln College at Lincoln, Illinois, in 1900; in 1901 she went to Missouri Valley College at Marshall, Missouri, as a substitute teacher in the Latin Department. After her pricipal returned, she had charge of the library, five hours each day and taught one Latin class. In the spring of 1908, she finished the course in Library Science at Albany, New York, and was given the position of head cataloger in the Bryn Mawr College Library. She is now head cataloger of

the Library of the State University at Columbia, Missouri.

4. Emma Lavena Baker was born in 1876, and resides in Decatur, Illinois.

5. Clara Martin Baker was born in 1883, and resides in Decatur.

Mary McDowell Martin, seventh child of Josiah and Mary Martin, was born on November 16, 1806, and died in 1889; in 1825 she married David Davis, who was born in1798, and died in 1875. Of this union there were born the following children, Isabella Clementine, William Martin, Sylvester Claybourne, Zenas Milton, Mary Penelopie, Elizabeth Emma, John Leander, Traughber Lowrence and Marilla Arrianna, Davis.

I. Isabella Clementine Davis, born 1826, died 1881; married in 1845, Michael Caffee Rozzell, born 1818, died 1887. Their children were, 1. David Lansden, 2. Elizabeth Jane, 3. Sarah Isabella, 4. Martha Ann, 5. Marilla Evelina.

1. David Lansden Rozzell, born 1849, married in 1873, Margaret Ann Oakes, born 1853. Their children are, (a) Balaam Edwin, 1874; (b) Charles Wesley, 1877; (c) Mahala Isabella, 1879; (d) Martha Lou, 1882; (e) Myrtle Ann, 1885; (f) David Viron, 1888; (g) Henry Woodfill Grady, 1890; (h) Everett Adlai, 1893, Rozzell.

2. Elizabeth Jane Rozzell, born 1851, married in 1879, Charles Conward, who was born in 1829, and died in 1911. Their children are (a) Curtis Earle, born in 1882; (b) Marquis Donald, born in 1884, and (c) Walter Harold, born in 1890.

Marquis Donald Conward is married and lives in Decatur, Ill.

3. Sarah Isabella Rozzell, born 1856, married in 1874, Winfield S. Sapp, who was born in 1849, and died in 1900.

Their children are (a) Leonard, born in 1890, (b) Mary Frances, born in 1892, and Samuel Jones Sapp born in 1895.

4. Martha Ann Rozzell, born 1857, married in 1883, James Withgott who was born in 1838, and died in 1898. Their children are (a) Carrie Mae, born in 1885, and James Harrison, Withgott, born in 1891.

5. Marilla Evelina Rozzell, born in 1865, married in 1907, J. Shaw and later Harrison Ford.

II. William Martin Davis born in 1831, died in 1885, married in 1854, Sarah Jane Nicholson, who was born in 1838, and died in 1886.

Their children are, Ada Ellis, born 1857, died 1870; James Milton, born 1862, died 1883, and his twin, David Willis, born 1862, died 1883; Effie Alberta, born 1869, died 1897. Two grew up and married as follows:

1. Viva Florence, born 1860, married in 1883, George Alexander Thoman, who was born in 1841, and died in 1911. They had two children, Aura Pearl, born 1884, and John Elmer, Thoman, born 1887. Their address is Decatur, Ill.

2. Alva Clayton Davis, born 1877, married in 1898, Maude Carmean, born 1878, and they have three children, Ralph Carmean, born 1899; Edith May, born 1904, and Wiliam Henry, Davis, born 1912. Their address is La Place, Ill.

III. Sylvester Claybourne Davis, born 1834, died 1910, married in 1857, Mary Ann Caroline Baker who was born in 1839. Their children are, Arthur Clarence,

born 1858; died 1860; Joseph William, born 1873, died 1874; Amzi Martin, born 1862, and Mary Alice, in 1866, are unmarried. Four married as follows:

1. Clara Ann Tabitha Davis, born 1860, died 1905, married in 1882, Egna L. Morris, who was born in 1859. Their children are (a) Charles Oliver Morris, born in 1883, married in 1906, Grace Lucile Starkey, born 1888, and they have two children, Charles Oliver, born 1907, and Mary Elizabeth Morris, born 1909.

(b) Elbert Davis Morris, born 1885, married in 1810, Eden Lulu Willard.

(c) Robert Martin Morris, born 1887, married in 1910, Stella Amanda Wood.

(d) Arthur Macager Morris, born 1890, married in 1908, Zilpa Swinny, and has one child, Vera Mae Morris, born 1910.

(e) Emery Baker Morris, born 1891, died 1893.

2. Luetta May Davis born 1865, married 1897, David C. Myers, born 1853. They have two children, Irene May Myers, born 1898, and Kenneth David Myers, born 1901. Their address is Decatur, Ill.

3. Charles Sylvester Davis, born 1868, married in 1895, Lucy Ann Sanders, born 1873. Their children are Nita Geneva, born 1896; Merrill Maxwell, born 1898, died 1899; Oral Clifton, born 1900, and Donald Sanders, Davis, born 1902.

4. Edwin David Davis, born 1876, married 1903, Elsie Leona Barnett, born 1877. Their children, Leona Elsie, born 1905; Amzi Baker, born 1906, and Newton David, Davis, born 1908.

IV. Zenas Milton Davis, born 1835, died 1907, married in 1865, Emma Eichingner, born 1843. Their

children are Benet Martin, born 1865, died 1869; Cassda Milton, born 1867; Nellie Mary, born 1872, married in 1897, Arthur Marion Wasson, who was born in 1874; and Frederick William, Davis, who was born in 1880, married in 1902, Anna Sophia Rexrood, who was born in 1878. They have a child, Lewis Milton, Davis, born 1903.

V. Mary Penelope Davis, born 1838, married 1855, Hiram Wheeler, who was born in 1835. Four children died in youth: Edna Frances, born 1856, died 1858; Emma Ezelda, born 1857, died 1861; James Ivan, born 1859, died 1862, and Clarence Earnest, born 1875, died 1895. Four married as follows:

1. Myrtle Ellis Wheeler, born 1863, married in 1883, Benjamin Franklin Jennings, who was born in 1861. They had four children, (a) Wilmer Gross Jennings, born 1883, married 1907, Blanch E. Wright; (b) R. B. Jennings, born 1885, married in 1908, Emma G. Coulter; (c) Charles Franklin Jennings, born 1887, died 1888; and (d) Roy Ellis Jennings, born 1888.

2. Mary Luella Wheeler, born 1864, married in 1884, Clayton Rude Markley, born 1859. Their children are (a) Claude Clayton Markley, born 1885, married in 1910.

(b) Sydney Clayton, born 1887, died 1887.

(c) Bula Lylyan, born 1889; (d) Ray Ellis, born 1892; (e) John Lester, born 1897, and (f) Glenn Wheeler, Markley, born 1899.

3. Viron Elmore Wheeler, born 1866, married in 1890, Catherine Kirkman, born 1870. Their child, Troy Otha Wheeler, born 1892.

4. Lilian Jeanette Wheeler, born 1868, married in

1891, Orlando Heckel, born 1864. Their children, Reaves Gilmore, born 1891, and B. Fay Orlando Heckel, born 1896. Their address is Hillsboro, N. Dak.

VI. Elizabeth Emma Davis, born 1841, died 1861, married in 1858, John I. Rucker, who was born in 1838. They had one child, 1. Elizabeth Emma Rucker, born 1860, married in 1878, John L. Corman, who was born in 1858, and died in 1900. They had five children.

(a) Mary Ethel Corman, born 1879, married 1904, Ernest S. Fletcher, and has one child, John Corman Fletcher, born 1905.

(b) Zoe Emma Corman, born 1881, married in 1901, George Archie Logan, born in 1879, and has one child, James Archie Logan, born 1908.

(c) Carl Rucker Corman, born 1883, died 1909, married in 1907, Nellie Avis Hunt, who was born in 1890. They had one child. Carleen Emma, born 1908.

(d) Oliver Davis Corman, born 1886.

(e) Martin Nathan Corman, born 1888.

VII. John Leander Davis was born in 1842, and died in 1865.

VIII. Traughber Lowrance Davis was born in 1845; married in 1872, Mendosia Houseman, who was born in 1857. They have no children.

IX. Marilla Arrianna Davis, born 1847, married 1869, Thomas Jefferson Odor, born 1849. Their children are:

1. Algie Davis Odor, born 1870, married 1904, Iva Menifee, born 1880. Their children are, Vera, born 1905, and Thomas Glenn, Odor, born 1906.

2. Francis Lowrance Odor, born 1873, married 1896, Florence Luella Sanders, born 1877. Their child-

ren are, Ronald Francis, born 1902; Harold Lewis, 1905, and Marjorie Luella, Odor, born 1906.

3. Edgar George Odor, born 1877, married in 1902, Mabel Eberly. Their children are, Dorothy, born 1904, and Hugh Eberly, Odor, born 1906.

4. Viva Sarah Elizabeth Odor, born 1881, married 1905, Holly J. Sutton, born 1877. They have children, the eldest being Iris Lucile, born in 1907.

Matilda Martin, eighth child of Josiah and Mary Martin, was born February 15, 1809, and died in 1900; married in 1825, James McCartney Killough, who was born in 1801, and died in 1863. Of this union there were born the following children: I. Mary Jane; II. Josiah Martin; III. Samuel Allen; IV. Elizabeth Ellis; V. James Pinckney; VI. Robert Blackburn; VII. Susanna Eliza; VIII. Madora Anne; and IX. William Davis, Killough.

I. Mary Jane Killough was born in 1827, and died in 1844.

II. Josiah Martin Killough was born in 1830.

III. Samuel Allen Killough was born in 1835, and died in 1891. He married Mary Buford, and had one son, Buford, who married Lida Berry and they have a child, (a) Lida.

IV. Elizabeth Ellis Killough, born 1832, married in 1861, Sherwood W. Smith, who was born in 1829, and died in 1912. Their children are as follows:

1. James Benjamin Smith, born 1862, died 1912, married in 1896 Helen Fallis.

To them were born (a) Jesse Sherwood, 1896; (b) Buford Fallis, 1900; (c) James Benjamin, 1903; and (d) Martin Killough, 1906.

2. Carrie Martin Smith, born 1866, died 1888.

3. Henry Plummer Smith, born 1867, married in 1896, Willie Hugh Pierce. To them were born (a) Carrie Lea Smith, 1900; (b) Ramsey Kelley Smith, 190-; and (c) William Martin Smith, 1906.

4. Samuel Killough Smith, born 1869.

5. Annie Matilda Smith, born 1872.

6. Suedora Smith, born 1874, died 1900.

Mrs. Elizabeth Smith lives in Murfreesboro, Tenn.

V. James Pinckney Kilough was born in 1843, and died in 1844.

VI. Robert Blackburn Killough was born in 1849, and married Mary McKullen. They had two children, 1. Minnie, and 2. Robert, Killough. Robert married in 1911. Address, Waco, Texas.

VII. Susanna Eliza Killough was born in 1840.

VIII. Madora Anne Killough was born in 1845.

IX. William Davis Killough was born in 1838, died in 1911, and married in 1872, Alice Cunningham, who died in 1911. He served in the Confederate Army during the Civil War. They had two children, Martin, who was born in 1872, and married in 1911; and William Davis, Killough, born in 1886. Address Murfreesboro, Tennessee.

(The genealogical history of Claudius B. Miller which we give below was not received until after that part of this work in which it should have appeared, had been printed. For this reason it is inserted out of its place at the end of the history of the Martin family. In the record we had heretofore made we stated that Sarah Martin married Thomas Miller. This seems to

have been a mistake. She married Nathaniel J. Miller.)

Claudius B. Miller married twice. His first wife was Martha J. Baldridge. His second wife was Dorcas E. (surname not given.)

He was born December 1, 1824, and married his first wife April 23, 1846.

Of the first union there were born the following children: Benjamin G., J. D., Laura J., Amanda E., Sarah E., William C., and Rosa D., Miller.

Of the second marriage there were born Mabel E., and Agnes, Miller.

Martha J. Miller, the first wife, died October 16, 1874, at Unionville, Ia.

Benjamin G. Miller was born April 4, 1848, married Mary Clancy and of this marriage there were born the following children, Cora, Alice, William N., Cleffie, Uturpa, and Iva, Miller.

Cora Miller married .....Thompson. Address, Tulsa, Okla.

Alice Miller is dead; William N. Miller resides at Unionville, Ia.; Cleffie Miller married .....Tubaugh; Uturpa Miller married .....Norton. They reside at Moulton, Iowa; Iva Miller married .....Strunk. They reside at Unionville, Ia.

James D. Miller was born October 7, 1850, and married Mary Hardin.

Of this marriage there were born Maude E., Chas. A., Mabel P., and Clara E., Miller.

Maude E., married .....McDonald. They reside at Kidder, Mo. Chas. A. Miller resides at Idaho Falls, Idaho; Mabel P. Miller married .....Alden. They reside at Kidder, Mo.

Clara E. Miller married .....Shreckengaust.

Laura J. Miller, born May 27, 1855, married J. M. Hicks.

Of this union there was born Claude R. Hicks, whose address is Hanley, Iowa.

Amanda A. Miller was born April 9, 1858, and married J. E. Miller.

Of this marriage there were born Gladys S., F. A., Eunice M., and Laura C., Miller.

Gladys S. Miller married .....Underwood. They reside at Cardwell, Montana; F. A. Miller resides at Unionville, Ia.; Eunice M. Miller married .....Carr; address Unionville, Ia.; Laura C. Miller married ..... Rouch. Address Udell, Iowa.

Sarah E. Miller was born September 20, 1859, and married G. W. Stutevoso.

Of this marriage there was born Tobe Stutevoso. Address Unionville, Ia.

William C. Miller was born August 20, 1862, and married Martha E. Baker.

Of this marriage there were born Mildred M., Claudius C., Maxwell B., and Neil R., Miller. Address of all this family is Unionville, Ia.

Rosa B. Miller was born June 19, 1866, and married W. C. Large.

Of this marriage there were born Harry, Frank, Max, Gladys, Ida, and Mary, Large. All of this family reside at Sapulpa, Okla.

Mabel E. Miller was born January 21, 1882, and married Fred Koehler.

Of this marriage there were born Eva, Agnes, Alice, and Mary, Koehler. All of this family reside at Raton, N. Mex.

OCCUPATIONS.

J. D. Miller, farmer; J. M. Hicks, deceased, was a stock dealer in his lifetime; J. E. Miller, carpenter and painter; William C. Miller, farmer; W. C. Large, train conductor; Fred Koehler, farmer; Agnes Miller is single and keeps house for her father and cares for him.

OCCUPATIONS OF GRAND-CHILDREN.

Adults are farmers, except following: C. W. Shreckengaust, who is school principal; C. A. Miller, manager Power Company; C. R. Hicks, train dispatcher; Gladys S., who married .....Underwood, is telephone operator; F. A. Miller, salesman; O. S. Carr, telephone operator; E. P. Rouch, telephone operator; Tobe Stutevoso, stock dealer.

The John Barber Family.

John Barber married Sarah Martin, the oldest of the three children of John Martin, who migrated from Pennsylvania to Crowder's Creek, then in Tryon County, N. C., about the year 1866. He is my great grandfather. His mother's maiden name was .....Jordan. She came from Ireland, when she was fifteen years old. She lived in Pennsylvania, and grew up to young womanhood in that state. She married a man by the name of Wray, by whom she had one child, a daughter, Mary Wray.

She married a second time a man named Barber. Of this union there was born John Barber, the subject of this history. When he was a small child his father died, leaving his wife in very straightened circumstances. She, with her two children, both small, lived with her father until her son, John, was old enough to be bound out. I am not informed as to the person to whom John was apprenticed. Mary was raised by her uncle, Colonel John Jordan, and married John Wilson, and her history is given in the history of the Wilson family. The father of Mary Wray was from Wales. Her descendants, therefore, have Welch blood, but the descendants of John Barber have no Welch blood,—the mother, being of Irish origin.

Catherine Barber, the daughter of John and Sarah Martin Barber, was born in 1774, and died in 1851. Her husband, William Martin, was born in 1769, and died in 1855. My cousin, Margaret Ann Martin Darnell was raised by a maiden aunt, Mary Martin, who lived with

her parents, William and Catherine Martin up to the time of their death. Margaret Ann became conversant with all the traditions of the family, and, being endowed with a remarkably fine memory, gave me personally, the history as handed down by tradition, of her great grandfather, John Barber. I saw Margaret Ann in Tennessee in 1908, and made memoranda, which are yet in my possession, of all the facts she knew. The foregoing statements, so far as they affect John Barber are made upon her authority, and upon my own personal recollection. She died in June, 1911.

John Barber was a captain in the Revolutionary Army; served two and a half years. His brother-in-law, Josiah Martin, who lived in the same neighborhood, on Crowder's Creek, then Lincoln County, and was in the Revolutionary War, himself, and in the latter part of his life drew a pension, in his application for a pension names Barber, as his captain, in two periods of service which he gives. Josiah belonged to the Continental Line. In the pension rolls of Revolutionary soldiers, published in three volumes he is classified as belonging to the North Carolina Line. In a letter I have from the Reverend William W. M. Barber now living, he informs me that his grandfather, Captain John Barber, was a great friend of Colonel William Washington, one of the Revolutionary heroes at the Battle of the Cowpens, and that such was his friendship that his father, who was John Barber II, gave him the name of William Washington. He inferred from this circumstance that his grandfather had served under Colonel Washington.

In the Colonial Records of North Carolina, published in twenty-six volumes, being all the manuscripts of every kind kept in the office of Secretary of State,

in Volume Ten, page 120, will be found in substance the statement that John Barber was the Captain of one of eleven companies of soldiers belonging to Tryon County, N. C. He was appointed as one of four members from his company of the Committee of Safety for his County in May, 1775. This would seem to indicate that he was in command of State Troops or Militia.

In a letter of Professor L. C. Glenn, of Vanderbilt University, who is a native of N. C., and a lineal descendant of Mary Wray Wilson, he says: "In the pension affidavits in Washington, James Henry from Lincoln County, N. C., says he was a volunteer soldier in the militia under Capt. John Barber, serving under Col. Thomas Neil for three months during which they marched to Cross Creek on Cape Fear River, N. C., and then three months under same Captain Barber in the regiment of Col. Graham, and, accompanying it, is an affidavit as to Henry's service and character signed first by John Barber, Major, and also among others by Captain Adam Baird, Thomas Martin, Josias Martin, John Martin, John Baird, etc. This affidavit is dated Sept. 6, 1782."

The Colonel Graham referred to was Colonel William Graham, who was in command of the organized militia regiment of Lincoln County, during the time that Captain Barber was engaged in the Revolutionary War. Colonel Graham was in command of the Lincoln County Troops until they were in sight of Kings Mountain, and would have participated in that battle if he had not been called away by an urgent summons from his family who lived only about fifteen miles from the scene of that battle. Major Chronicle, took his place until he was killed and then Lieutenant Colonel Hambright, com-

manded the Lincoln County men. The Josias Martin, is Josiah Martin. I find his name used both ways. The Captain Adam Baird was a private in the Battle of Kings Mountain, but very likely was made a Captain of Militia on account of his services in that engagement. At that time, it seems, that Barber had been made Major of this militia regiment. Later, and after the treaty of peace he was made Colonel of the militia regiment of Lincoln County. It must be remembered that the territory involved was Tryon County until 1778, when Lincoln County was created, and in 1847, Gaston County was created and the Crowder's Creek region, ever since that time has been a part of Gaston County.

It is tradition in the Martin family, which I always heard, and which my cousin, Margaret Ann Martin Darnell confirmed in my conversation with her in 1908, that Captain John Barber was absent from home with his company on the 7th of October, 1780, when the battle of Kings Mountain was fought, on a scout and knew nothing of the engagement or of its probability until he returned late in the evening of the same day on which it was fought. When his wife saw him coming she thought that it was the British or Tories, and was very much alarmed. She had heard the firing at Kings Mountain that afternoon but did not know the result. Captain Barber at once concealed his men in a ravine, until he could ascertain the situation. He went to the house of a friendly Tory. These Tories were called "King's men" or "Pet Tories." They were favorable to the British Government, but took no part in the War. I have no doubt that this is correct history. I have heard my grandmother, Catherine Martin, say that although she was only six years old she could remember having

seen the red coats. My grandfather, William Martin, was then nearly twelve years old and he remembered them well. Crowder's Creek was a hot-bed of rebellion. The Martins, the Bairds, the Wilsons, the Gillelands, the Higginses and Glenns, were Scotch-Irish and Irish and intensely patriotic, and threats had been made by Ferguson and the local Tories that they would lay waste that valley. This was the cause of the alarm of Mrs. Barber.

In the same letter of Dr. Glenn referred to above, he writes as follows:

"The Lincoln County Court in January 1780 appointed John Barber and James Henderson Commissioners of confiscated property for the County. They were to take charge for the State, of the property of all persons who were serving with the enemy (i. e. all Tories). The records show the confiscation law was enforced as leniently as possible by them against dependent wives, widows and children."

In April, 1784, John Barber was appointed a Justice for the County.

Of the union between John Barber and Sarah Martin Barber, there were born the following children: Catherine, who married William Martin, whose history is embraced in the history of the Martin family; John, whose history in part I have received from his son, now living, the Reverend William Washington M. Barber. He says his father, John Barber II. was born in Lincoln County, N. C., January 15, 1780, married four times, first Miss McReynolds. By this union there were born four children, to-wit: John, Sarah, Malinda, and James Barber. These are all dead. They had families, but they became scattered and my correspondent says "He lost out on them." John Barber II. moved to Illinois in 1815,

and settled twenty-five miles east of St. Louis. While living at this place the McReynolds wife died.

His second wife was Mrs. J. McGaughey, no children born of this marriage.

His third wife was Mrs. Mary McKee, no children were born of this mrriage. His fourth wife was Mrs. Mary Jett, a widow with five children. These children are all dead. He married Mrs. Jett in 1834 or 1835; four children were born of this union. Mary J. Barber, January 18, 1836, now dead. She married R. J. Roper, and was the mother of seven children; second child of John and Mary Jett Barber, was Wm. Washington M. Barber, born April 25, 1837, and married Miss N. A. Donnell, June 5, 1861. Have one child, Ida J. Barber, who is unmarried and resides with her parents.

The Reverend William W. M. Barber has been an ordained preacher in the Presbyterian Church since September 13, 1864, he was a minister of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church until the partial union of that denomination with the Presbyterian Church, U. S. A., in 1906. Since that time he has been a minister of the last named church.

There were two other children, twins, born January 18, 1840; one died in infancy, the other is now living. His name is David K. Barber, and he is a Baptist Minister. He married, and his wife is dead, but of that union there were born eight children; only three living. He was a soldier in the Civil War and is now drawing a pension from the United States Government. He lives at Woburn, Bond County, Ill.

This letter further states that his father had a brother, Robert, who moved to Yellowbusha County, Mississippi in an early day.

He further says, "I think my father had four sisters."

He further says, "I know very little of my grandfather." "I remember hearing my father say he was in the Revolutionary War—was with one William Washington, who was a colonel. My father admired Colonel William Washington so much from hearing his father speak of him that he named me William Washington after the Colonel."

When Dr. Glenn was a young man about twenty years old he had conversations with Polly Torrence, then an old woman, and who was the grand-daughter of Mary Wray Wilson, and knew the Barbers well. He made written memoranda of these conversations, and has kindly furnished me copies. Mrs. Torrence says, "Aunt Sarah's (Barber) daughter Ibby married a Patterson, moved to Alabama with her son John and died there, very old but very stout. Robert Adams married Jane Barber, a sister of Ibby, and of course a daughter of Sarah Barber. Robert Adams and Jane had fifteen children, all lived to be grown except one."

The first name of Patterson was Robert. The other two daughters married, one a Watson, and one a Price. Their given names I do not know. They certainly did not have as large family as their sister Jane, otherwise they would not have escaped the memory of Mrs. Torrence.

There are other memoranda of conversations had with Mrs. Torrence, concerning the Wilson, Martin and Baird families, which are of sufficient interest to be preserved in a more permanent form.

She says that at her death, Sarah Martin Barber,

set all her slaves free. I have examined the first census of the United States taken in 1790, and I find that at that time Colonel Barber was the owner of three slaves. I suppose she survived him and became the owner of these three.

She further says John Wilson I. settled close to Jimmie Wilson in Tryon County. He then owned a large part of the county. Mary Wray, half sister of John Barber lived to be ninety-three, very stout, never in bed sick, spun flax and wove it.

John Wilson II. married Hannah Baird, a sister of father's (William Joseph Wilson) wife. Adam, their oldest, went to Ohio and hunted out a home a year or two before his father moved there. Adam lived at Greenfield, Ohio. Adam Baird was the father of Sallie (Sarah) Baird. Her mother was Mary Adams.

She then enumerates the children of Adam and Mary Baird as we have given them in the history of the Baird family.

John Wilson, my father's brother, read, gave out hymns, read a sermon from a book, spent the day the same as in church, when Preacher Adams was away.

Grandfather John Wilson came from Pennsylvania when Sarah was a child, with a half-brother of Mary Wray Wilson, named Colonel John Barber. They came in wagons. Sarah was so fretful, she (her mother) could hardly rest at night. Colonel John Barber's wife was Sarah Martin. Mary Wray talked more about Uncle John Jordan than any other. It seems he raised her. She was a bound child. She is buried in old Ulney Churchyard. William Joseph Wilson owned a large part of the county. Said he never wanted any of his children to leave this country from wanting a home.

Preacher Adams was the only preacher, and old Doctor McLean the only doctor. He had long hair, plaited and tied down his back with a bow of ribbon; used snuff. No cooking, dish washing, meat frying, sweeping, bedmaking, fruit gathering, coffee-grinding, etc., on Sunday, no matter who came. Children gathering apples, melons, etc., got a whipping Monday morning, often before getting out of bed.

My mother was Sallie (Sarah) Baird, daughter of Adam and Mary Baird. She was born on Catawba Creek. A well-to-do family. Some of her father's brothers were silversmiths."

James Baird, the son of John and Frances Baird, was a captain of one of the militia companies of Tryon, Lincoln County, N. C. He was also a member of the Committee of Safety, both County and State. He doubtless saw service as such captain in the Revolutionary War.

I am of the opinion that John Barber, Sr., was in command of North Carolina State Troops during the Revolutionary War. There is no roster of these State Troops to be found. There is a partial roster of the North Carolina Continental Line. There were ten of these regiments, two of them belonged to Washington's Army. In the records of North Carolina, published in twenty-six volumes as heretofore stated, may be found all the records of rolls showing the officers and privates of the Continental Line, that are in existence. The editor, Walter Clark of Raleigh, N. C., now Chief Jutsice of the State, edited the volume, containing these rolls, and he says it is only a partial list. I have carefully studied these rolls, and do not find the name of Captain John Barber upon them. It is safe then to conclude that he commanded State Troops.

The Wilson Family.

John Barber, my great grandfather, had a half sister, Mary Wray, who married John Wilson. The descendants of these two are related to my family; therefore, according to the rule I have laid down, I will give the history of the descendants of Mary Wray and also the pedigree of her husband, John Wilson.

The first Wilson of our family of whom we have positive knowledge, says Dr. Glenn, was one of the defenders of Londonderry in 1690. Uncertain tradition says that his name was John.

John Wilson, son or possibly grandson, of the defender of Londonderry, came to this country and married Nancy Brackenridge, who came to America from Londonderry, when she was twelve years of age, with her brothers, her parents dying on the voyage over.

John Wilson lived in Letterkenny Township, Cumberland, (since 1784 Franklin, and originally, Lancaster) County, Pennsylvania. It is said that he settled in the Cumberland Valley as early as white men could live there. After Braddock's defeat in 1755, the country was over-run by the Indians and many settlers fled and never returned to their homes.

The records at Harrisburg show "A draught of a tract of land situated in Letterkenny Township in the County of Cumberland, containing two hundred and two acres and one hundred and fifty three perches and the usual allowance of six per cent for roads, etc., surveyed for John Wilson the 11th day of September 1767, in Pur-

suance of the Honorable the Proprietaries Warrant Bearing Date the 5th day of June, 1766."

The land above described lies immediately adjacent to the old Rocky Spring Presbyterian Church located about five miles northwest of Chambersburg, Franklin County, Pennsylvania. The congregation was organized in 1737. John Wilson was an elder in this church. The present church building was erected in 1794 and is in an excellent state of preservation. With its high-backed pews, brick aisles, and sounding pulpit board, it is an object of great interest.

John Wilson survived his wife and died July 9th, 1773. In his will made August 23, 1768, he mentions the following children, John, Hugh, James, William, and Samuel Wilson.

Of these sons, John was born in 1742, married Mary Wray, and died January 4, 1799. He moved to North Carolina about 1764, and fought in the Revolutionary War either at Kings Mountain or at Cowpens, probably the latter.

Of the union between John Wilson and Mary Wray, there were born Sarah, June 17, 1763, who never married.

Mary (Polly), February 25, 1765, who married Mr. Denny, and moved to Bond County, Illinois. They have descendants.

John, March 6, 1767, married Hannah Baird, daughter of Adam and Mary Adams, Baird.

Robert, December 30, 1768, married Elizabeth Gilleland, daughter of Alexander and Frances Baird, Gilleland. Robert Wilson was a Presbyterian minister, was pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Chillicothe, Ohio;

also Athens, Ohio; also President of the University of Ohio, at Athens.

James, April 5, 1771, who married Polly Gilleland, same family into which his brother Robert married.

Isabella, February 20, 1773.

A son, name not known, January 6, 1775.

William Joseph, September 24, 1777, who married Sarah Baird, October 22, 1799, who was a daughter of Adam Baird and Mary Adams Baird.

C. Isabella, September 29, 1779, and Samuel Vane, Wilson, March 17, 1783, who married in Fredericksburg, Virginia. He was president of Union Theological Seminary.

Of the union between John Wilson and Hannah Baird Wilson, there were born Adam, who went to Ohio, married there and of this union there were born the following children: John, Ebenezer, James Leighton, William H., Sarah Amanda, who married Reason Sheppard, Samuel, Silas, and Harriet, Wilson, who married Dr. Patterson.

Ebenezer, the second child, left no children.

Robert married and moved to Indiana.

John left no heirs.

Lewis, who died April 14, 1864.

Mary, (Polly), married and had four children, John Samuel, Elizabeth and Fannie.

Fannie married, and had eight children, James, John, Clarissa Jane, Caroline, Susan, Mary Ann, Willie, and Lewis.

Hannah married, had five daughters and two sons. Robert, her youngest son is a lawyer in Missouri.

Narcissa was an imbecile from birth, caused by fright of her mother.

James N. married, had three children, John, Joseph N., and Narcissa, Wilson. This family reside at Washington Courthouse in Ohio.

Margaret married, and had two sons.

Amanda Wilson married and lived in Rockford, Illinois.

Of the union between William Joseph Wilson and Sarah Baird Wilson, there were born ten children, as follows: Zimri, who never married, was accidentally killed by a fall from a horse; Ezra Baird, who married Ann Hill, and of their union there were born Sarah E., who married Dixon Carroll Loveman; Samuel M., who married first Sarah Jane Love, second Sarah Ann Love; Mary Jane, who married Will Davis; Joseph J. Wilson, who married Isabella Leslie.

Edwin, the third child, married first Elizabeth Furgerson, of this union there was born Martha Anne, who married Rufus Barber, son of Robert Barber, son of Colonel John Barber, and moved to Water Valley, Mississippi. The second wife of Edwin was Marjorie Bradley.

Samuel McEwin, the fourth child, died single.

Eliza, the fifth child, died single.

Lawson, the sixth child, married Mary D. Patterson.

Polly, seventh child, married Ephraim Torrence.

Sarah, (Sally) Ann, married William Torrence. Of this union there were born Clementine, Sarah Priscilla, who married W. D. Glenn, and of this union there was born L. C. Glenn, who will be noticed later.

Leonidas, William, and Junius, Torrence, and a son, name not known.

Priscilla Ruth, who married Franklin Holland.

L. C. Gelnn, who is the son of Sarah Priscilla Torrence and W. D. Glenn, and descended from John Wilson and Mary Wray, who are his great great grandparents, was born September 9, 1871, at Crowder's Creek, N. C., raised on a farm, graduated with highest honors in 1891, at the University of S. C., with the degree of Bachelor of Arts, taught five years in secondary schools in South Carolina, then went to John Hopkins University, and took the degree of Ph. D. in geology and was elected a member of Phi Beta Kappa scholarship society.

He was Professor of Geology and Biology in the South Carolina College in 1899-1900, and in the fall of 1900, came to Vanderbilt University, at Nashville, Tennessee, and took the Chair of Geology. He has worked summers on the N. Y., Md., N. C., Ky. and Tenn. Geological Surveys and on the U. S. Geological Surveys.

His father was William David Glenn, Scotch-Irish.

He married Nellie Louise McCullough in Darlington, S. C., in 1900.

They have two sons, William David, and Hugh Wilson Glenn.

Professor Glenn is at present filling the Chair of Geology in the Vanderbilt University.

John Wilson is buried at Ulney Church, and the following is the inscription upon his tomb, "Sacred to the memory of John Wilson, Esq., who departed this life, January 4, 1799, in the 57th year of his age."

The following is the inscription upon the tomb of

Mary Wray Wilson, to-wit: "In memory of Mary Wilson, who departed this life the 3rd day of April, 1830, in the 93rd year of her age."

The following is the inscription on the tomb of Robert Patterson, who was the husband of Ibby Barber, daughter of Colonel John Barber, "In memory of Robert Patterson, who died November 16, 1818, age fifty-one years.

The following inscription is upon the tomb of the wife of William Joseph Wilson, "In memory of Sarah Baird Wilson, wife of William Joseph Wilson, and daughter of Adam and Mary Baird, who departed this life the 18th of September, 1851, in the 79th year of her age."

The following is upon the tomb of William Joseph Wilson, "In memory of William Joseph Wilson, Esq., who departed this life February 5, 1854, age 76 years, 4 months, 12 days."

The Baird Family.

My great grandfather, James Martin, married Sarah Baird. Robert Baird, a nephew of Sarah Baird Martin, married Sarah Martin, the sister of William Martin, my grandfather. William Dinwiddie Baird, a nephew of my great grandmother, Sarah Baird Martin, married Abagal Martin, the oldest daughter of Josiah Martin, my mother's great-uncle, and thus, there has been such an interlocking of the Baird family, with the Martins that this book would be very incomplete without a history of the Baird family, out of which these Martin unions were formed.

The Wilsons are similarly interlocked with the same Baird family. This makes it necessary to give the genealogy of this family to the extent of its union with the Baird family. It is not my purpose nor is it within the scope of this work, to go outside of those related to my own family by consanguinity. I feel that I have a right to speak wherever I find any of my blood or that of my wife coursing the veins of those I address, be it ever so small in amount.

This family is Scotch. It furnished its share of the emigrants who settled the Ulster "Plantation." It furnished a number of members of the Scotch Parliament. They are as follows: Andrew Baird who served twice, first from 1628-1633, and second from 1639-1640.

James Baird of Auchmeddin, Banniffshire also served twice, first in 1665 and second from 1669-1672.

James Baird, the younger, of Auchmeddin, Banniffshire, in 1678.

Sir John Baird of Ambuith, Aberdeenshire, from 1665-1667.

John Baird of Cullen from 1669-1672.

In order to show that under the settlement of the Province of Ulster by King James I, the Bairds were among the settlers, I give the following, showing that a large number of the descendants of the Baird family still live in Ulster:

Among the list showing the surnames in Ulster, having four entrees and upwards, in the birth indexes of 1890, together with the number and the registration counties in which these names are principally found, we have the following, "Baird, 39-34, Antrim and Down." The first number, "39," gives the number of entrees for 1890 in the whole of Ireland and the second number, "34", gives the number for the Province of Ulster. The estimated number of persons of each surname in the population can be ascertained by multiplying the number of entrees by the average birth rate which for the year 1890 was 1 to 44 8-10 persons. This gives 1523 Bairds living in Antrim and Down, Ulster Province, in the year 1890. The above is taken from the second volume of Hanna's Work, pages 518-19.

The following wills of John Baird and his wife Frances Baird, shed light upon the pedigree of Sarah Baird Martin. The will of John Baird, executed February 20th, 1782, is as follows, to-wit: "In the name of God, Amen, the 20th day of February in the year of our Lord, one thousand, seven hundred and eighty-two.

I, John Baird, of Lincoln County and State of North

Carolina, being weak of body, but of perfect mind, and memory, thanks be given to God, therefor, calling to mind the mortality of my body and that it is appointed for all men once to die, do make and ordain, this my last will and testament. That is, to say, principally and first of all, I give and recommend my soul into the hands of Almighty God, that gave it, and my body, I recommend unto the earth to be buried in a Christian like and decent manner at the discretion of my executors and as touching such worldly estate where unto it hath pleased God to bless me in this life, I give and devise and dispose of the same in the following manner and form, to-wit:

First, I allow all of my just debts and funeral charges to be paid.

I give and bequeath unto Francis Baird, my dearly and well beloved wife, a negro wench named Jane, and her youngest child, named Tom, her riding saddle, one black horse about six years old with her choice of bed and furniture and fifty pounds hard money at two and one-half dollars per pound to be raised and levied out of my estate.

Item I give and bequeath to my well beloved daughter Jean Wallace, fifty shillings hard money at two and a half dollars per pound.

Item I give and bequeath unto my well beloved son, William Baird, fifty shillings hard money at two and a half dollars per pound.

Item I give and bequeath unto my well beloved son, John Baird, five pounds hard money at two and a half dollars per pound.

Item I give and bequeath to my well beloved daugh-

ter, Anne Brown, fifty shillings hard money at two and a half dollars per pound.

Item I give and bequeath to my well beloved son, James Baird, all the tract of plantation of land on which I now live containing three hundred acres to him his heirs and assigns forever provided my well beloved wife Frances Baird is to have the use of my dwelling and as much of the land as she shall think necessary for her use during life; but if she shall think proper to remove to any other place then it is my will that my son James Baird pay to her the sum of ten pounds hard money at two and a half dollars per pound per annum during life.

Item I give and bequeath to my well beloved daughetr Eleanor Witherspoon all that tract or parcel of land on both sides of Little Catawba Creek including part of the meadow below the old mill, containing two hundred and thirty-three acres, also a certain negro woman named Nell to her and the heirs of her body or their heirs and assigns forever.

Item I give and bequeath to my well beloved son, Adam Baird, one tract of land on two small branches of little Catawba containing one hundred acres, also one negro named Gilley to him his heirs and assigns forever.

I give and bequeath to my well beloved daughter, Sarah Martin one negro boy named Harry, to her and the heirs of her body their assigns forever.

Item I give and bequeath to my well beloved daughter Frances Gilleland, one negro man named Harry, to her and the heirs of her body or their assigns forever.

Item I give and bequeath to my well beloved daughter, Anne Brown, above mentioned, one negro boy

named Jack, to her and the heirs of her body or their assigns forever.

Item I give and bequeath to my well beloved grandson, Hugh Houston, ten pounds hard money at two and a half dollars per pound.

And all of the rest and residue of my estate I order to be sold at public vendue and whatever remains after paying off the legacies herein mentioned is to be equally divided amongst my three sons, John Baird, James Baird and Adam Baird.

Lastly I constitute, make and ordain my well beloved sons, John Baird, James Baird and Adam Baird, executors of this my last will and testament and do hereby utterly disannul, revoke and disallow all and every former will and testament legacies, bequests and executors by me in any wise before this time named, willed and bequeathed, ratifying and confirming this and no other to be my last will and testament. In witness thereof, I have hereunto set my hand and seal the day and year first above written.

JOHN BEARD—Seal.

This will was duly attested.

THE WILL OF FRANCES BAIRD.

"In the name of God Amen, I, Frances Baird of the State of North Carolina and the County of Lincoln, being far advanced in years and frail in body, yet of sound mind and perfect memory (thanks be to God for same) I do make and ordain this my last will and testament, recommending my soul to God who gave it and my body, to the earth to be buried a decent Christian burial at the discretion of my executors hereinafter named and as touching such worldly estate as it hath pleased God

to bestow upon me I give, bequeath and dispose of it in the following manner, that is to say:

Imprimis, I give and bequeath unto my son, William Baird, the sum of five shillings sterling.

Item I bequeath unto my daughter Jane, married to James Wallace, two pewter plates and one small basin.

Item I bequeath to my daughter, Anne, married to Berry N. Brown, two pewter plates, one Dutch oven, one pinnipr, one brown quilt.

Item I beqeauth unto my son, John Baird, the sum of five shillings sterling.

Item I bequeath unto my son, James Baird, the sum of five shillings sterling.

Item I bequeath unto my daughter Eleanor, married to James Witherspoon two pewter plates, one pot one small basin, one small dish, and fire tongs.

Item I bequeath unto my son Adam Baird the sum of five shillings sterling.

Item I bequeath unto my daughter, Sarah, married to James Martin, two pewter plates, one coffee pot and one porringer and a trunk.

Item I bequeath unto my daughter Frances, married to Alexander Gilleland a negro wench named Jane to her and to her heirs and assigns forever, also a cow, a bed and bed clothes, a chest of Drawers, a table and three plates, two beasons, one dish, one tea kettle, and one tea pot and all the rest of my household furniture not mentioned nor disposed of before.

And the residue of my estate not mentioned nor disposed of before consisting of money Bond upon Alexander Killeland, I order to be divided into eight shares and my daughter Anne and Eleanor to have each of them

two shares and my son, William, and my daughters, Jane, Sarah and Frances each one share.

And I do appoint and contsitute my son, Adam Baird, and my son-in-law Alexander Gilleland, executors of this my last will and testament and I do ratify and confirm this and this only as my last will and testament.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my seal the sixth day of January, one thousand seven hundred and eighty-six.

FRANCES BAIRD. Seal."

The witnesses of this will are John Barber, Patrick Park, John Wilson.

The John Barber mentioned above as witness to the will of Frances Baird was probably the John Barber who married Sarah Martin.

It will be noticed that John Baird spells his name "Beard." I have no doubt "Beard" and "Baird" are different ways of spelling the same name. John Baird, the son of John Beard and Frances Baird made a will, dated the 26th of October, 1807, in which he named as his children John, Samuel, William, James, Adam and Fannie.

James Baird also made a will dated October 9th, 1808, and names as his children, William, John, Adam and James Baird. (William is the William Dinwiddie Baird who married Abigal Martin in 1803.)

Adam Baird made a will bearing date 1808 in which he names his children as follows: Annie, Ruth, Adam, John, Elizabeth and Robert. Robert is named incidentally as his son whom he appoints executor jointly with his son-in-law, John Wilson.

In the wills of John Baird and Adam Baird they do

not say that the children named were all their children. In point of fact they were not.

The Clerk also sends me a list of marriage licenses none of which have any apparent relevancy execpt that the record shows that William Baird married Abigal Martin in 1803. This Abigal Martin was the oldest child of Josiah Martin.

From the foregoing wills it is apparent that Adam Baird, the brother of Sarah Baird Martin, was the father of Robert Baird. Robert Baird married his cousin, Sarah Martin who was the sister of my grandfather, William Martin. Zenas Baird married Jane Black who we shall see further on was of Baird descent through her father.

These wills show conclusively that Sarah Baird Martin and Adam Baird were the children of John and Frances Baird. While examining the records of Franklin County, Pennsylvania, at Chambersburg, Dr. L. C. Glenn, noted that a tract of land adjoining another tract of land which belonged to John Wilson, his great great grandfather, belonged to William Beard. He expressed the opinion that this William Beard was probably the father of John Beard, the husband of Frances and whose wills we have given. This is probably true.

The name as it appeared upon the Franklin County record, was William **Beard.** John signed his name the same way. While he was ordinarily called Baird, and all his children were so named, his wife's name as attached to her will is spelled Baird, and the name as given in the body of the will of John was spelled either Baird, or Beaird, I am of the opinion that the reason he signed his name Beard to his will, was because he knew that his father had used his name similarly in that deed.

The names undoubtedly were at one time spelled the same way. It is unimportant as to which way it was first spelled.

The wills of John and Frances Baird do not name all their children. I am fully satisfied that one, a daughter, married a man by the name of Black, who had a son, William Black, who married Mary Erwin, and moved to Tennessee and settled near Cornersville. I will give the history of this family later.

The will of John Baird was probated in 1784, he must have died about that time; the will of his wife, Frances, was probated in 1787, hence, she must have died about that time. From the size of their family and the ages of some of their children at the time of their death, John and Frances must have been born near the commencement of the 18th century.

Of their union there were born the following children: Jane, William, John, Ann, James, Eleanor, Adam, Sarah and Frances, Baird.

Jane married James Wallace. John married, and of the union thus formed there were born, Fannie, (Berry) John, Samuel, William, James, and Adam.

Ann married a man named Brown, and James Baird married, and had four sons, William Dinwiddie, John, Adam, and James. Sarah married, James Martin. Her genealogy has been given in connection with the Martin family; William Dinwiddie's has been given in connection with the genealogy of the Josiah Martin family.

Adam Baird, in whom we have the greatest interest, because it was he who fought with the gun shown in this book, at the Battle of Kings Mountain. He was the brother of my great grandmother, Sarah Baird Martin. He was born in the year 1745, and died November

17, 1811, age sixty-six years. He married Mary Adams, who was born in the year 1749, and died July 10, 1810, age sixty-one years. Of this union there were born the following children:

Anne, Ruth, Mary (Polly), Adam, Jr., Fannie, John, Elizabeth (Bettie), Robert, Hannah, and Sarah, Baird. They had ten children. This seems not to have been uncommon in those days.

Anne Baird never married and died at her brother-in-law, John White's in Gaston County, N. C.

Ruth married Sam Jingles; they lived on Catawba Creek; there were no children of this marriage.

Mary Baird married John White, who lived on Long Creek, and of this union there were three children, Rixine, Mary, and Sallie, White.

Adam Baird, Jr., went to Ohio, and married there.

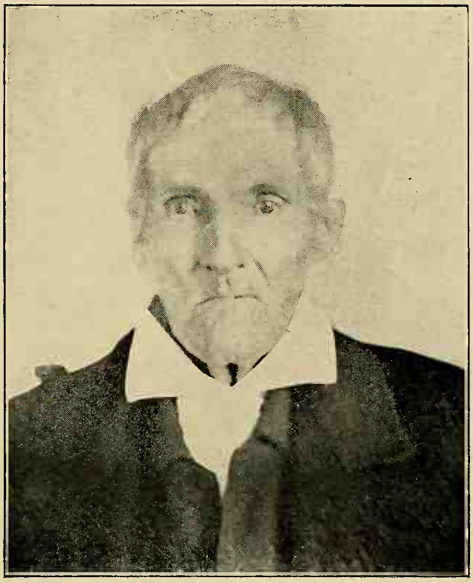
Fannie Baird married James Gilleland; they moved to Ohio.

John Baird married Parmela Patrick, the daughter of Robert Patrick. He moved to Arkansas. His wife went unwillingly. He did not stay there long, and was lost sight of.

Elizabeth Baird married James (Jimmie) Adams. They moved to Tennessee, and settled in Bond County.

Robert Baird, born December 27, 1777, died May 26, 1871, ninety-four years old, married Sarah Martin, his cousin, and sister of William Martin, my grand father; who was born in November, 1778, and died March 16, 1867.

Hannah Baird married John Wilson, and Sarah Baird, married William Joseph Wilson. These two sisters married two brothers. John Wilson lived at Mrs.



Robert Baird, son of Adam Baird, taken when ninety years old.

Love's place near the place of Ezra Wilson. Their oldest son, was Adam Wilson, who went to Ohio, looked out a home, and in a year or two his father moved there. This Adam married well in Ohio and lived at Greenfield in that state. Ebenezer, another son, and the rest of the family, went to Ohio and remained there

Sarah Baird married William Joseph Wilson. Her history is given in the history of the Wilson family.

Of the union between Robert and Sarah Martin Baird there were born Erixene, May 9, 1802, died December 6, 1838, married Isom Ford, and of this union there were born six children, all of whom are dead. Two grandchildren are mentioned in the will of Robert Baird.

Sarah Baird, the third child of Robert and Sarah, was born June 26, 1809, married Abe Stowe, and died May 14, 1830, leaving an infant daughter.

Zenas Baird, the second child, born September 24, 1804, married Jane Black, and died March 1, 1874.

Of this union there was born one son, William Emberry Baird, who married Martha Elizabeth Gordon.

William Emberry Baird was born on October 15, 1830, Martha Elizabeth Gordon was born on January 6, 1838. They were married January 8, 1856.

Of this union there were born seven children, to-wit: Horace Ney, March 24, 1857; Willie Eugene, February 24, 1859, Robert Jordan, May 7, 1861; Ella May, September 16, 1863; Anne Pointer, November 5, 1865; Sarah Jane, April 22, 1871, and William Edward, Baird, October 7, 1876.

William Emberry Baird died April 7, 1897, and his wife, Martha Elizabeth Gordon Baird, May 24, 1908

Horace Ney Baird died July 28, 1863, Robert, Jordan,

Baird, August 2, 1863, and Willie Eugene Baird, August 6, 1863. These three boys died of diphtheria. They were taken sick with this dreaded disease, and died and were buried within nine days.

Ella May Baird, married James Henry McGrew of Shelbyville, Tenn., who was born July 17, 1853, April 23, 1884.

Of this union there were born the following children, Annie May, February 15, 1885; Joseph Henry, October 24, 1889, Margaret Letitia, March 17, 1892, Edward Baird, November 8, 1893, Sarah Elizabeth, July 5, 1898, Samuel Jason, July 5, 1898, (twins.)

Joseph Henry McGrew died April 27, 1892. Annie May McGrew married Walton Bose Buchanan, who was born March 14, 1883, February 13, 1913.

Ann Pointer Baird married Henry Allen McLemore. September 9, 1886. Of this union there were born William Baird, March 15, 1888, Lady Anne, June 23, 1890, and Henry Allen McLemore, Jr., November 15, 1893. Henry Allen McLemore, died July 9, 1896, and his wife Ann Pointer Baird McLemore, November 22, 1903.

William Edward Baird married Anna Seelen, of Moberly, Mo., April 22, 1909.

William Edward Baird is the only living member of the Adam Baird family who bears the name. He graduated at the Vanderbilt University, June 1898, and from the law school of Columbia University, New York, in 1902. He commenced the practice of law in St. Louis, in the fall of the same year. He is now counselor for the City of St. Louis.

James Henry McGrew has been engaged in the drug business in Shelbyville, for thirty-five years The

J. W. Weatherly.

style of his firm at the present time is J. H. McCrew & Son.

John Wilson Weatherly is the son of Wilson Hardin and Clementine Parks, Weatherly. He was born April 29, 1859, in Bradley County, Tenn. His early years were spent on his father's farm; he attended the public school. When thirteen years old, he entered his father's store at Red Clay, Georgia, as a clerk. He remained there four years. He then filled the position of traveling salesman for nearly seventeen years, first. for J. & L., Whorley, Wholesale Tobacco Dealers at Nashville, and then for O'Bryan Bros., Wholesale Dry Goods and Notions, merchants at Nashville.

In 1893, he entered the wholesale dry goods business as a junior member of the firm of Warren, Neeley & Co., of Nashville.

In 1901 he withdrew from this firm and established a wholesale business of his own under the name of Weatherly, Armstead, McKennie, Co., the leading dry goods house of the City of Nashville. This is a corporation. Mr. Weatherly owns a controlling interest and is president. It is capitalized at $250,000.00, is reported in R. G. Dun Co., as B. 1, and prompt pay. Its annual sales amount to nearly one million dollars.

On November 6, 1889, he married Sarah (Sallie) Jane Baird, youngest daughter of William Emberry and Martha Gordon Baird, of Cornersville, Marshall County, Tenn. Of this union there were born four children, Martha, Elizabeth, John Wilson Jr., William Emberry, and James Edward, Weatherly. The latter died of scarlet fever when thirteen months old.

Mary Baird, the fourth child, of Robert and Sarah Martin, Baird, married Manuel Ford. Of this union

there were born two daughters, Martha Jane and Sarah Ford. Sarah Ford married Huffstetter. She is now a widow, lived with and cared for her grandfather, Robert Baird, for some years before he died, and is now living in the house which her grandfather built in 1800.

A Mr. Black, whose first name is not known to me married a sister of Sarah Baird Martin. They resided in North Carolina, probably in Lincoln County. Of this union there was born William Black. He married Mary Erwin and removed to Tennessee and settled in what was then Giles, now Marshall County near Cornersville Of this union there were born Cassandra, Eleanor, Martha, Amzi, Sarah, Jane and Margaret, Black.

Cassandra married Reuben Nance. Eleanor married Joseph Nance. Martha married Ashley Moore. Amzi married Amy Moore. Sarah married Robert Glenn. Jane married Zenas Baird who was the son of Robert Baird. Margaret married Milton McClure. Of this last union, among other children who are now dead, there were born John H. McClure and Bell McClure who now live in Nashville, Tennessee. Of the union between Amzi Black and Amy Moore there were born Samuel N. Black and Mary Black. This family removed from Tennessee to Iillinois in 1837.

Zenas Baird, first cousin to my mother,—his mother being Sarah Martin the sister of William Martin, who was my mother's father. William Black lived for many years about nine miles from the home of my mother. She always called him cousin, and in a conversation I had with her about three years before she died in 1886, I asked her how the kinship between her and William Black arose. She said that William Black's mother was a Baird, the sister of Sarah Baird Martin, her grand-

Mrs. Sarah Jane Baird Weatherly.

mother. In 1908 when I was in Marshall County and had the conversation with Margaret Ann Martin Darnell, I asked her the specific question as to how the kinship between William Black and the Martins came about, and she said "William Black (commonly called Billie Black) was related to Grandfather Martin; Black's mother and Wiliam Martin's mother were sisters." I wrote this down at the time in her language. I haven't a doubt of the truth of her statements.

Of the union between Joseph Nance and Eleanor Black there were born William Henry, James Washington, Martha Fredonia, Mary Ann, Andrew Jackson, Tabitha Jane, Thomas Jefferson, and Samuel Joseph, Nance. Tabitha Jane Nance married Samuel J. Wadley

Of this union there were born Effie A., Samuel B., Mary Bascom, and Julia Nance, Wadley.

Samuel Blevins Wadley married Mary (Marie) Phoebe McGinley.

Of this union there were born three children, Samuel Blevins, Jr., Mary Elizabeth, and Hazel Witt, Wadley. Samuel B. Wadley now resides with his family, at 106 28th St., North, Nashville, Tenn., and his sister Effie A., lives with him. Samuel B., is the auditor of the Phillips Buttorf Manufacturing Company.

Mary Bascom Wadley married Mr. Lee. Of this union there was born one son, Arthur W. Lee, who resides in Kansas City, Mo. Mary Bascom is now a widow and resides in Kansas City, Missouri.

Julia Nance Wadley married Joseph B. Rebman, of Courtland, Alabama. Of this union there was born one child, Marguerite Ruth Rebman. They reside at the present time at Haydensville, Okla.; Marguerite Ruth is attending school at Belmont College, Nashville.

Tabitha Jane Wadley, long since a widow, makes her home with her children as she pleases. She is now with her daughter, Mary, in Kansas City. She passed her eighty-fifth birthday a few weeks ago, but she is still in the possession, without the least apparent impairment from age, of all her mental faculties.

Of the union between Amzi Black and Amy Moore there were born Samuel N., and Mary, Black.

Samuel N. Black married Sallie E. Crippen. Of this union there were born William L., Ivan, Mary Caroline, Rosa M., Black. Three sons died in infancy.

William L. Black married Mary Willie Adkins. They have no children. William L. is a successful wholesale produce merchant in Kansas City, Mo., and resides with his family at 3232 Wabash Avenue.

Mary Black married James Becket. They reside at Golden, Ill. Ivan Black married Rosa Burdoff, and resides at Black Station, Ill. Samuel N. Black died at his home in Illinois in May, 1912. Rosa M. Black married C. J. Hollock.

James Washington Nance married twice. His first wife was Jane Hund, of Maury County.

Of this union there were born the following children, William Henry, Jonathan, James W., and Turner W. Nance.

The second wife of James Washington Nance was Mary F. Amos, also of Maury County. Of this union there were born the following children: Eloise, Lewis J., Lily, Walter Buckner, Mabel, and Ruth, Nance. All of the children of the last marriage are dead except Lewis J. and Walter Buckner, Nance.

The latter was born April 16, 1868; graduated at

Vanderbilt University with the degree of Bachelor of Arts, in 1893, and with a degree of Bachelor of Divinity in 1894. He belonged to the fraternal societies, Delta Kappa Epsilon, and Phi Beta Kappa. He joined the Tennessee Conference and was transferred to China, October, 1895. He was married September 28, 1898, to Florence Reah Keiser.

Of this union there were born three children, William Keiser, Dana Wilson, and Frances Dean, Nance.

Mrs. Florence Reah Keiser Nance has written and published a book enttiled "The Love Story of a Maiden of Kathay," which gives a fine picture of the home life of Chinese girls and women, especially as affected by the new learning from the west.

The Reverend Mr. Nance is a missionary of the Methodist Episcopal Church South. He is a Professor of Philosophy in the Mission School located at Soochow, styled the Soochow University. He recently spent a year vacation in America. I addressed him a note, asking for an expression from him of the prospects of Christianity in China and the effect of the new revolution which has converted the oldest and most arbitrary kingdom upon the earth into a modern republic. In his reply he referred me to certain articles which he had given to the press while in America and which he ordered sent to me. These I have received, but will be content with the short statement which he makes in his letter, which is as follows:

"May just add that the outlook for Mission work, is, as you suggest, much better as a result of the Revolution. Christian men were never so prominent among the leaders, the whole movement was so obviously a working of leaven (largely Christian) from the West,

that the Church has gained great prestige. Yes, Dr. Sun Yat Sin is a Christian, and so is Li Yuan Heng, Vice-President, and the military leader of the Revolution at the outbreak, at Wu Chang and Hand Chow. More than half of the members of Sun Yat Sin's cabinet were Christian men and a large minority of the present cabinet of Juan Shi Kai are Christians. There is a widespread spirit of co-operation among the Missions, and a disposition to reproduce as little as possible of denominational differences from the West. All the Presbyterian Missions, for instance, have united in the organization of a single Chinese Presbyterian Church. This is regarded as only a step towards one Christian Church for China, which, however, will be a development and cannot be forced now."

Lewis J. Nance is a merchant in Lewisburg, Tenn.

Thomas Jefferson Nance married Louisiana Holden. Of this marriage there were several children born, and among them was a daughter, Belle Nance. Her mother died, and afterwards her father married Bettie Bell, and after that he died and his widow married a man named West.

Belle Nance came to my house and made her home with us as a member of the family in March, 1873, and was married November 25, of the same year to Arnett Hall, who belonged to a prominent family in Trousdale County.

Of this union there were born the following children: Brice Odell, April 17, 1876; Robert Herschel, September 19, 1878, and Ernest McConnell, Hall, July 11, 1889.

Brice Odell Hall married Elizabeth Cunningham, September 12, 1907. Of this union there were born the

following children, Sarah Eloise, and Brice Odell, Jr., Hall. This family all reside in Hartsville, Tenn., except Robert and Ernest McConnell, Hall, who are in business in Nashville.

There was born of the marriage between Thomas Jefferson Nance and Bettie Bell Nance, one daughter, Jennie, who married a man named McMakin. This family reside in Denver, Colorado.

It has not been my fortune to be personally acquainted with many of the members of the Baird family, whose history appears in this book. I knew Zenas Baird very well. He lived at Cornersville, about nine miles from my home, near Moresville, in Marshall County, Tenn. He was a merchant doing business in Cornersville. He was a quiet, unobstrusive citizen. He was a business man of the highest chaarcter for integrity and square dealing with his fellow men in every way. He was a strict Presbyterian and lived an orderly moral upright life as required by the doctrines and rules of his faith. He reared his son, William Emberry, in such manner that he followed strictly in the foot steps of his father.

William Black, who was a Baird on his mother's side, lived on a farm a short distance from Cornersville. He carried on farming and the manufacture of wagons and a blacksmith shop. He was an orchardist, and raised the best of fruits. In all that he did, he did it well. He kiln-dried all the timbers used in the manufacture of wagons. He was a Presbyterian, lived strictly up to the requirements of his church, raised his son, Amzi, and his six daughters in the same faith, and with the same high ideals. He was one of the foremost citizens of the community in which he lived.

Amzi Black was a man of unusual education for the times in which he lived. He was a school teacher and the school house in which I first went to school was called Black's School House, named after him. He was my father's teacher. His name was a household word in our family.

The Bairds of western North Carolina were prominent people during the Revolutionary Period. They were prominent in Scotland long before they emigrated to America. Some time about the year 1884 or 1885 I held Court in Lewisburg, and while holding Court there, I visited Cornersville, and called at the house of my cousin, William Emberry Baird. I met his wife and his daughter, then a young girl, but now during the last six months one of my most enthusiastic and valued correspondents in the work of getting up the genealogy of the families to which she belongs.

Her mother played and sang for me and I found her a most accomplished musician.

I spent the night at the home of James Washington Nance, whose name appears in this book. He is the father of Walter Buckner Nance, who is a Professor in the Soochow University of the Southern Methodist Church in China. He is connected with one of the most wonderful works in existence at this time, looking to the disenthrallment of the Chinese from centuries of idolatry, and their christianization.

Mrs. Sarah Jane Baird Weatherly received her earliest education under private tutors at home. Later she attended Columbia Female Institute for three years, and then attended for one year Sayre Female Institute at Lexington, Kentucky. She specialized in Art and Music.

Cousin Belle Nance Hall, who belongs in part, to this Baird family of whom we have been writing, and who made her home in my family for nearly a year, has the same characteristics. I heard a prominent citizen of Hartsville say of her once, speaking of her good qualities that she was worth "her weight in gold."

The McCall Family.

William McCall, of New Jersey, migrated at an early day to Western Pennsylvania and settled on a farm near where the City of Meadville in Crawford County is now situated. At the time he made this settlement, there was not as much as a village where Meadville is now located. But little is known of the history of the family in New Jersey.

There were three brothers, Samuel, William, and Joseph, McCall. Samuel McCall was a man of affairs, and owned and operated a line of ships in the West India trade. They were Scotch-Irish, as their name indicates.

I do not know the name of the wife of William McCall. I met him, myself, at the house of his son, Samuel McCall, in 1853. He died there in 1854. He was a very old man, at the time that I saw him. To him were born four children, one son, Samuel, and three daughters, Sarah, Polly, and Nancy. I do not know the exact date of the birth of Samuel McCall, but he died on the 24th day of April, 1872, at Meadville, Pa., and is buried at Greendale Cemetery, near that city.

He must have been about eighty years old at the time he died. He married Martha Morris.

Sarah McCall married a man by the name of Hamilton. They had children, but left Crawford County many years ago and emigrated to the West and have been lost sight of. Polly never married, made her home with her brother, Samuel, and died at his house, and

Samuel McCall.

rests with the numerous dead of his family in Greendale Cemetery.

Nancy McCall married a man named Jones, and raised a family of children.

There were born to Samuel McCall and Martha Morris McCall, the following children, to-wit: James V., Mary, Phoebe Ann, Nancy Elizabeth, David M., William Martin Ruter, Samuel A., Levi Lewis, Joseph F. and John Moreland, McCall.

James V. McCall married Kittie Louise Shelmire, of Rochester, N. Y., born August 29, 1841, died March 16, 1889. Of this marriage there were born two children, Louise and James, McCall. James was killed at Milwaukee, Wisconsin, by being run down by a railroad train, when he was a small boy. James V. McCall died about the year 1870. His widow and her daughter, Louise spent a year at my house in Tennessee, and during this time Louise was a student at the Hartsville Masonic Institute. Their home was at Fond Du Lac, Wisconsin. Louise married Joseph Sanford. Her mother married, the second time, Edwin A. Cary, but died a year or two afterwards.

Of this union between Louise and Joseph Sanford there were born two children, James McCall Sanford, December 19, 1901, and Katherine Nancy Sanford, September 9, 1903. Their address is 384 Spring St., Atlanta, Georgia.

James V. McCall served during the Civil War in the Union Army. He was Captain of Co. K, 14th Wisconsin Infantry. He was at the battle of Shiloh on the second day of that engagement,—Having arrived with Buell's army the night of the 6th of April. I met him in 1869, at his father's house. He told me that when he

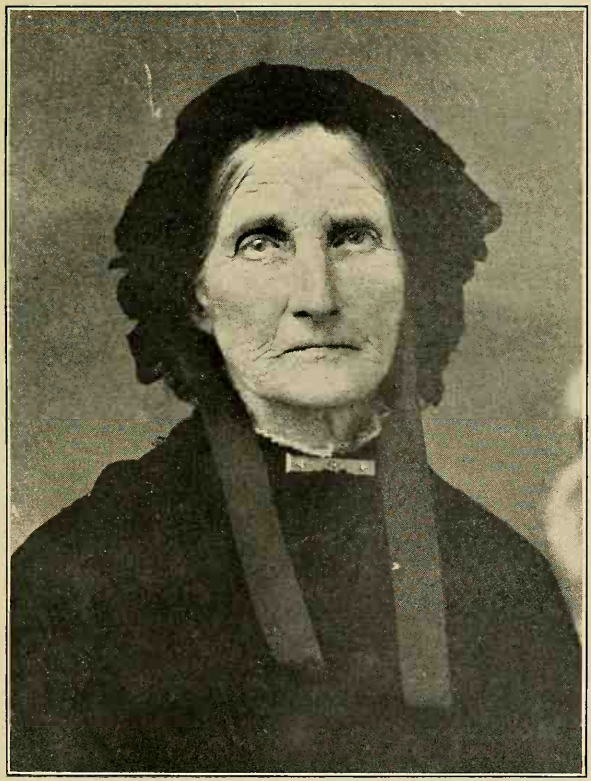
landed on the south side of the river that disorganized troops of Grants' army constituted such a large mob that he had to use his sword to make an opening through which he could lead his company. He died soon after this interview, of disease contracted in the service.

Mary McCall married Harlow Ellis. Of this union there were born Edward, Charles, Emma, Elizabeth, (commonly known as Lizzie), and Minnie, Ellis.

Lizzie Ellis married Robert S. Smith, an attorney at law at Hartsville, Tenn., and at one time, my law partner. She died about a year after her marriage a victim of that terrible destroyer, tuberculosis, and left no children. At the time of her marriage, and for several years previous thereto she was a member of my family. She was endowed with a beautiful voice, personal beauty, a genial, sunny disposition and was a universal favorite. Minnie Ellis married Robert Welch in 1888. He was the son of Mrs. A. C. Welch, by her first husband. The second husband of Mrs. Welch, Andrew C. Welch, Sr., was one of the reporters of the House of Representatives of the National Congress for twenty-five years. He and his wife died only a few months apart some two years ago. He left a good estate.

Minnie Ellis Welch lost her mother by death, when she was only eleven days old; when she was about a year old she was taken by her aunt, Delilah Ellis Wilson, who promised to adopt her, and make her her heir, she being childless. This was never done. She died in 1871, left no will and the foster-uncle of Minnie married another woman, and this made Minnie's situation unpleasant. She was living at the time in the city of Leavenworth, Kansas.

Of the union between Minnie Ellis and Robert



Mrs. Martha Morris McCall

Welch there were born the following children, Andrew Calbreath, January 22, 1890, Mary Elizabeth (Lizzie), December 19, 1891; Nancy McConnell, December 19, 1895; Roberta Ellis, Welch, November 6, 1898.

Mary Eilzabeth Welch married Samuel Jones Owen, of Rutherford County, Tenn., and of this union was born one daughter, Minnie Bell Owen, March 8, 1912. The family make their home on the old Goodall Place, near Hartsville, Tenn.

Andrew C. Welch and Mr. Owen have leased the farm for a term of years and are working it. This farm is a part of the estate of Mr. A. C. Welch. George Welch, a brother, of Robert Welch, has an interest in the farm, together with the children of Robert Welch and lives with the family as a part of it.

Robert Welch died from the effects of broken back, the result of handling a log at a saw-mill. It rendered him entirely helpless. He lingered for some two years enduring much suffering without complaint during that whole period. He was tenderly nursed by his devoted wife. His, was a beautiful character, but not more so than that of his widowed wife.

Phoebe Ann McCall married Henry Hotchkiss of Crawford County, Pa. Of this marriage there were born three sons, James S., Frank, and Clinton L. Hotchkiss. Phoebe Ann died many years ago, and her husband married a second time, Sarah Minniss. No issue was born of this marriage. They are now living in San Diago, California, — Henry having attained the great age of ninety-four years and still retains his health and mental faculties unimpaired.

James S. Hotchkiss never married. Frank Hotchkiss married Laura Terry in June 1894, and they have

one daughter, Ruth. These two brothers have been engaged for many years in the wholesale and retail grocery business at Meadville, Pa., under the name of J. S. Hotchkiss, & Bro. When nothing but boys they commenced business in a small way, their grandmother, Martha McCall loaning them some money. They have amassed a considerable fortune.

Clinton L. Hotchkiss married Jennie (her surname not remembered), at Missoula, Mont. Of this marriage there was born one daughter, Hazel, who is now attending the Holy Names Academy at Seattle, Washington. Clinton L., is a prosperous grocery merchant at Seattle.

Nancy Elizabeth McCall is the wife of the writer and her descendants have been given in the history of the McConnell family.

David M. McCall married Hannah Jane Noble, who was born at Erie, Pennsylvania, June 25th, 1841. This marriage occurred January the 8th, 1861. She died at Tidioute, Pennsylvania, December 28, 1881. Of this union there were born four children—two sons and two daughters, to-wit: Allie Jane, and Mary Maude, Frankie Morris and Levi Livingston, McCall. Allie Jane McCall married O. G. Ogden. They now reside at 1454 E. 91st Street, Cleveland, Ohio. There was no issue born of this marriage. Mary Maude McCall never married. Her residence is at 3107 Clinton Ave., Cleveland, Ohio. Frankie Morris McCall was drowned in the Allegheny River when a boy, fourteen years old, while in bathing with other boys. Levi Livingston McCall died when he was only seven weeks old.

Wiliam Martin Ruter McCall married Fannie Rupp. Of this marriage there were born two children. They

David Morris McCall and daughters, Mary Maud McCall and Allie McCall Ogden.

both died, one in April, 1866, the other in July, 1867, and the father and mother have both died. The whole family are buried in Greendale Cemetery. William was a very dear friend of mine.

Samuel A., and Levi Lewis, McCall never married. They both enlisted in the Union Army when very young, in Co. K, 150th Pennsylvania Infantry. Their company was detailed for service at the White House during the entire war. Levi Lewis was a man of unusual character; he had a pleasing personality, was genial, popular and universally liked by all who knew him. He had the entre to the President at all convenient times. He frequently approached Mr. Lincoln and asked him to parole me when I was a prisoner of war at Johnson's Island. The President always said to him. "Tell your brother-in-law that whenever he is willing to take the oath of allegiance, I will release him." This, he was told I would not do.

He was postmaster at Tidioute at the time of his death, which occurred 1878. Samuel A. is also dead.

Joseph F. McCall married Alice Trace. He died in 1878, and is buried in Greendale Cemetery.

Of this union there were born two children, Trace and Martha McCall.

Trace was married but his wife died a few months ago. Martha married .....Bennett. They reside in Lewistown, Montana.

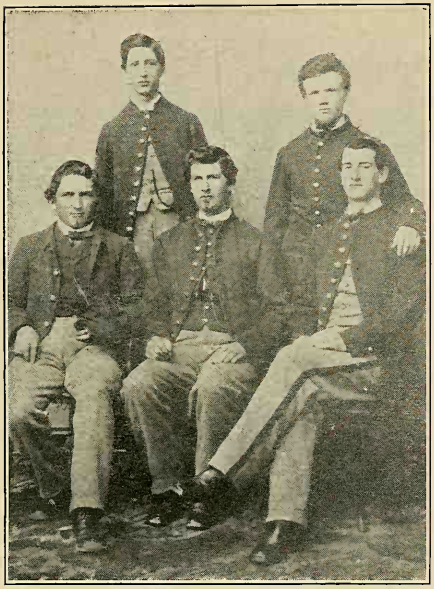
John Moreland McCall died when he was a little over nine years old and is buried in Greendale Cemetery.

There is but one survivor of this large family, to-wit: David M. McCall, whose picture with his two daughters appears in this book.

The Reverend Mr. Hatton, who was a minister of the Methodist Church, and the father of General Robert Hatton, was a cousin of my father-in-law, Samuel McCall. I do not know how this came about, but he told me this, and said that the Reverend Hatton was at his house at one time when visiting in Pennsylvania after his removal to Tennessee. He had Robert with him, who was a boy.

Robert Hatton was born in Sumner County, Tennessee, in 1827; was educated at Harvard, studied law, I think at Cumberland University, and was admitted to the bar in 1849. He was a member of the House of Representatives of the National Congress in 1856, was elected again in 1858, and again in 1860. He resigned and was elected Colonel of the Seventh Tennessee Regiment of infantry. He was appointed Brigadier General, May 3rd, and was killed eight days after he got his commission, in the Battle of Fair Oaks, Va.

Major General G. W. Smith, who was in command of the Confederate Army on that occasion after the wounding of General Joseph E. Johnston in his report, says this of General Hatton: "The personal bearing and conduct of the lamented General Hatton upon the field, was gallant, noble and true to his high, social and efficient character. He fell while bravely and skillfully leading his brigade in the extreme front of the battle." Mrs. Hatton, the widow of General Hatton, was elected librarian of the Law and Historical Libraries at Nashville, Tennessee, and served in that capacity for a good many years. Her daughter, Emma, was her assistant. They were deservedly popular. Emma married the Rev. Mr. Towsom, who is a Methodist minister. They are missionaries to Japan at the present time and have been for a good many years.



Group of Soldiers on Duty at the White House During the Civil War. Samuel A. McCall in Front Center and Levi Lewis McCall at the Right.

The Morris Family.

This family was founded in America by David Morris, born in Pembrookshire, South Wales, August 1, 1774, and, Phoebe Lewis Morris, born in the same place, June 29, 1776. They were married in Wales, and their two oldest children, John L. and Levi Lewis, Morris, were also born there. The family emigrated from Wales and settled in Utica, New York, shortly after the birth of Levi Lewis Morris.

There were born of this union, John L., March 12, 1797, and died March 5, 1857; Levi Lewis, March 9, 1800, who died June 17, 1840; Mary, April 3, 1802, died July 19, 1883; Martha, July 12, 1804, died October 29, 1891; Richard Francis,Feb. 3, 1807, died Aug. 13, 1893; Eleanor, April 5, 1809, died April 8, 1897; Elizabeth, July 13, 1811, died September 9, 1873; Ann, January 27, 1814, died March 5, 1887; David, December 12, 1816, died May 18, 1897, and Jane, Morris, April 17, 1819, died April 30, 1891.

David Morris, the founder of the family, died February 29, 1856, and his wife, Phoebe Lewis Morris, died August 9, 1869.

DESCENDANTS OF LEVI LEWIS MORRIS AND NANCY McKNIGHT.

There were born of the union between Levi Lewis Morris and Nancy McKnight, five children; David Sterrett; Mary Jane; Phoebe Elizabeth, James Lewis, and John Francis, Morris.

David Sterrett Morriss married Lydia Loy of Newcastle, Pennsylvania. They have one daughter, Annie Morris, (Butts). David Sterrett was born January 3, 1824. He is still living at the advanced age of 88 years but is almost blind. I knew him when I was living at Meadville. He was a lawyer of considerable distinction. As a man and a citizen he ranked among the best.

Mary Jane Morris married Almon Benson Richmond, September 7, 1848. She was born Jan. 27, 1828, and died February 5, 1894. Of this union there were born three sons, Lewis Lawton, Hiram Morris and Charles Eyre, Richmond.

Lewis Lawton Richmond married Winifred Day of Revanna, Ohio. They had three children, Mary Richmond (McFarland), George Day Richmond and Henry Richmond. Both sons are dead. There are no grandchildren now living to perpetuate the name of Richmond.

Since the above was written Lewis Lawton Richmond has died. The local paper at Meadville, his home, in noticing his death, says this of him:

"L. L. Richmond was one of the best known men in Meadville, and the last member of the family of Hon A. B. Richmond. * * * He was born in Meadville, and, with the exception of a few years spent in Pittsburg, passed his entire lifetime here. He was a genial man, generous and kind hearted to a fault, and a reveler in the memories of the old days, of which he always loved to talk.

Mr. Richmond was sixty-four years old and is survived by his wife and one daughter, Mrs. Harry McFarland."

Hiram Morris Richmond married Margaret Fowler of Meadville.

Of this union there was born one daughter, Marguerite Richmond. Hiram Morris died March 17, 1884. The daughter, Marguerite, married Charles Cowswell McCord. They reside in Rochester, New York.

Of this union there were born two children, Margaret Richmond McCord, and Samuel McCord II.

Margaret Fowler Richmond received her primary education in the schools in Meadville. Afterwards she was sent to boarding school for four years,—two years at St. Mary's Hall, New Jersey, and two more years at the Pennsylvania College in Pittsburg, of which institution she is a graduate.

Charles Eyre Richmond married Leona Magaw of Meadville.

Of this union there was born one daughter, Pauline Richmond, who is now about eighteen years old. Hiram Morris Richmond and Charles Eyre were both lawyers; the latter was very much like his father in this respect. His death, January 5, 1901, cut short a brilliant career.

Phoebe Elizabeth Morris was born March 21, 1830, and died January 30, 1912. She never married. She was the brides-maid at the marriage of Nancy Elizabeth McCall and the writer on the 25th of February, 1856.

James Lewis Morris was born November 23, 1832, and died January 7, 1904. He married Anna Torbett of Meadville, Pennsylvania. They have two daughters, Maude Torbett Morris, and Katharine Ewing Morris. The widow and her two children are now living in Meadville.

John Francis Morris married Elizabeth Otterstotter. Of this union there were born five children: Harry Cul-

lun, Marie, Blanche, Ruth, and John Donald Cameron, Morris. Harry Cullun Morris is now living in New York City; Marie Morris is also living in New York City; Blanche Morris (Taylor) is living at DeLand, Florida; Ruth Morris (Burrows) is now living at East Orange, and John Donald Cameron Morris is living at Datona, Florida.

The following is the notice of the life and death of Almon Benson Richmond, the husband of Mary Jane Morris, published at the time of his death and incorporated in substance in a series of resolutions adopted by the Bar of Crawford County, Pa.

I knew Mr. Richmond personally, while I was at College at Meadville, Pa., and the account of him given below is not too strongly drawn. He was quite a wonderful man.

The Hon. A. B. Rchmond died at the home of his son, L. L. Richmond, Park Avenue and Randolph St., about 6:30 Wednesday evening, at the age of 81 years.

Mr. Richmond, for many years, one of the most conspicuous men in Meadville, and for nearly half a century one of the foremost lawyers of this section of the state, was born in Switzerland County, Indiana, April 26, 1825, a direct descendant of John Richmond, the Puritan, who came over in the Mayflower His grandfather, William Richmond, was a soldier in the Revolutionary War, and his father Lawton Richmond, was physician and surgeon in the war of 1812. The family later located in Chautauqua, N. Y., and A. B. Richmond attended Allegheny College, later taking a medical course and practicing three years in Meadville, during which time he studied law. He was admitted to practice in 1851, and in all his long and successful experience

Almon Benson Richmond.

as a lawyer he found his medical education of great value.

He attained marked distinction in the law, and for a quarter of a century of his active practice he was recognized as one of the leading and most successful criminal lawyers in the country. He was seldom found on the side of the prosecution, but most always on the defense, and his ability and success in defending criminal cases gave him a practice which extended over several States. The History of Crawford County, published in 1885, credits Mr. Richmond with having been engaged in over 4,000 criminal cases up to that year, of which 65 were homicides. Before he retired in 1903, he had been engaged in the trial of over 100 homicide cases, hence it is safe to say that his list of criminal cases alone was more than 5,000.

He was endowed with a fine mind, and being a close student, he acquired a superior education. He was well versed in mechanics, and in 1853 he was appointed assistant director of machinery of the Crystal Palace. He was also a student of science, and delivered many lectures on philosophy, physiology, and chemistry, making his own apparatus.

Mr. Richmond was all his life a strong advocate of temperance. He delivered many lectures on the subject, and through nearly all his literary works there was strong and eloquent argument, and always practical, against the evil of intemperance. This is especially observable in his "Leaves From the Diary of an Old Lawyer," "Intemperance and Crime," "Court and Prisoner" and "A Hawk in an Eagle's Nest," books that have been widely read. He was also the author of

numerous other works, and in all he displayed a fine literary taste and easy flow of language.

He was a gifted speaker as well as fine scholar, and was noted as one of the most effective pleaders before a jury of his day. His close study of human nature, his superior command of the English language, his easy eloquence and skillful weaving of an argument, and the manner of its delivery made him a power for defense before a jury. His tastes were refined, and as a beautiful seasoning for his store of literature, his memory was rich in choice poems and verses, with apt quotations always ready.

Politically Mr. Richmond was a Republican, but he had little to do with politics, living in his busier years the life of a lawyer, lecturer, author and student, and in his later life enjoying to the full the broad Knowledge with which his mind was stored. He was a genial, wholesome, companion and kind friend, a polished gentleman and an honored citizen."

In the spring of 1861, John F. Morris enlisted a company of volunteers for the Civil War and was elected Captain and was attached to the 23rd Pennsylvania volunteers as Company "B." He was mustered into service August 15, 1861. He served until after the battle of Gaine's Mill. He was wounded in this battle three times and captured. He was kept at Gaine's Mill a short period and then taken to Savage Station and from thence to Richmond, Virginia. He was exchanged in August, 1862, and discharged from the service by reason of incapacity from his wounds. He was taken to the Episcopalian Hospital at Philadelphia. He held the following official positions: Register and Recorder of Crawford County, for three years; Prothonatary a

number of years. In February, 1878, he was appointed Postmaster at Meadville by President Hayes. He was, for several years, an aid of Major General Huidekoper with rank of Major, and as such, was in active service at Scranton, Pa., in 1878. He was badly wounded in the spine by a spent cannon ball and was never well again. He was lame and always suffered great pain.

Mary Morris, married Roderick Frazier, May 4, 1826. To them were born the following children: Nancy Ann, March 30, 1827, Joseph Dickson, October 30, 1828; David Morris, January 30, 1831; William, August 1, 1833, and died September 9, 1833; Mary Ellen, September 22, 1834; Elizabeth A., December 4, 1836; Jane Osborne, July 8, 1839; James Francis, May 16, 1841, and Levi Morris, Frazier, December 28, 1847.

Nancy Anne Frazier, married Elbridge Garry Taylor, August, 13, 1868, who died October, 1905. They had no children.

Mary Ellen Frazier married Dr. George Elliott, June 13, 1867. They had no children.

Jane Osborne Frazier married Dr. Charles Dean Elliott, a brother of Dr. George Elliott, of Franklin, Pa., September 15, 1869.

Of this union there were born three children, to-wit: Morris Frazier, May 17, 1871, died August 31, 1912; Mary Alice, August 19, 1873, died February 18, 1875; Dorothea, Elliott, May 10, 1881.

Morris Frazier Elliott, married May Belle Harrah of Lancaster, Pa., October, 15, 1902. They had no children.

Nancy Ann Taylor, died December 30, 1911; Joseph Dickson Frazier died March 9, 1863; David Morris Frazier died May 16, 1835; Mary Ellen Elliott died No-

vember 19, 1909; Elizabeth A. Frazier died November 30, 1911; James Francis Frazier died November, 1892. This family are all dead except Jane Osborne Elliott, and her daughter Dorothea.

Eleanor Morris married Eseck Jones.

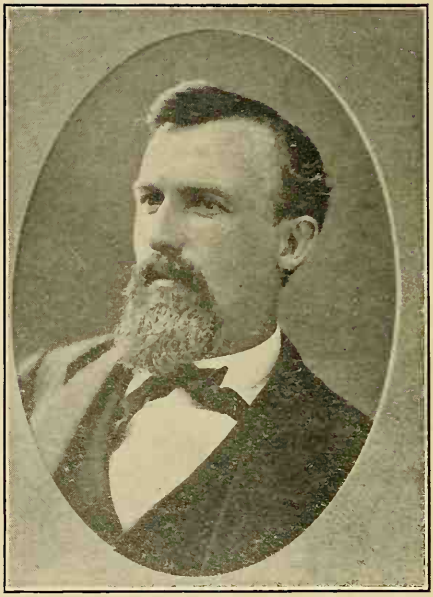
Of this union there were born Phoebe, who married John Osborn, Margaret, who married Elijah Potter; Martha, who married Jotham Adams; David, who married Mary Meyers; Warren, who married Annie Hazen, and Alice, who married Aaron Leary. These children are all living except Phoebe and Margaret.

I regret not being able to give the descendants of these people.

Some time in the winter of 1886, I visited the home of David Jones, in Cincinnati, Ohio. He was married and had a family of some two or three children. He was traveling out of Cincinnati for a large silk house.

Elizabeth Morris married Carpenter Osborn, no relation of John Moreland Osburn, in the city of Meadville.

Of this union there were born three children, Edward, Thomas Andrew, and Sarah, Osborn. Sarah died young. Edward Osborn never married. Thomas Andrew Osborn rose to distinction. He was educated in the public schools in Meadville, Pa. He was a printer by trade when a youth. He went west with his cousin, Morris Osburn, in January, 1856, and studied law at Michael Crowfoot's in Pontiac, Mich. His mother was living at the time at Orchard Lake with George Howard's family. She lived with her sister, Jane Morris Osburn, at Owosso, for a number of years. She became a widow, and subsequently married Hezekiah



Governor Thomas Andrew Osborn.

Reeder. They went to Tennessee and Reeder taught school at the male academy in Hartsville, Trousdale County.

Thomas Andrew Osborn was born in Meadville, Pa., October 26, 1836, and died in the same city February 4, 1898, after about five hours sickness of hemorrhage of the stomach.

After getting his license he went at once to Lawrence, Kansas, in November, 1857. When he arrived, two dollars was all the money he had. The next morning after the night of his arrival he went to the Herald of Freedom and got a position as compositor, and within a week he was installed as temporary editor during the absence of the regular editor.

In the spring of 1858, young Osborn went to Doniphan County. In December of the same year he was elected state senator from that county.

In 1862 he was elected President pro tem of the Senate over John J. Ingalls. In the same year he was nominated and elected Lieutenant Governor over Mr. Ingalls and others.

In April, 1864, he was appointed by the President, United States Marshal for the District of Kansas. In the fall of 1872, he was nominated and elected Governor of the State.

In 1874 he was a candidate for United States Senator and received a large vote but was defeated by Ex-Governor Harvey. In the same year he was re-nominated, and elected Governor for a second term. In 1877, Governor Osborn was again supported by a strong faction for United tSates Senate, but Plumb was elected. In the same year, he was appointed Minister to Chile,

and left for his post of duty on June 21, of that year. In 1880, he presided over the peace conference on board the United States steamship, Lackawanna, to secure peace between the governments of Chile on the one side and Peru and Bolvia on the other. Later, he was promoted to the position of Minister to Brazil.

In 1881 he received the public thanks of Chile for having settled the difficult question of the boundary between that country and the Argentine Republic. This work brought him much praise at home and among those interested in South America, and stamped him as a diplomat of a high order of ability. Upon the coming in of the Democratic Administration of President Cleveland he returned home and devoted himself to a quiet business life. He was a director in the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railway Company, and continued this position until his death. He married the daughter of Judge M. W. Delahay.

Of this union one son, Edward D. Osborn was born, who survives both his parents, and now resides at Topeka.

Governor Osborn was a man of pleasing personality. I became acquainted with him shortly after I went to Meadville to Allegheny College. I was four years his senior. In 1873, while he was Governor, he made a trip to Hartsville, Tennessee, to see his mother. She was in her last sickness and died a few days after his arrival. She was a woman of high class, quiet, pleasing in her manners, intelligent, with the same general characteristics that her son inherited, and which served him so well during his life time. She died a triumphant death. The Governor and I stood side by side by her bedside and witnessed her departure. I

remarked to the Governor, after it was all over, that he had had his triumphs of life, but that he never had had one equal to the triumph his mother just passed through. He replied, "that is true."

The body of Mrs. Elizabeth Osborn Reeder reposes in the cemetery at Hartsville.

David Morris married Catherine Dunham, who died February, 1878. David died in May, 1897.

Of their family, five are living, to-wit: Cynthia, Emma, Charles, Maria, and Pearl, Morris. Louise died in January, 1887, and Arthur in the same month in 1903. Cynthia married Chauncey B. Caldwell, and of this union there are two children. This family reside in Los Angeles, California.

Richard Morris died August 13, 1893, at the age of eighty-four years.

Jane Morris, the youngest child of David and Phoebe Lewis Morris, was born January 17, 1819, married John Morland Osburn, who was born January 23, 1812.

Of this union there were born seven children, Morris, James, Charles G., Emma, Arianna, Arthur, and Fred, Osburn.

Morris Osburn, born January 31, 1838, married May 2, 1862, Mary Gould.

Of this union there were born Harry Gould Osburn, July 4, 1864, who lives at Seewickly, Pa. and who married Matilda Laubengoye, of Owosso, and of this union there were born two children, Marie, and Charles G., Osburn, Jr. Marie Osburn married Frederick Adelbert Smart, October 19, 1912.

Roy Osburn, the second child of Morris and Mary

Gould, Osburn, married Marian Davidson, of Bay City, Michigan, and have two children, one daughter, Elain, and one son, Davidson. Roy Osburn lives at Janesville, Wisconsin.

Joe Corliss Osburn the third child of Morris and Mary Gould, Osburn, married Grace Woodard, July 9, 1900, and have one daughter, Jane Osburn, born July 9, 1904. They reside at Owosso, Mich.

Stafford Osburn, the fourth child of Morris and Mary Gould, was born August 18, 1867, and died March 3, 1869.

James Osburn, the second child of John Morland and Jane Morris, Osburn, was born May 21, 1840, and married first Jennie Hendrick, and second Ella Lazlier, who was born January 4, 1888, and have one son, James Osburn, Jr. There was no children by the first marriage.

Charles G. Osburn, the third child of John Morland, and Jane Morris, Osburn, was born August 26, 1842, died February 5, 1892, married Lena Gould, a sister of Mary Gould. There were no children of this marriage. The wife died May 5, 1888.

Charles G. Osburn entered the army, during the Civil War, August 30, 1862, as sergeant major, Fifth Michigan Cavalry; was promoted Second Lieutenant, August 18, 1863, and first lieutenant, November 2, 1863, was severely wounded at Haw's Shop, Virginia, May 28, 1864. He was again promoted to captain, August 9, 1864; was breveted colonel for gallant conduct in action and honorably discharged for disabilities, September 28, 1864.

The Fifth Michigan Cavalry, was commanded at the time these services were rendered by Colonel R. A.

Alger, Secretary of War, under President McKinley, and afterwards United States Senator from Michigan. This regiment was in General Custer's Brigade. In the report of General Custer, July 4, 1864, as it appears in the Rebellion Records, Series 1, Vol. 36, page 821, of the Battle of the Wilderness this language is used:

"Our loss in this battle was greater than in any other engagement of the campaign, * * * Osburn, and Mothersill, of the Fifth were seriously wounded."

Again, R. A. Alger, Colonel of the Fifth, in his report of the engagement, at Haw's Shop, says:

"Lieutenant C. G. Osburn, acting adjutant, was severely wounded." Same Volume, page 830.

Young Mr. Osburn had the warm personal friendship of both his Colonel and General.

After the war was over, the late Senator Alger, frequently told the brothers and friends of Charles G. Osburn, "That he had no fear, and was almost reckless when sent out on raids, and was always on the front when on duty."

I knew him well, when I was at college in Meadville, Pa. He was a handsome youth, of pleasing personality, and had a beautiful tenor voice.

He was appointed to the office of Revenue Collector at Marquette, Michigan, and both he and his wife died there.

Emma F. Osburn, the fourth child of John Morland and Jane Morris Osburn, born March 19, 1845, and died September 19, 1869.

Arianna Osburn, the fifth child of John M. and Jane Morris, Osburn, was born January 20, 1848, and died August 5, 1877.

Arthur Osburn, the sixth child, was born in June, 1852, and died December 5, of the same year.

Fred Osburn, the seventh child, of John M. and Jane Morris, Osburn, was born May 11, 1850, and died June 27, 1912. He married Carrie Hathaway, in 1875. Of this union there was born one daughter, Arianna, in 1878, who married Robert Baxter, of Chicago, and of this last union there was born one daughter, Carlyle, June 8, 1909.

Fred, at the time of his death was a member of the firm of Osburn & Sons, in Owosso, Michigan, who were dry goods merchants.

Emma Osburn, married Rodley Mann. There were no children of this union. The husband is still living in the city of Boston.

Arianna Osburn married Guerdon Dimmack. There were no children of this union. He has married again and lives in Owosso.

John L. Morris married Hope Still Jones, who was born in 1802, and died in 1887.

Of this union there were born Eliza S., who married John Latimer; Thomas F., who married Barbary Sweet; Phoebe Lewis, who married Henry Hartman; William, who married Rose Stroud; Richard, who married Elizabeth Frazer; Levi, who never married; Margaret, who married William C. Hay; Mary, who married William Johnstone; Jane, who married Calvin Cole, Nancy, who married James Johnson; Sarah Ann, who married James Jones.

Margaret Hay and William Morris are the only children living.

Richard Francis Morris was twice married. His first wife was Catherine Shumaker.

Of this union there were born, Elizabeth, who married Isaac Mason, Susan, who married Calvin Kingsley, and Catherine, Morris, who married Thomas Clark. These are all living.

Richard Francis Morris' second wife was Catherine Barrett. Married November 12, 1848.

Of this union there were born the following children:

Levi Lewis Morris, born Sept. 15, 1849. Married Gertrude Barber Sept. 27th, 1882. Levi Morris died May 21, 1890. Gertrude Morris died Sept. 13, 1903. No children.

David Francis Morris, born January 23rd, 1851. Married Jane Parker. No children.

John Charles Morris, born February 25th, 1853. Married Minnie Esther Mead, October 6, 1882. Minnie Morris born April 26, 1862. One child. Juvia Gertrude Morris, born July 6th, 1884.

Jane Morris, born February 13th, 1855. Married John Kendall. Three children—Monte, Harry and Blanche Kendall.

Emma Morris, born June, 1857, married Cornelius J. Lane in 1892. No children.

Phoebe Morris, born February, 1859. Married Clark Perkins in 1886. Two children—George and Bertha Perkins.

Jessie Morris born October 21, 1861, married Josephus Fields. Four children—James, Mina, Carl and Lyle.

Maggie Morris, born February 22nd, 1863, married George F. Wood in 1886. Three children—Lloyd, Kathleen and Wales.

George Andrew Morris, born June 29th, 1867. Died October 19th, 1884.

Maude Morris, born August 28th, 1872. Married Bert A. Rice June 3, 1901. No children.

My wife was Scotch Irish and Welch; in about equal proportions. Her father, Samuel McCall, was Scotch-Irish. Her mother, Martha Morris McCall, was of pure Welch descent. Her father and mother were born, reared and married and had two children born to them in South Wales. Both these families were well-to-do, intellgent upright people. On both sides of the house we belong to that great body of plain substantial people, whom Lincoln said were God's people, otherwise He wuld not have made so many of them.

The McCall house was my second home while I was at college.

Father McCall was a member of the Methodist Church. He was of Presbyterian ancestry, but he could not subscribe to certain doctrines of that church. The Morris family were all Presbyterians as far as I am informed.

I knew Grandfather David Morris personally. I was a number of times at his home. He had a good farm about five miles from Meadville. He was a very intelligent, strong, dignified man. Grandmother Morris was low in stature, small in size, but in will power and spirit, she had the strength of an oak. She lived to be ninety-three years, one month and ten days old. Mrs. McCall made her home at my house for the last thirteen years of her life. When she first came to live with me I was residing in Tennessee. I incidentally learned that she had a fear lest if she died so far away from her home she would not be buried at Greendale Cemetery beside her husband and near her children, a number of whom had gone before her. I assured her that I would

see personally that this was done if I survived her. When she died at Helena, Montana, in October, 1891, I placed her remains in a casket and went with them personally to Meadville and saw that she was buried as she desired to be.

When I brought my family from Tennessee to Helena, Montana, in 1888, I had on the train representatives of four generations. Mother McCall, who passed her eighty-fourth birthday on the train, my wife, my daughter, and my oldest son's wife and her child, about a year old, who is the author of "The Tale of an Aztec Temple," published in this book.

My mother-in-law, though old and somewhat feeble, when she resided with me was a source of the greatest pleasure to every member of my family. She died at the age of eighty-eight in the full possession of all her mental powers. As she grew older she grew wiser.

The serious side of my wife's character has been made prominent in this book. She was decidedly mirthful and had a vein of humor ever and anon coming to the front, which made her at all times one of the happiest of companions.

The Scotch-Irish.

The following brief history of the Scotch-Irish race is given for the purpose of informing my readers in the briefest possible way, what is meant by the "Scotch-Irish." It is usually understood to mean a mixed race created by the marriage of the Scots, who settled in the North of Ireland, with the native Irish of the country. This is not true except it may be to a very limited extent. The term "Scotch-Irish" is more a geographical one. It means the Scots whose homes are in the north of Ireland. The term "Irish" is added to distinguish them from the Scots in their native land.

I lay claim to but little originality in this part of my book. I was obliged to avail myself of the researches of others for my facts, and found it more to my purpose to use the composition of others, by way of liberal extracts from their writings and welding them together so as to properly present and illustrate my subject,—my purpose being to inform my readers accurately upon the subject under consideration.

THE LOWLANDS IN SCOTLAND.

It is well to bear in mind the marked distinction between the Scots in the Lowlands and the Highlands. The Former were largely Presbyterian. Montgomery and Hamilton settled their grants from King James in Ulster from people who lived in the Lowlands. What are deonminated the Lowlands of Scotland are the following counties, to-wit: Lanark, Renfrew, Ayr, Dum-

fries, Wigtown, Kirkcudbright, and Dunbarton. These counties constitute an area about the same as the state of Connecticut. They have produced a very large proportion of the men and families who have made the name of Scotland famous in the world's history. In this district was the birth or residence of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table. Dumbartonshire is the reputed birth place of St. Patrick. Eldersie in Renfewshire is the birth place of William Wallace, Scotland's national hero. Robert Bruce was born at Ayrshire. The paternal grandfather of William E. Gladstone was born in Lanarkshire. John Knox's father belonged to the Knox family of Renfewshire, and in Ayrshire was born Robert Burns, the famous poet. These seven counties furnished the larger part of the Scottish colonists of Ulster from whom have descended the greater number of Scotch-Irish who have been famous in American history. Another fact connected with Lowland history is that for the last six hundred years the population has consisted of a composite race made up of many different racial elements. The basis of the race was the Romanized Briton. Chiefly from these early Britons the Ulster Scot gets his Celtic blood and not from the Gaels of Modern Ireland. The Britons were Brythonic or Cymric Celts, identical with the tribesmen of Gaul as described by Caesar; they were in part Gaelic Celts who had preceeded the Cymbri in their migration to the Islands. They were in part non-Celtic and non-Aryan Aborigines whom the Gaels found there; they were in part a blended race comprising all of these basic elements with an additional Roman element furnished by the Roman legions which for four centuries dominated the Island of Great Britain. Intermarriages first

with the Picts and Scots, then the Angles and Danes brought about marked departures from the original type and again the Norsemen settling in the southwest added another racial blood to the above combination. From this Norse stock comes the Tuetonic blood of the Ulster Scots or Scotch-Irish. Long before the seventeenth century the various race groups of the western Lowlands of Scotland had become fused into one composite whole, having the characteristics of the Celt, the Norse, the Angle and the Norman. Glasgow, the greatest manufacturing city of Europe is situated in the midst of the Lowlands. The foregoing is condensed from the first volume of Hanna's work, p. p. 169, 170.

THE "PLANTATION."

The Earl of Tyrone and the Earl of Tyrconnell rebeled against the English authority and were attainted with treason. They were large landed proprietors in the Province of Ulster. Their ownership covered all the counties composing Ulster except that portion of Antrim claimed by the McDonnells. These Earls fled from Ulster, with a few followers, and their lands escheated to the Crown. This was in the reign of Elizabeth. She died in 1603. James VI of Scotland became James I of England and ascended the throne as successor to Elizabeth. Hence, King James had the disposition of these Crown lands. They are known as the "Plantation." Hugh Montgomery and James Hamilton obtained contracts from the King for their settlement. Their instructions were to bring the settlers from the interior of Scotland and not from the border.

Under these contracts the Province of Ulster was largely resettled by the Lowland Scots.

THE EARL McDONNELL.

The northeast corner of Ireland had been long held by the MacDonnell's, a clan which also peopled the Island of Jura and Cantyre, on the mainland of Scotland. It was a strip of territory about forty miles wide on the sea coast of Antrim. This covered what is known as the Route and Glens; the former being rich alluvial lands and the latter, broken country, next to the straits. It is to be noted that these MacDonnells did not come from the Lowlands.

In a scarce work entitled, "The Government of Ireland Under Sir John Parrott Knight," the author states that about 1584, "the Deputy received intelligence of the approach of a thousand Scottish Islanders called Redshanks, being of the septs or families of the Camiles (Cambells), Macconnells (Macdonnells), and Magnalanes, drawn to invade Ulster by Surleboy, one of that nation, who had usurped and by power and strong hand, possessed himself of the Macquilies' (McQuillans') and other men's lands in Ulster called the Glimes and the Route; meaning to hold that by force, which he had gotten without right, by violence, fraud, and injury."

This settlement, on the part of the MacDonnell clan of Scotch took place in the latter part of the sixteenth century. The grants of land by King James to Montgomery and Hamilton were made in the year 1604. At that time the chief of the Scoto-Irishmen in Antrim was Randal McDonnell. In 1620, the King raised him to the dignity of Earl of Antrim and the patent conferring the honor, after enumerating the faithful services which McDonnell had rendered to the Crown, specially mentioned, "The fact of his having strenuously exerted himself in settling British subjects on his estate."

This clan fought for the Restoration of the Pretender, Charles II, to the throne of England. Some of them came to America and were Tories under Burgoyne at Saratoga.

Our stock claims no affiliation or kinship with this clan. This is given a place here simply to show that these Scots who came from the Island of Jura and from coast of the mainland of Cantyre were not Lowlanders, and hence constitute no part of the Scotch-Irish, that we are treating of in this book. They would not have been noticed but for the fact they were Scots and inhabited a part of the County of Antrim in the Province of Ulster.

WHO ARE THE SCOTCH-IRISH?

Under the title "Who are the Scotch-Irish," I quote as follows from the first volume of Hanna's Work, page 159, et seq.

"The North of Ireland is divided into the counties of Antrim, Down, Armagh, Londonderry, (formerly Coleraine), Tyrone, Monaghan, Donegal, Fermanagh, and Cavan. These nine counties comprise the ancient province of Ulster, which includes a fourth part of the island, and contains 8567 square miles of territory.

At the present time, one-third of the land in Ulster is under cultivation; somewhat more than a third is in pasturage; and a little less than one-fourth is classed as waste land—mountains and bogs; in all 5,321,580 acres."

In further proof that the Scots, who settled in Ulster were largely Presbyterians, the disciples of John Knox, of the Lowlands, our author writes as follows:

"The Presbyterian Church doubtless includes more than four-fifths of the Scots of Ulster. The manner in which the membership of that church is distributed affords ample proof of this. Ulster claims fifteen-sixteenths of them, and they are found in those identical localities where we know that the Scots settled. In Antrim they constitute 38 per cent. of a total population of 428,000; in Down, 38 per cent. of a total population of 267,000; while in Londonderry they form 30 per cent., in Tyrone, 19, and in Armagh 15 per cent. of the population. But it is when we come to examine the details of the census of 1881 that the clearest traces of the Scottish emigration are to be found. Down has only 38 per cent. of Presbyterians, but that is because the south of the county was never colonized, and is still Roman Catholic. The old Scottish colony in Upper Clannaboye and the Great Ards are still nearly as Presbyterian as in 1630. James Hamilton, immediately after settling there in 1606, raised churches and placed "learned and pious ministers from Scotland" in the six parishes of his, estate—Bangor, Killinchy, Holywood, Ballyhalbert, Dundonald, and Killyleagh. These parishes have gone on flourishing, so that when the census collector did his rounds through Hamilton's old estate in 1881, he found that it contained 29,678 inhabitants; and that although it was situated in what has been called the most Catholic country in Europe, only 3444 Roman Catholics were there to be found, as against 17,205 Presbyterians. For nearly three centuries these "Westlan' Whigs" have stood true to their Scottish Church. The record of Hugh Montgomery's settlement is quite as curious. His old headquarters, Newtown-Ards, has grown into a flourishing little manufacturing town; and

Donaghdee is a big village well known as a ferry-port for Scotland. Still they remain "true blue" Presbyterian. Montgomery's estate is pretty well covered by the four parishes of Newton-Ards, Grey Abbey, Comber, and Donaghadee. These have a united population of 26,559; the Presbyterians number 16,714, and the Roman Catholics only 1370—the balance being mainly Episcopalians and Methodists. In Armagh and in Fermanagh, on the other hand, the Episcopalians are more numerous than the Presbyterians. In the former there are 32 per cent. belonging to the Church of Ireland, and only 15 to the Presbyterian Church; while in the latter there are only 2 per cent. of Presbyterians, as against 36 of Episcopalians. The balance of nationalities and of religions remains to all appearance what the colonization of the seventeenth century made it, and that notwithstanding the great emigration from Ulster during the eighteenth century. The only strange change is, that Belfast, which was as its foundation an English town, should so soon have become in the main Scottish, and should remain such unto this day.

There is another point that may be mentioned in this connection—one, indeed, on which the foregoing conditions may be said quite largely to depend. That is, the fact that intermarriages between the natives and the Scotch settlers of the seventeenth century, and their descendants in Ulster, have been so rare and uncommon as to be practically anomalous, and in consequence can hardly be said to enter into the general question of race origin; or at most, only in an incidental way.

It is true, this cannot be said of the English colonists of Elizabeth's time, nor of Cromwell's soldiers, who settled in the southern provinces of Ireland after

1650. Concerning these two latter classes of settlers, as the most recent authoritative writer on Ireland has said: "No feature of Irish history is more conspicuous than the rapidity with which intermarriages had altered the character of successive generations of English colonists. * * * The conquest of Ireland by the Puritan soldiers of Cromwell was hardly more signal than the conquest of these soldiers by the invincible Catholicism of the Irish women." But in the case of the Scotch colonists planted by James in Ulster, and of those who followed them, we find none of the results attributed by Lecky to the intermarriages of the English soldiers with the Irish. And while it is true that the influence of religion in keeping up the lines of race distinction has been at times overestimated, yet in the case of the Ulster Scots, it cannot be maintained that propinquity and the associations of daily life made it "absolutely certain that attachmetns would be formed, that connections would spring up, that passion, caprice, and daily association would * * * prove too strong for religious or social repugnance" to an extent sufficient to change or perceptibly influence the character of their descendants. These Scottish people in Ireland today exhibit all the distinctive racial characteristics of their Scottish forefathers; and have none of the peculiar qualities attributed by the two leading writers on the subject to the offspring of mixed marriages between Irish Protestants and Roman Catholics. Thus we are led to conclude that inasmuch as the Ulster Scots have not been overcome by the invincible Roman Catholicism of the Irish women, and since they remain Presbyterians, as their early Scotch ancestors were before them, they are likewise of unmixed Scottish blood."

THE MAKING OF THE SCOTCH-IRISH.

Under this heading I give extracts from an address delivered by Dr. J. S. MacIntosh, at the second Congress of the Scotch-Irish Association of America held at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania in 1890. Dr. MacIntosh said:

"The plantation of the Scot in Ulster kept for the world the essential and the best features of the Lowlander. But the vast change gave birth to and trained a somewhat new and distinct man, soon to be needed for a great task which only the Ulsterman could do; and that work—which none save God, the guide, forsaw—was with Puritan to work the revolution that gave humanity this Republic.

Now into the right or the wrong of England's way of settling warwasted Ulster by planting groups of colonists, I will not enter; here I take simple historic fact—thus "'twas done." And well was it for the world, and first for Ireland, that it was done.

One of the greatest facts in history is the plantation of Ulster; the sixteenth of April, 1605, should be for us all memorable, by all historic, ancestral and constitutional rights, for that sixteenth day of April was, as all the state papers show, 'The Day of the Great Charter.'

Than the untransplanted Scot—

1. The Ulsterman has larger versatility. He is more plastic. He adapts himself more quickly to strange places and folks. There is in him more "come and go." The Scot is dour; he is sturdy. He has gained through his exportation and his enforced fight for existence in an alien mass strangely large powers of self-adaption. He is more thoroughly and speedily responsive to outside influences; the environment tells more rapidly and

completely on him. In a few years the Ulsterman will become Londoner, New Yorker, or Philadelphian; but the Lowlander is Scot often for life.

2. The Ulster man is less insular; he is less the man of a land—he is the man of a nation; he is less traditional, less provincial; he is not an islander, but an imperialist—not Scotch nor Irish, but rather British; he is cosmopolitan rather than countrified.

3. He is more human, less clannish; more genial, less reserved; more accessible, less suspicious of strangers; more neighborly, less recluse. He has more "manners" than his Scotch cousin, though he makes unpretensions to the polish and suavity and facination of his Celtic neighbor, whom the dogged Northern thinks "too sweet to be wholesome." He has more fun than the Lowlander, but he dislikes the frolics of the Celt. While the Scot is stern, he is sedate; while the Irishman is poetical he is practical. The Scot is plain; the Celt is pleasing; the Ulsterman is piquant.

4. He is more fertile in resource; his colonist life taught him to be ready for anything; he is handy at many things; he is the typical borderer, pioneer, and scout. He will pass easily from one work or trade or business to another; today farmer, tomorrow shopkeeper, and third day something else. But with all this readiness to change, he is ever firm, "locked and bolted to results," with a singularly large gift and power for organization and association.

5. He is more the man of common sense than of metaphysical subtlety practical rather than severely logical; he studies use rather than reasons, faces common things more than philosophies, deals with business more than books.

6. He is Democratic rather than monarchical, loyal to principle rather than to persons, attached to institutions rather than families or houses; he sees through the Stuarts quickly, and follows the new house

of Orange because it will serve him in his political struggle.

7. His pugnacity is defensive rather than offensive; his heraldic device is rather "the closed gates" of the threatened town than the old Scot's "spurs and bared blade."

So he stood on the American continent a distinct man and exasperated immigrant; in him wrought the forces of outraged right, of revenge, of hope, of self-assertion, and of sympathy. When our war broke out, he leaped to the front; and as he takes his place for life and death, the joint outcome of forces working in him are seen in the marked and characteristic features of the Scotch-Irishman—he is the daring pioneer; he will be owner of his home, fearing no landlord's frown; he is the enemy of all church establisments; he is the hater of English tyranny; he is American of the Americans."

These facts show that there is a race cleavege between the Ulster Scotch-Irish and the Scot in his own land and the Celtic Irish. The Scotch-Irish must be classed as a separate and distinct race.

KNOX BEHIND THE SCOTCH-IRISH IN THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

The following is from an address delivered by Dr. McIntosh and found in the proceedings of the Scotch-Irish Society of America, Vol. I, pp. 199-201.

"Knox, under God, made the Scotch and the Scotch-Irish. * * *

"Observe well, the influence of this prophetic patriot was felt most at St. Andrews, through the long Strathclyde, in the districts of Ayr, Dunfries, and Galloway, the Lothians and Renfrew. There exactly clustered the

homes which thrilled to the herald voice of Patrick Hamilton; there were the homes which drank in the strong wine of Knox; there were the homes of tenacious memories and earnest fireside talk; there were the homes which sent forth once and again the calm, shrewd, iron-nerved patriots who spurned as devil's lie the doctrine of 'passive resistance'; and there—mark it well—were the homes that sent their best and bravest to fill and change Ulster; thence came in turn the Scotch-Irish of the Eaglewing; thence came the settlers of Pennsylvania, Virginia, the Carolinas, Tennessee, and Kentucky; and the sons of these men blush not as they stand beside the children of the Mayflower or the children of the Bartholomew martyrs. I know whereof I affirm. My peculiar education and somewhat singular work planted me, American-born, in the very heart of these old ancestral scenes; and from parishioners who held with deathless grip the very words of Peden, Welsh, and Cameron, from hoary-headed witnesses in the Route of Antrim and on the hills of Down, have I often heard of the lads who went out to bleed at Valley Forge,—to die as victors on King's Mountain,— and stand in the silent triumph of Yorktown. We have more to thank Knox for than is commonly told to-day.

"Here we reach our Welshes and Witherspoons, our Tennents and Taylors, our Calhouns and Clarks, our Cunninghams and Caldwells, our Pollocks, Polks, and Pattersons, our Scotts and Grays and Kennedys, our Reynoldses and Robinsons, our McCooks, McHenrys, McPhersons, and McDowells.

"But the man behind is Knox. Would you see his monument? Look around. Yes: To this, our own land, more than any other, I am convinced must we look around. Yes: To this, our own land, more than any other, I am convinced must we look for the fullest outcome and the yet all unspent force of this more than royal leader, this masterful and moulding soul. * * * Carlyle has said: 'Scotch literature and thought, Scotch

industry; James Watt, David Hume, Walter Scott, Robert Burns. I find Knox and the Reformation at the heart's core of every one of those persons and phenomena; I find that without Knox and the Reformation they would not have been. Or what of Scotland?' Yea, verily; no Knox, no Watt, no Burns, no Scotland, as we know and love and thank God for: And must we not say no men of the Covenant; no men of Antrim and Down, of Derry and Enniskillen; no men of the Cumberland valleys; no men of the Virginian hills; no men of the Ohio stretch, of the Georgian glades and the Tennessee Ridge; no rally at Scone; no thunders in St. Giles; no testimony from Philadelphian Synod; no Mecklenburg declaration; no memorial from Hanover Presbytery; no Tennent stirring the Carolinas; no Craighead sowing the seeds of the coming revolution; no Witherspoon pleading for the signing of our great charter; and no such declaration and no such constitution as are ours,—the great Tilghman himself being witness in these clear words, never by us to be let die: 'The framers of the Constitution of the United States were greatly indebted to the standards of the Presbyterian Church of Scotland in modelling that admirable document.' "

JOHN KNOX.

Knox was born in the year 1505 and died in the year 1574. He was nearly the same age as John Calvin. Calvin died in 1564.

Knox was raised a Roman Catholic, but as he approached middle life, he embraced the doctrine of the Reformation and became its boldest and ablest champion.

Mary, Queen of Scots, was the daughter of the Queen Mary of England, who was the older sister of Queen Elizabeth. The former was a beautiful woman.

She was educated in France and married the French King, Francis III. She returned to Scotland, a widow, and claimed the throne of Scotland as the lawful successor of Edward VI. She was a Roman Catholic and her accession to the Scotch throne very much alarmed Knox and his followers of the Reformation. She was full of the idea, common to all, the crowned heads in Europe at that time, that the Prince, that is, the monarch, could do no wrong as such; that implicit, unquestioning obedience to all the commands of the Prince, was the abounding duty of all subjects; that it was the duty of the subject to subordinate all his convictions of duty, the teachings of the Bible, and in a word his conscience, to the will of the Prince, no matter how capricious or wicked he might be.

She was full of another idea, that the religious conscience of the subject should always be in the keeping of the Church of Rome. In other words she was bitterly opposed to religious freedom.

Knox sought and obtained the privilege of an interview with her. This took place in the presence of Lord James, who was the Queen's brother. I give below the argument which occurred between them as reported and published by Knox himself.

"'Think ye,' said she, 'that subjects having power may resist their princes?' 'If their princes exceed their bounds,' said he, 'Madam, and do aginst that wherefore they should be obeyed, it is no doubt but they may be resisted, even by power; for there is neither greater honour, nor greater obedience to be given to Kings and princes, than God has commanded to be given to father and mother; but so it is, that the father may be stricken with a frenzy, in the which he would slay his own children. Now, Madam, if the children arise, join themselves

together, apprehend the father, take the sword and other weapons from him, and finally bind his hands, and keep him in prison, till that his frenzy be overpast; think ye, Madam, that the children do any wrong? Or think ye, Madam, that God will be offended with them that have stayed their father to commit wickedness? It is even so,' said he, 'Madam, with princes that would murder the children of God that are subject unto them. Their blind zeal is nothing but a very mad frenzy; and, therfore, to take the sword from them, to bind their hands, and to cast them into prison, till that they be brought to a more sober mind, is no disobedience against princes, but just obedience, because that it agreeth with the will of God.'

"At these words, the Queen stood as it were amazed, more than a quarter of an hour; her countenance altered, so that Lord James began to entreat her, and to demand, 'What has offended you, Madam?' At length, she said, 'Well, then, I perceive, that my subjects shall obey you, and not me; and shall do what they list, and not what I command: and so must I be subject to them, and not they to me.' 'God forbid,' answered he, 'that ever I take upon me to command any to obey me, or yet to set subjects at liberty to do what pleases them. But my travail is, that both princes and subjects obey God. And think not,' said he, 'Madam, that wrong is done unto you, when you are willed to be subject unto God; for, it is He that subjects the people under princes, and causes obedience to be given unto them; yea, God craves of kings, "That they be, as it were, foster-fathers to His Kirk, and commands queens to be nurses unto His people." And this subjection, Madam, unto God, and unto His troubled Kirk, is the greatest dignity that flesh can get upon the face of the earth, for it shall carry them to everlasting glory.'

"'Yea,' said she, 'but ye are not the Kirk that I will nurse. I will defend the Kirk of Rome, for it is, I think, the true Kirk of God.'

In reply to what the Queen said in regard to the Kirk of Rome being the true Kirk of God, Knox used much bitterness in his denunciation of the Church of Rome, and in further addressing her he said, "Yea, Madam, I offer myself further to prove, that the Kirk of the Jews, that crucified Jesus Christ, when that they manifestly denied the Son of God, was not so far degenerated from the ordinances and statutes which God gave by Moses and Aaron unto His people, as that the Kirk of Rome is declined, and more than five hundred years hath declined, from the purity of that religion, which the Apostles taught and planted.'

"'My conscience,' said she, 'is not so.' 'Conscience, Madam,' said he, 'requires knowledge; and I fear that right knowledge you have none.' 'But,' said she, 'I have both heard and read.' 'So, Madam,' said he, 'did the Jews who crucified Christ Jesus, read both the law and the prophets, and heard the same interpreted after their manner. Have ye heard,' said he, 'any teach, but such as the Pope and the Cardinals have allowed? And ye may be assured, that such will speak nothing to offend their own estate.' 'Ye interpret the Scriptures,' said she, 'in one manner and they in another; whom shall I believe, and who shall be judge?' 'You shall believe God,' said he, 'that plainly speaketh in His Word: and farther than the Word teacheth you, you neither shall believe the one nor the other. The word of God is plain in the self; and if there appear any obscurity in any place, the Holy Ghost, who is never contrarious to Himself, explains the same more clearly in other places: so that there can remain no doubt, but unto such as will remain obstinately ignorant. And now, Madam,' said he, 'to take one of the chief points, which this day in controversy betwixt the Paptists and us: for example, the Papists allege, and boldly have affirmed, that the mass is the ordinance of God, and the institution of Jesus Christ, and a sacrifice for the quick and the dead. We deny both the one and the other, and affirm, that

the mass, as it is now used, is nothing but the invention of man; and, therefore, it is an abomination before God, and no sacrifice that ever He commanded. Now, Madam, who shall judge betwixt us two thus contending? It is not reason that any of the parties be farther believed, than they are able to prove by unsuspected witnessing: let them lay down the book of God, and by the plain words thereof prove their affirmatives, and we shall give unto them the plea granted. But so long as they are bold to affirm, and yet do prove nothing, we must say, that albeit all the world believe them, yet believe they not God, but do receive the lies of men for the truths of God. What our master Christ Jesus did, we know by His own evangelists: what the priest doth at his mass, the world seeth. Now, doth not the word of God plainly assure us, that Christ Jesus neither said, nor yet commanded mass to be said at His last supper, seeing that no such thing as their mass is made mention of within the whole Scripture.' 'You are over-sore for me,' said the Queen, 'but if they were here whom I have heard, they would answer you.' 'Madam,' said the other, 'would to God that the most learned Papist in Europe, and he that you would best believe, were present with your Grace to sustain the argument; and that we would abide patiently to hear the matter reasoned to the end; for then, I doubt not, Madam, but that ye should hear the vanity of the Paptistical religion, and how little ground it hath within the Word of God.' 'Well,' said she, 'ye may perchance get that sooner than ye believe.' 'Assuredly,' said the other, 'if ever I get that in my life, I get it sooner than I believe; for the ignorant Papist cannot patiently reason, and the learned and crafty Papist will never come into your audience, Madam, to have the ground of their religion searched out; for they know that they are never able to sustain an argument, except fire and sword, and their own laws be judges.' 'So say you,' said the Queen; 'but I believe that it hath been so to this day.' Said he. 'For how often have the Papists in this and other realms been

required to come to conference, and yet could it never be obtained, unless themselves were admitted for judges. And, therefore, Madam, I must yet say again, that they dare never dispute, but where themselves are both judge and party. And wheresoever ye shall let me see the contrary, I shall grant myself to have been deceived on that point."

It must be remembered that these bold words were spoken to the widowed wife of the King of France; that she had been used to seeing heretics burned at the stake in France, that George Wishart, a fellow laborer of Knox, had previous to this time been burned at the stake.

SCOTLAND VS. THE DIVINE RIGHT OF KINGS.

Mr. John A. Kasson, in an address before the Scotch-Irish Association of America, has strongly put this doctrine that the King can do no wrong in language so appropriate that I quote from him as follows:

"It ought to be known more widely than it now is, that the fundamental doctrine of our American Declaration of Independence—that kings are responsible not to God alone, but also to their subjects, and may for cause be overthrown by their subjects—came from Scotland, and from a Scotchman. Although Jefferson's pen wrote it in 1776, he probably derived it from the Social Compact of Rousseau, published about 1760. Rousseau may have borrowed it from Locke, who printed it about 1690. Locke may have taken it from the brave Netherlanders, who founded their glorious Dutch republic upon the like declaration in 1581. But in 1579, two years before the Dutch Declaration of Independence, George Buchanan published at Edinburgh, and in Latin, then the common language of European scholars, his work entitled De Jure Regni. * * * He distinctly declared and defended the principle of the responsibility

of monarchs to their subjects. This he did during the reign of the arbitrary Elizabeth of England. Buchanan boldly declared that it was the duty of a king to deal justly with his subjects. If he were guilty of oppression, his rights were forfeited, and his subjects freed from their allegiance. If he were a tyrant, they might even put him to death. Such was his doctrine."

Twenty years before George Buchanan wrote, John Knox announced the same doctrine in his celebrated interview with Mary, Queen of Scots. He anticipated both Thomas Jefferson and the Mecklenberg Convention more than two centuries.

THE ZENGER CASE.

The Zenger case is justly celebrated. Peter Zenger was the proprietor and editor of the New York Journal, a newspaper publshed in the city of New York, when that state was a British Province. Zenger had published a letter written by a man signing himself "Cato," criticizing and reflecting upon the Royal Governor of the Province. This letter gave great offense to the governor. He procured an information against Zenger. James Alexander and William Smith, lawyers in New York, who were Presbyterians and members of an order known as "Sons of Liberty," were retained for the defense. They were also Scotch-Irish. These gentlemen were obnoxious to the Court, and, it seems had little or no influence. The law as held by the Court was that the truth of the alleged libelous matter could not be shown as a defense. Alexander and Smith procured Andrew Hamilton, who was at that time the attorney general of Pennsylvania, residing at Philadelphia, to come to New York to take charge of the defense. Hamilton was a man of age, of great renown for his ability

and high character, and, withal, he was a Scotchman.

It seems that it was the intention of the prosecution to dispose of the case in a summary way. The prosecution claimed that all the jury had to do was to determine whether the publication was actually made as charged in the information. This being established the guilt of the prisoner followed as a matter of law. Upon the appearance in court of the distinguished Attorney General from Pennsylvania on behalf of the accused an interesting colloquy took place between him and the presiding Chef Justice, to-wit:

"Mr. Chief Justice. You cannot be admitted Mr. Hamilton, to give the truth of a libel in evidence. A libel is not to be justified, for it is nevertheless a libel that it is true.

Mr. Hamilton. I am sorry the Court has so soon resolved upon that piece of law; I expected first to have been heard to that point. I have not in all my reading met with an authority that says we cannot be admitted to give the truth in evidence, upon an Information for a libel.

Mr. Chief Justice. The law is clear that you cannot justify a libel.

* * * * * * * * * *

Mr. Hamilton. I will say no more at this time; the Court, I see is against us in this point; and that I hope I may be allowed to say.

Mr. Chief Justice. Use the Court with good manners, and you shall be allowed all the liberty you can reasonably desire.

Mr. Hamilton. I thank your Honor. Then, Gentlemen of the Jury, it is to you we must now appeal, for witnesses, to the truth of the facts we have offered, and are denied the liberty to prove; and let it not seem

strange, that I apply myself to you in this manner, I am warranted so to do both by law and reason. * * *

Mr. Chief Justice. No, Mr. Hamilton, the jury may find that Zenger printed and published those papers, and leave it to the Court to judge whether they are libellous; you know this is very common; it is in the nature of a special verdict, where the jury leave the matter of law to the Court.

Mr. Hamilton. I know, may it please your Honor, the jury may do so; but I do likewise know, they may do otherwise: I know they have the right beyond all dispute, to determine both the law and the fact, and where they do not doubt of the law they ought to do so: This of leaving it to the judgment of the Court, whether the words are libellous or not, in effect renders juries useless (to say no worse) in many cases; but this I shall have occasion to speak to by and by; and I will with the Court's leave proceed to examine the inconveniences that must inevitably arise from the doctrines Mr. Attorney has laid down."

Hamilton presented his case to the jury in an argument of great force and eloquence; the prosecution replied, the Court gave the Charge against the prisoner. The jury deliberated for a few minutes only and brought in a verdict of "Not Guilty." The following graphic description of the manner in which this verdict was received by the citizens of New York who were present at the trial, is related by an early historian of that state as quoted in 1st Hanna, page 72, as follows:

"Shouts shook the hall. The judges threatened the leader of the tumult with imprisonment, when a son of Admiral Norris declared himself the leader and invited a repetition of the huzzas. The judges had no time for a reply, for the shouts were instantly repeated, and Mr. Hamilton was conducted from the hall by the crowd to a splendid entertainment. The whole city renewed

the compliment at his departure the next day. He entered the barge under a salute of cannon and the corporation presented him with the freedom of the city in a gold box, on which its arms were engraved, encircled with the words, "Demersae Leges, Timefacta Libertas, Haec Tandem Emergunt."

The trial occurred on the 4th of August, 1735. It will be noticed that while the court out of deference to the learned Attorney General from Pennsylvania permitted the counsel for the prisoner to submit the questions of law and of fact as to whether the publication was libelous or not to the jury. No doubt the learned Chief Justice relied upon the jury to follow his instruction. This they refused to do and in the very face of his instructions found the prisoner "Not Guilty." The right of the jury to determine the law as well as the facts in libel cases in American courts had its origin in this "Zenger" case. This principle has been incorporated in many if not all of the Constitutions of the states which compose our Republic.

SCOTCH-IRISH EMIGRATION TO AMERICA.

The greater portion of the emigration from Ulster to Aemrica occurred in the first half of the eighteenth century. These people had suffered the persecutions we have set forth; they were impoverished in their estates by oppressive legislation, enacted by the English Parliament. They petitioned Parliament and the King for relief from their grievances, time and again, without avail. No alternative was left but to abandon their country. News of the rich plantations in Aemrica came over the tempestuous Atlantic and were discussed by them at their firesides and public meetings. They sent

an agent, to Boston to consult the Governor in regard to securing land upon which to plant a colony. The Governor gave the agent full encouragement. Accordingly, five ships loaded with Scotch-Irish Presbyterians from Ulster arrived in Boston Harbor in 1718. The pilgrims had preceeded them. They objected to their Scotch-Irish Presbyterian brethren landing upon their shores unless they would become members of their Congregational Churches, and, pay taxes in common with them for their support. They had themselves left their native country to escape the same exactions from the Established Church which they sought to impose upon these Scotch-Irsh Presbyterians. There is a good story told of these Puritans which aptly illustrates the trait under consideration. At a general convention it is said before they proceeded to take lands from the Indians they passed the following resolutions, to-wit: "Resolved, first, that the earth is the Lord's; Resolved, second, that He intends it for His people; Resolved, third, that we are His people."

It was this same spirit that banished Roger Williams.

The matter was finally settled by granting to these emigrants twelve square miles of land where the city of Worcester is now situated. These lands were located in the wilderness, a considerable distance beyond the Puritan's settlements. The Scotch-Irish Presbyterians became a kind of buffer between the Puritan settlements and the hostile Indians. We remark here that when the great struggle came for Independence, the descendants of these Puritans proved themselves to be patriots to the core. From this parent colony, there were planted other colonies in New England and notably at Londonderry in New Hampshire. From this planting

came such men as General John Stark, Salmon P. Chase, Horace Greely, George B. McClellan and Daniel Webster. The troubles of this body of emigrants becoming known in Ulster prevented any further emigration to New England. Thereafter, the Scotch-Irish emigrants entered America chiefly through the Delaware Bay,—landing at Newcastle and Philadelphia. A great many also came by way of Charleston, South Carolina. This migration of the Ulstermen from their native country to the great plantations in America became so great that it threatened to de-populate the whole province of Ulster. They came to America by tens of thousands, they brought with them their ministers and their free Bibles. They increased in population with amazing rapidity. As stated by the Honorable John A. Kasson before the Scotch-Irish Association of America in an address, they were especialy fond of reading the books of Moses and particularly that portion which contained the command of the Lord to Adam and Eve, when they were driven from the Garden of Eden, and directed to "multiply and replenish the Earth;" at least, they proceeded to do this with "cheerful alacrity." From the settlements of these Scotch-Irish emigrants in Western Pennsylvania there was a large migration south into Maryland, Virginia, and North and South Carolina, and Georgia. They were essentially pioneers. They located in the Western portions of these colonies. The emigrants who came from the old world by way of Charleston, South Carolina, in their movement to the interior met the tide of emigration coming out of Pennsylvania. It is estimated that at the period of the Revolution, at least 40 per cent of the population, south of New England, was Scotch-Irish. Not all, but by far the greater

part, of them were Presbyterians, and these Lowland Scotch-Irish who came from Ulster almost to a man adhered to the American cause during the Revolutionary struggle. We must not confound with these Scotch-Irish patriots the Highland Scotch who came from Scotland, and settled in Eastern North Carolina in the Cape Fear River region. They were, almost to a man, Tories, and among the meanest of that wretched tribe.

SUMMARY OF CAUSES WHICH LED TO THE EMIGRATION FROM ULSTER TO AMERICA IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

"1. Religious persecution by the Episcopal authorities, of a nature most galling and outrageous; one incident being the loss of the rights of citizenship.

2. A system of unjust and unwise landlordism, which served to discourage thrift and enterprise.

3. Prohibitory discrimination against the trade and manufactures of Ulster in favor of those of England.

4. The enforced payment of tithes to the Episcopal clergy, to sustain a theocracy which the Presbyterians believed to be contrary to the laws of God, and knew to be destructive of their own rights and liberties."

THE BLESSINGS FLOWING FROM PERSECUTIONS.

"Needed reforms are rarely voluntarily given by the ruling classes. They are usually wrung from them by repeated protests and prayers and maybe as a final resort by the sword of the Revolutionist." This doctrine is strongly set forth in the following quotation:

"The oppressed and persecuted, therefore, are those to whom mankind owes its greatest social blessings.

They ever stand as living witnesses against injustice and tyranny. They are the first to demand reforms. In the days of Rome, they raised the standard of the Cross, around which in due time the men of all nations gathered. Under this standard was erected later the most effective system ever devised by the genius of man for curbing the despots of paganism—a system so well organized, indeed, that when the evils which it was created to destroy had been well nigh stamped out it gave those evils a new lease on life by introducing their spirit into its own religious polity, resulting in the massacres of the Reformation period.

So, in the days of John Knox, the blood of the early Scottish martyrs, was the seed not only of the British Protestant Church, but of the greater tree of human liberty, which grew up and flourished under his fostering care; yielding its fruits in abundant measure when the time came for Scotland to take the lead against tyranny and to preserve for herself, for England, and for all mankind the threatened heritage of granted liberties.

To a vastly greater extent does America owe her love of liberty to those who had suffered from persecution. At an early day becoming the harbor and home of the oppressed of all nations, its shores ever received the exiles, the refugees, and the proscribed of the monarchies of Europe. Here came the Pilgrim, the Puritan, the Baptist, the Quaker, the Mennonite, the Moravian, the Catholic, the Hugenot, and the Presbyterian. Here these people felled the forests, subdued the wilderness, planted the soil, established towns, raised schoolhouses, built churches, and in every way prepared themselves to guard the precious treasure of civil and religious liberty which they had crossed unknown seas to obtain." Address of Dr. J. S. McIntosh, before the Scitch-Irish Association of America.

SCOTCH-IRISH AS CONSTRUCTIVE STATESMEN.

The Scotch-Irish in their migration from Pennsylvania to the South, were not content to remain on the Eastern slopes of the mountains; but crossed them and formed settlements in western Pennsylvania, western Virginia, Tennessee and Kentucky. It is said that more than one-half of the population of the city of Pittsburgh are of Scotch-Irish descent. It was in the mountains of Virginia and Pennsylvania that George Rogers Clark gathered his Scotch-Irish soldiers with whom he made that remarkable descent of the Ohio river, captured the British forces, in Illinois, and saved for the American Republic five of the great central States, to-wit: Illinois, Wisconsin, Michigan, Minnesota, and Indiana. George Rogers Clark was commissioned to make this expedition by Patrick Henry who was then Governor of Virginia. These States then composed a part of the great northwest territory which belonged to Virginia at the close of the Revolutionary War, and were by her generously donated to the government for the people of the United States. Benj. Franklin, as the chief negotiator of peace with the British Government insisted upon including within the territorial limits of the United States this great region and to establish the line upon the Mississippi. He predecated this demand and maintained it, upon the ground that it had been conquered and wrested from the possession of the British government by this intrepid Scotch-Irishman. In due course of time the Scotch-Irish swarmed into Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Wisconsin, from their settlements in Pennsylvania, Virginia, the Carolinas, and Georgia. It was the Scotch-

Irish who constituted the greater number of settlers of the southern half of Illinois, that framed the Constitution of Illinois of 1818 under which that State was admitted to the Union. It was the Scotch-Irish that framed the Constitution of the State of Tennessee under which that State was admitted to the Union in the year 1795. So prevalent are the Scotch-Irish in middle Tennessee, that Columbia was selected as the first meeting place of the Scotch-Irish Association of America in the year 1889.

In the Continental Congress of 1776, there were fifty-six members. These were the signers of the Declaration of Independence. Of these, eleven were of Scotch-Irish descent, that is, Scitch-Irish blood was dominant in them. Their names are as follows: William Hooper (N. C.), Philip Livingston (N. Y.), Thomas McKean (Pa.), Thomas Nelson, Jr., (Va.), George Ross (Del.), Edward Rutledge (S. C.), James Smith (Pa.), George Taylor, (Pa.), Matthew Thornton (N. H.), James Wilson (Pa.), John Witherspoon (N. J.). Five were Welch and among these is classed Thomas Jefferson who had a strain of Scotch-Irish in him. About one-third of these signers were non-English, the other thirty-four were of English descent as near as can be ascertained. The Declaration of Independence contains a clear, bold, statement of the rights of man. Its influence all over the civilized world was instantaneous. By the single act of affixing his signature to this instrument, each signer achieved an undying fame.

A similar examination of the membership of the Constitutional Convention, which completed its labor at Philadelphia, September 17, 1787, shows a large and influential number of Scotch-Irish men as representa-

tives in that body. There were twelve of Scotch-Irish descent. Their names are as follows: John Blair (Va.), Alexander Hamilton (N. Y.), W. Churchill Houston (N. J.), William Livingston (N. J.), James McClurg (Va.), James McHenry (Md.), John Mercer (Md.), William Patterson (N. J.), John Rutledge (S. C.), Richard Dobbs Spaight (N. C.), James Wilson (Pa.), Hugh Williamson (N. C.). James Wilson of Pennsylvania was by far the best equipped man in the Convention for the work in hand. This is the opinion expressed of him by Bancroft, the Historian. Hamilton was perhaps a greater man intellectually, but it was said of him that everybody praised him but nobody followed him. Willson's views came nearer being embodied in the Constitution as finally adopted, than the views of any other member. Some of his propositions were not adopted; but it would have been wiser if they had been,—among them he propoesd to have the Senators elected by a popular vote, but this was voted down and now, after the lapse of nearly a century and a quarter, that measure has been adopted. He was a Democrat in the broadest sense of that term and believed in a government by the people and for the people. Nearly equal to him in ability was John Rutledge whose brother Edward Rutledge was one of the signers of the Declaartion of Independence. Bancroft says of John Rutledge that he was the ablest man south of the Potomac river.

We quote from another as follows:

"When the independent State governments were formed after the adoption of the Declaration of Independence, and their governors chosen, then, in the words of the ablest and most recent historian of the Puritans, 'the Scotch-Irish gave to New York her first Governor, George Clinton. * * * To Delaware they gave her

first Governor, John MacKinley. To Pennsylvania they gave her war Governor, Thomas McKean, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. To New Jersey Scotland gave her war Governor, William Livingston, and to Virginia, Patrick Henry, not only her great war Governor but the civil leader who, supported by his Scotch-Irish brethren from the western counties, first carried and then held Virginia for the cause of Independence. To South Carolina the Scotch-Irish gave her signer of the Declaration, Edward Rutledge, and another great war governor in the person of John Rutledge. * * * What those men did for the cause of American Independence is known to every student, but their un-English origin is not so generally recognized. In the colonial wars their section furnished most of the soldiers of Virginia.'"

Of the four members of Washington's cabinet, Knox of Massachusetts, was a Scotch-Irishman; Alexander Hamilton of New York was a Scotch-Frenchman; Thomas Jefferson was of Welch descent with a strain of Scotch-Irish blood; Edmond Randolph reckoned among his ancestors the Scotch Earl Murray.

The first Chief Justice of the United States, John Jay, was a descendant of the French Huguenots.

The second Chief Justice, John Rutledge was a Scotch-Irishman as were also Wilson and Iredell, two of the first associate justices. Blair was of Scotch origin and John Marshall, the famous chief justice was of Scotch and Welch descent.

Of the Presidents of the United States, Benjamin Harrison and Theodore Roosevelt had Scotch-Irish mothers. Presidents Monroe and Hayes were of Scottish descent. Jackson, Polk, Buchanan, Johnson, Grant, Arthur and McKinley, were largely Ulster Scotch or Scotch-Irish.

SCOTCH-IRISH AS INVENTORS.

The Scotch-Irish race has furnished to the world some of the most useful inventions known to mankind. We have space for only a few examples.

It was in the year 1806, that Robert Fulton, a Scotch-Irishman, invented navigation by steam. He named his first steamboat, the "Claremont." The great experiment was made in August, 1807. It had been advertised that his new boat would start on its trip on a certain afternoon from New York to Albany. A large jeering crowd assembled to witness what they confidently believed would be the grand failure. They nicknamed his steamboat "Fulton's Folly," but, at a given signal, the vessel moved out into the river and started on her trip of a hundred and fifty miles to Albany. It was a perfect success. From this small beginning we have the great Liners traversing all the oceans, and the mammoth Dreadnaught battleships, sailing every sea.

CHARLES W. MORSE.

It was Professor Morse of Columbia College, that invented telegraphy. He made this discovery in the year 1832, but he did not perfect it for a number of years. I received from Judge Robert L. Carruthers, at one time, Judge of the Supreme Court of Tennessee, and later for many years, a Professor of Law in the Cumberland University at Lebanon, and in 1843 and '44 a member of Congress, a piece of information concerning Morse and his invention, which has never been published. I vouch for the truth of what I here relate. I received it from Judge Carruthers, myself. The Judge was a Whig. Tyler, who was then President, was

elected Viec-President on the Whig ticket with Harrison. The Whig Party had certain policies which it was anxious to have enacted into laws. Harrison died and Tyler became President. He had been a Democrat, and ran the Government upon Democratic Principles, ignoring the platform upon which he was elected. The Whigs were very angry with him, and Carruthers with the rest.

Professor Morse went before Congress, asking for an appropriation of thirty thousand dollars to build a commercial telegraph line between Washington City and Baltimore. His bill was referred to a special committee, of which Carruthers was Chairman. The Professor had installed a telegraph line between the committee room and the cupola. Carruthers proposed that he would write a message, the Professor was to take it and send it to the cupola, no one was to leave the room and if it was brought back as he had written it, they would believe in his invention, and recommend his bill for passage. He wrote this message: "Tyler is dead." In a few minutes the messenger came from the cupola with the precise message which the Judge had written. It is needless to say that his bill was passed, his telegraph line built, and all the results from the use of telegraphy in the world followed.

CYRUS H. McCORMACK.

Mr. McCormack is the Scotch-Irishman who invented the harvester. Without this great invention, the teeming millions of this Republic and of the civilized world could not be fed, for the reason that wheat enough, and other grains could not be harvested to make their bread.

I will add further, that Thomas A. Edison, the Wizard of Menlo Park, is of Scotch-Irish descent on his mother's side. He has patented over fourteen hundred useful inventions, he has just given to the world one of the most wonderful of all his wonderful inventions, the kinetiscope. By means of this instrument he brings about a precise synchronization of the human voice with the action in moving pictures. Edison is as great a marvel in physics as Shakespeare was in poetry. His fame will be equally as immortal.

We have already stated that Robert Burns was born in Eyreshire. Ben Johnson was the grandson of an Annadale Scotchman. We have a long list of names of Scottish origin, whose literary works rank among the very highest and best in our language. Among others we venture to suggest the names of Walter Scott, James Boswell, Lord Byron, Robert L. Stevenson, Edgar Allen Poe, Thomas Carlyle and Washington Irving.

Among the great names in politics and science, Scotland has given to the world James Watt, the inventor of the steam engine; Adam Smith, Hugh Miller, the great geologist; William Thomson (Lord Kelvin), the chemist; John Napier, the mathematician and inventor of logarithms, and, David Iivingston, the great African explorer. The limits of this book prevent me from enumerating a tithe of the great achievements of the Scotch race. We find Scotch-Irish scholars in every department of human learning. They occupy chairs in every faculty of every University, College and other institutions of higher learning, all over our broad land. In the early periods of our development they were pioneers. They went forth impelled by unconquerable wills, attacked the wilds of the great middle West with

pick and ax and plow and converted the wilderness into fields of grain, whereby the nations of the world are fed. They have occupied the highest stations in our Legislative Halls and upon the Bench. Tablets are dedicated to their memory in the Hall of Fame on University Heights in the city of New York.

The Presbyterians.

Mr. Bancroft, the historian, says: "We shall find that the first voice publicly raised in America to dissolve all connection with Great Britain came not from the Puritans of New England, nor the Dutch of New York, nor the Planters of Virginia,—but from Scotch-Irish Presbyterians."

Dr. Thomas Smythe in his work entitled "Presbyterianism, the Revolution, the Declaration, and the Constitution, p. p. 23 seq., says, "after a careful statement of the activity of Presbyterian elders in the war of Independence in the Province of South Carolina that "The battles of the 'Cowpens,' of 'King's Mountain,' and also the severe skirmish known as 'Huck's Defeat,' are among the most celebrated in this State as giving a turning-point to the contests of the Revolution. General Morgan, who commanded at the Cowpens, was a Presbyterian elder. * * * General Pickens * * * was also a Presbyterian elder, and nearly all under their command were Presbyterians. In the battle of King's Mountain, Colonel Campbell, Colonel James Williams (who fell in action), Colonel Cleaveland, Colonel Shelby, and Colonel Sevier were all Presbyterian elders; and the body of their troops were collected from Presbyterian settlements. At Huck's Defeat, in York, Colonel Bratton and Major Dickson were both elders in the Presbyterian Church. Major Samuel Morrow, who was with Colonel Sumter in four engagements, and at King's Mountain, Blackstock, and other battles, and whose home was in the army till the termination of hostilities, was for about fifty years a ruling elder in the Presbyterian Church. It may also be mentioned in this connection that Marion, Huger, and other distinguished men of Revolutionary memory were of Hugenot * * * descent."

There was a remarkable Convention, composed mainly of Scotch-Irish Presbyterians at the Court House in the town of Charlotte in the county of Mecklenberg and the colony of North Carolina on the 19th of May, 1775. This Convention was called by Thomas Polk who was the colonel of the militia of that county. He invited the Captains of companies to send delegates to this Convention to take into consideration the condition of the country. George Brevard, a Scotch-Irishman, was President of the Convention. It was a large and representative assembly. After a thorough discussion, lasting through the night, until two o'clock in the morning of the 20th, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

"1. Resolved: That whoever directly or indirectly abets or in any way, form or manner, countenances the invading of our rights, as attempted by the Parliament of Great Britain, is an enemy to his country, to America, and the rights of Men.

2. Resolved: That we, the Citizens of Mecklenburg County, do hereby dissolve the political bonds which have connected us with the Mother Country, and absolve ourselves from all allegiance to the British Crown, abjure all political connections with a Nation which has wantonly trampled on our rights, and liberty, and inhumanly shed the innocent blood of Americans at Lexington and Concord.

3. Resolved: That we do hereby declare ourselves a free and independent people; that we are, and of right ought to be, a sovereign and self-governing people under the power of God and the general congress to the maintenance of which independence we solemnly pledge to each other our mutual co-operation, our lives, our fortunes, and our most sacred honor.

4. Resolved: That we hereby ordain and adopt as Rules of Conduct, all and each of our former laws, and the crown of Great Britain can not be considered hereafter as holding any rights, privileges, or immunities amongst us.

5. Resolved: That all officers, both civil and military, in this County be entitled to exercise the same powers and authorities as heretofore; that every member of this delegation shall hence forth be a civil officer, and exercise the power of a justice of the peace, issue process, hear and determine controversies, according to law, preserve peace, union, and harmony in the county, and use every exertion to spread the love of liberty and of country until a more general and better organized system of government be established.

6. Resolved: That a copy of these resolutions be transmitted by express to the President of the Continental Congress, assembled in Philadelphia to be laid before that body."

This Convention was called after the receipt of the news of the Battle of Lexington and Concord in April, 1775. These resolutions were carried to the President of the Congress then in session at Philadelphia by Captain James Jack, with a letter of explanation. The The President received them courteously but intimated to the Captain that these progressive North Carolinians were pre-mature in their demands. At that time there was no sentiment in Congress in favor of Independence. The aim of Congress was to have their wrongs righted by the British Government and continue their Colonial relation the same as before. This outburst of patriotic enthusiasm at Charlotte startled the whole country. It was characteristic of the race to which the large majority of that Convention belonged. It was not until July 4th, 1776, that Congress adopted that immortal in-

strument known as the "Declaration of Independence."

The Scotch-Irish, largely Presbyterian, contributed to the conquest of the great West. It is interesting to read in this connection what Theodore Roosevelt has written on this subject in his work entitled, "The Winning of the West," Vol. I, p. p. 102-106. It is as follows: "The backwoods mountainers * * * were all cast in the same mould, and resembled each other much more than any of them did their immediate neighbors of the plains. The backwoodsmen of Pennsylvania had little in common with the peaceful population of Quakers and Germans who lived between the Delaware and the Susquehanna; and their near kinsmen of the Blue Ridge and the Great Smoky Mountains were separated by an equally wide gulf from the aristocratic planter communities that flourished in the tide-water regions of Virginia and the Carolinas. * * *

"The backwoodsmen were Americans by birth and parentage, and of mixed race; but the dominant strain in their blood was that of the Presbyterian Irish—the Scotch-Irish as they were often called. * * Mingled with the descendants of many other races, they nevertheless formed the kernel of the distinctively and intensely American stock who were the pioneers of our people in their march westward, the vanguard of the army of fighting settlers, who with axe and rifle won their way from the Alleghanies to the Rio Grande and the Pacific.

* * * The Presbyterian Scotch-Irish stock furnished Andrew Jackson, Samuel Houston, David Crockett, James Robertson, Lewis, the leader of the backwoods hosts in their first great victory over the northwestern Indians, Campbell, their commander in their first great victory over the British. * * *

"That these Scotch-Irish Presbyterians were a bold and hardy race is proved by their at once pushing past the settled regions, and plunging into the wilderness

as the leaders of the white advance. They were the first and last set of immigrans to do this; all others have merely followed in the wake of their predecessors. But, indeed, they were fitted to be Americans from the very start; they were kinsfolk of the Convenanters; they deemed it a religious duty to interpret their own Bible, and held for a divine right the election of their own clergy. For generations their whole ecclesiastic and scholastic systems had been fundamentally Democratic."

THE NAME McCONNELL AND McDONNELL IDENTICAL.

Those Settling in America Came From Ulster, Not Direct From Scotland.

In the year 1679, "Of the prisoners taken at Bothwell, there were banished to America, two hundred and fifty; who were taken away by a Captain Patterson, merchant at Leith, who transacted for them with provost Milns, laird of Barnton, the man that first burnt the covenant; whereof two hundred were drowned by shipwreck at a place called the Mulehead off Darness near Orkney, being shut up by the said Patterson's order, beneath the hatches." Fifty escaped. Among those drowned, was James McConnel.

Again, we have the following, page 285, Second volume of Hanna's Work, "Moreover, Con's title was bad, because imprimis by act of Parliament, in Ireland, 11th Elizabeth, Shane O'Neill, who had engaged all Ulster in rebellion, being killed by Alex. Oge M'Connell, (so the statue sur-names the M'Donnell) the whole sept of O'Neill were all attainted by treason, and the whole country of Clanneboys, and the hereditaments belonging to them, or any of their kinsmen and adher-

ents (besides Shane's patrimony in Tireowen), now vested in the Queen's actual possession, and did lawfully descend to King James, and was his right as wearing the Crown." I do not know that this is the origin of the name McConnell,—being a mere modification of the name McDonnell, or not. The above quotation is inserted for the purpose of showing that the name M'Donnell was changed by statute of the Irish Parliament to M'Connell.

In a report written May 8th, 1572, in the quaint spelling of that period, on the condition of Ulster in Shane O'Neill's time, we have the following: "Yett ye hearinge of the arryval of certayne Scotts to the Glynnes refused to come to me, contrarye to his wryteinge and sendinge; and went to calle M'Connill, whoe landed with vi. or vii. (Six or seven) score bowes, as was reported, and thought to bringe them with him to warre uppon his next neighboures."

In appendix X, of Hanna's Work, under the head of "Families of Scotland," the author says,—"The following is a list of some of the families of Scotland, with the names of the districts and periods in which they appear first to have become established, to have attained distinction, or to have found a place in existing records." "MacConnell, same as MacDonnell, which see," also, "MacDonnell—the name adopted by the Glengarry sept of the MacDonalds; also called MacConnell—Inverness."

Among the settlers in Ulster on the James Hamilton grant, we find the name of Caghtry McConnell, John McConnell, and James McConnell. These names appear upon the records of the lessees of land in the years 1682 and 1683.

In appendix Z, same volume, under the head of "Locations of Scottish Families in Ireland," we have—"The following list shows the surnames in Ulster, having four entries and upwards in the British indexes of 1890, together with the number and the registration counties in which these names are principally found. The first figure after a name, gives the number of entries for 1890 in the whole of Ireland, and the second figure, the number of the Province of Ulster. The estimated number of persons of each surname in the population can be ascertained by multiplying the number of entries in the list by the average birth rate, which, for the year 1890, was 1 to 44.8 persons."

On page 524, we have the following, "McConnell, 101-89, Antrim, Down, and Tyrone,"—this gives 3987 inhabitants of the three counties of Antrim, Down and Tyrone in the Province of Ulster of our name, in the year 1890.

I have given the above facts for a double purpose, to show that the McConnells were not only Scotch but Scotch-Irish and that the name is the same as that of "McDonnell." The different ways of spelling the name is not material so far as the question of identity is concerned. My father spelled his name with one "l". All of his posterity as far as I know spell it with two "l's". I do not know why he did this. I supposed his father spelled his name that way until I got a copy of his application for a pension and I found that he spelled it with two "l's"

I insert the following to show the family to which my wife belonged was in part Scotch-Irish. Among these we have "MacCall," or MacColl—Argyleshire and Galloway; about 1500; a sept of the MacDonalds."

It has been suggested to me that the McConnells, while they emigrated during the great movement from Ulster to America, came directly from Scotland and not by way of Ireland. We have no account of any emigration from the Lowlands of Scotland directly to America. There was no reason why they should emigrate. They were not suffering from oppressive legislation nor from persecution, nor from burdensome landlordism like their brethren were in Ireland. None of the causes which operated to drive the Scotch-Irish from Ulster to America, affected the Scotch in Scotland. It seems to me then that this suggestion is wholly untenable.

PERSECUTIONS.

My apology for inserting in this book an account of the cruelties inflicted upon the Scotch-Irish Prebyterians, is that it is necessary, in order to understand and appreciate the intensity of the hatred of those of their descendants who fought the British in the Revolutionary War. This persecution occurred mainly in the latter half of the seventeenth century. Every means was resorted to to harry and distress them from banishment, selling into slavery, to burning at the stake. In doing this, they unwittingly sowed to the wind and reaped the whirlwind.

Hanna, Second Volume, 252, says: "To speak nothing of those whom the cruelty of the persecutors forced to a voluntary exile, of whom there can be no particular account had, besides the six or seven ministers that were banished and went to Holland, and the seven or eight country people to France, several others to Barbadoes, before the year 1666; after the year 1678, there were banished to be sold for slaves for the same cause for which others suffered death at home, of men and wo-

men, about 1700; in 1678, to Virginia 60, whereof three or four were ministers, who were by the mercy of God delivered in London."

There were banished to West Flanders seven persons who departed the Kingdom March 4, 1684. There were banished to Carolina, thirty. They were transported in James Gibson's ship. James Gibson was afterwards cast away in Carolina Bay, when he commanded the "Rising Sun." They received their sentence June 17, 1684. Five were banished to New Jersey, and among them was John Baird. "To give an account of the many hundreds, who either died or contracted their deaths in prison, by the severities they met with of cold, hunger, thirst, want of room and air, fetters, tortures, stigmatizing, whipping, etc., would be a work of immense labor, nor can any full account thereof be had considering both the vast numbers of such, and the neglect of writing memories of these things, or their being seized, by the persecutors, who were industrious to suppress such account of their own villianies from the view of posterity. The number of such as suffered under color of law, and judicial trial, from Mr. James Guthrie, the first, to Mr. James Renwick, the last, has been computed to amount to one hundred and forty. But the counsellors, willing to ease themselves of that lingering way of doing business, not content with Popery's gradual advancement, were for doing their work all at once; and accordingly authorized Captains, Lieutenants, Sergeants, and single soldiers to shoot all suspected persons wherever they could catch them, without further trial of their pretended crimes. And accordingly, betwixt the years of 1682 and 1688, when the Revolution of affairs put a stop to their career of blood shed, there were murdered in the open

field, the following persons, besides others that no certain list has been got of as they are enumerated in a print, entitled, "A Short Memorial of the Suffering and Grievances of the Presbyterians in Scotland." (We omit the list.)

Nearly all this cruel work was done during the reign of Charles II. Cromwell died in 1658. He was succeeded by his son Richard. CharlesII ws restored to the throne about the year 1660. James II succeeded him. Such was his unpopularity that the people of England, including a greater portion of the nobles, rebelled and invited William, Prince of Orange, to come to England. He landed at Dover with an army of 16,000 men and James fled to Ireland and William was crowned King under the title of William III. James II was defeated at Londonderry, sometimes called Derry, in 1689-90. This siege or rather the resistance of the besieged, is perhaps the most remarkable that ever occurred in the history of the human race. Londonderry was a walled city situated in the Province of Ulster. It contained about 20,000 inhabitants. They were largely Scotch-Irish Presbyterians. Out of the whole number of inhabitants there were about 7,000 males capable of bearing arms. After the army of King James had appeared before the city and the gates were closed, Colonel George Murray, a Scotch-Irishman, with a regiment of cavalry, arrived. After much difficulty he succeeded in entering the city. He organized the fighting men into eight regiments and the siege commenced. It lasted three months. Not many of the besieged were killed by bullets for they were protected by the walls but there died from famine and pestilence, about 2800 of the armed defenders and about 7,000 of the non-combatant inhabi-

tants. They were repeatedly summoned to surrender and offered liberal terms. These offers were spurned as often as they were made. At last as if by the interposition of Providence, a relief ship succeeded in ascending the river with abundant supplies for the besieged. Thereupon King James and his army withdrew. This ended the war and established the authority of William III throughout all the British Isles.

"Yet, not withstanding the fact that the Scotch-Irish saved Ireland to William and made it possible for him to succeed to the English Crown, the measure of their cup of persecution was not yet filled; and for more than half a century afterwards the British Government, chiefly, through the Episcopal Establishment, continued to run up a debt of hatred, with these Scottish emigrants —a debt that accumulated rapidly during the first years of the eighteenth century, and the evidences of which were handed down from father to son and added to, in each succeeding generation. After 1689, it received its first fresh increments in Ireland by the passage of certain Parliamentary acts, tending to the restriction and resulting in the destruction of the woolen industry; they being the final ones in a series of discriminating enactments which began at the Restoration in favor of the English manufacturers as against those of Ireland. This was followed in 1704 by the passage of the bill contining the English Test Act. This act practically made outlaws of the Presbyterians in Ireland, and was one of the chief inciting causes of the emigration to America which increased with such rapidity, during the first twenty years after its enactment.

The next infliction to which the Ulster Scots were subjected was that of rack-renting landlordism, by which thousands of families were driven out of the country after 1718. Rents were increased to two or three times their former amounts; and in addition to this extortion the Dissenters were still obliged to pay the blood-money

exacted by the Established Church in the form of tithes.

These galling and unjust discriminations continued with more or less modified severity during the whole period between the passage of the Test Act and the time of the final throwing off of the British yoke by those whom its operation had driven to Aemrica." Hanna's Work, Volume 1, page 148.

It must be remembered that the Scots were the hereditary foes of the English Kings. "Their battles with the English had made of the Scottish Lowlands one vast armed camp and battlefield during the larger part of a period of five centuries, after the year 1,000."

In what I have written I do not wish to reflect upon that great body of Christians holding membership in the Episcopal Church,—this generation is not responsible for the wicked deeds of the Tudor-Stuart regime during the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Those were stormy times. The races and the people then inhabiting the British Isles were in the midst of a great revolutionary struggle. Let us be thankful that out of it all there was evolved a great Christian Church. Nor have I any bias or prejudice against the "Roman Catholic Church. In what I have said, I am simply writing history.

In what I have written in regard to the part which the Scotch-Irish took in the American Revolution, I do not mean to say that they were the only ones who won our Independence, nor to belittle what others did. Washington was of English descent. It was by the combined efforts of Scotch-Irish Presbyterians, Puritans, English, Catholics, Episcopalians, that the great victory was won. The scope and purpose of this book is to inform my descendants of the important part which the men of their race performed in winning our Independence.

The Heroes of King's Mountain.

The battle of King's Mountain is unique. I know of nothing like it in all history. It furnishes a story more romantic than the daring imagination of any novelist ever invented.

I will be under the necessity of omitting many interesting details in order to confine the narrative within such limits that the scope and purpose of this work require. I get my facts mainly from the work of Lyman C. Draper, L. L. D., entitled "King's Mountain and Its Heroes" published by Peter G. Thomson of Cincinnati in 1881. I follow the order of his narrative. I feel that every person in whose veins flows any kindred blood of those who fought in that crucial battle would be deeply interested in reading its history. As this book is written mainly for my own children and their descendants, the above remark is addressed especially to them.

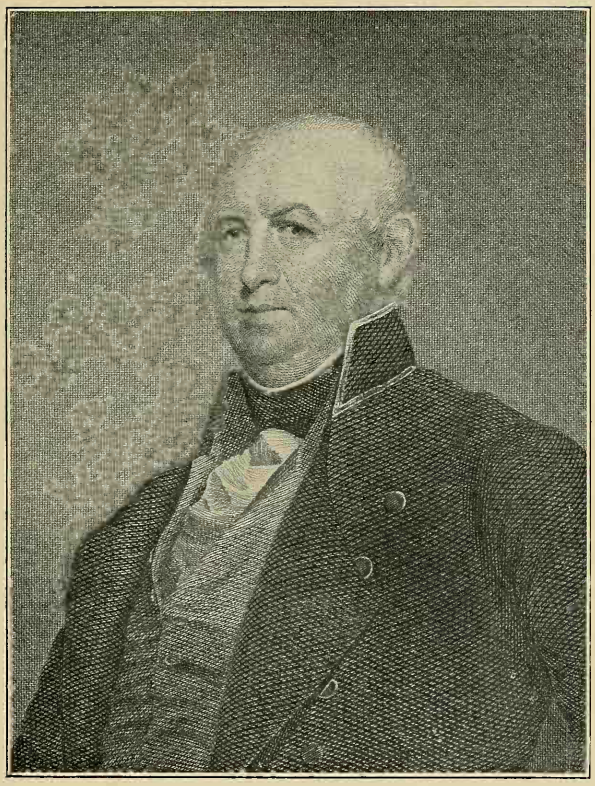
On the 12th of May, 1780, the garrison at Charleston, South Carolina, surrendered to Sir Henry Clinton, after a siege of some thirty days. General Lincoln had unwisely suffered himself to be shut up behind his fortifications, in that city. Over three thousand men were made prisoners of war. This was a discouraging disaster for the entire country and especially for the South. King George felt that if he could conquer the Southern colonies and hold them in any treaty of peace, which he might be forced to make, he could at least maintain his rule over them.

In June, Sir Henry Clinton, sailed for New York, taking with him about half the army which he had at Charleston. He left Lord Cornwallis in command with about five thousand men, to finish the work of subjugating the South.

Patrick Ferguson, a man of high reputation for courage, ability and initiative, was Cornwallis' principal reliance in the work upon which he was about to enter. He was a man in the prime of life, a trained soldier, a Scotch-Irishman with all the stubborness and tenacity of purpose, characteristic of that people. He was destined to meet his own kind, and when he did meet them, it was Greek meeting Greek.

Colonel Banastre Tarleton was the second officer in point of efficiency who remained with Cornwallis. He was a young man only twenty-six years old at this time, but a dashing, fearless fighter. The object of Cornwallis was to traverse South Carolina, establish posts, making Charleston his base of operations, and to successively subdue South Carolina, North Carolina and Virginia and to reorganize and establish the royal government in each of these provinces. Strong representations had been made to him about the loyalty of the greater part of the population in the Carolinas. In this he found him self woefully deceived. He expected that the loyalists would rally to his standard as he journeyed across the country and thus swell his army to such proportions that he would be irrisistible. It was in South Carolina that he detached Ferguson with a body of troops to traverse the country further to the west than the main army for the purpose of gathering the Tories into his army and of destroying whatever of organized resistance which might be found in the Western regions. In the

summer and early in the fall, Ferguson had several engagements with the Americans in all of which his troops got the worst of it. These American patriots were under the command of Col. Charles McDowell of Burke County, North Carolina, Col. James Williams of South Carolina and Col. Isaac Shelby of the Transmontane County of Sullivan. They met and defeated Ferguson's men at Musgrove Mill, and the Old Iron Works or Cedar Springs. Ferguson's forces united, were too strong for the Americans. They were gradually pressed back into the mountains and finally crossed over into the Nolachucky Settlements. The resistance of these westerners angered Ferguson. He captured a man named Samuel Phillips, whose residence was across the mountain. Ferguson paroled him and sent him home with the following oral message to the American officers on the waters of Watauga, Nolachucky and Holston: "If they did not desist from their opposition to the British arms, he would march his army over the mountain, hang their leaders, and lay their country waste with fire and sword." Phillips went immediately to the home of Colonel Shelby and delivered this message. It proved a fire brand and wrought the complete undoing of Ferguson. At the time of the reception of this message, Col. Sevier who was in command of the militia of Washington County, North Carolina, was absent at a horse-race. Shelby rode forty miles to meet and confer with him, and at the same place and time they both had the opportunity to confer with some of the officers of McDowell's command. The result of the conference was that each agreed to raise as many men as he could, and march across the mountains and destroy Ferguson's whole command. Col. William Campbell was in command of the militia of



Col. Isaac Shelby,

By whose initiative the Expedition against Major Ferguson was organized.

Washington County, Virginia. Shelby wrote him a letter advising him of the proposed expedition and asking him to join them with as many men as he could raise. He had just returned from a campaign against the Tories on the New River and declined Shelby's offer, saying that it was his intention to march to the Southern border of his own state and there be ready to fight Cornwallis when he should reach Virginia. The Cherokee Indians were neighbors to these Western men and hostile, and were then preparing to make a raid upon them at an early date. On this account Shelby and Sevier felt that they were obliged to leave a portion of their men at home to protect their women, children and property. Shelby again sent an express to Campbell urging him to change his mind and join their expedition. He did so. On the 25th of September all these forces met according to appointment at the Sycamore Flats or Shoals on the Watauga River. A little later on the same day Col. Arthur Campbell brought two hundred Virginians to be added to the two hundred that Wm. Campbell had brought. McDowell and his officers readily agreed to go back with this newly assembled army. Campbell had in his command four hundred men; Shelby had two hundred and forty and Sevier had the same number and McDowell had a hundred and sixty.

Col. Sevier endeavored to borrow the money on his private responsibility to outfit the Carolinians, but the money was not to be had. The people had paid their money almost to the last dollar to John Adair, who was the Entry Taker of Sullivan County, for land. Sevier waited on him and suggested that he furnish this money for the expedition. He replied: "Col. Sevier, I have no authority by law to make that disposition of this money;

it belongs to the impoverished treasury of North Carolina and I dare not appropriate a cent of it to any purpose; but, if the country is overrun by the British, our liberty is gone. Let the money go too. Take it. If the enemy, by its use, is driven from the country, I can trust that country to justify and vindicate my conduct—so take it." The money was accordingly taken and used, —Shelby and Sevier guaranteeing its repayment or its legalization. They received between $12,000 and $13,000. I do not know how my gentle reader may look upon this transaction, but I call it justifiable embezzlement.

(John Adair died in Knox County, Tenn., in 1827 at the great age of ninety-five years.)

We remark here that at this time the western boundary of North Carolina was the Mississippi river, the whole of what is now Tennessee was a part of that State. The region herein spoken of is now apart of East Tennessee. The men assembled for this expedition, were armed mainly with the Deckard Rifle, so called because it was manufactured by a man of that name at Lancaster, Pa. It was a weapon of great efficiency, and would carry further than any other rifle then known. The barrel was about thirty inches long. To be the owner of one of these rifles in that new country was esteemed to be a rare good fortune.

(The rifle, a photograph of which appears in this book and which was used in the battle of King's Mountain by Adam Baird was not a Deckard Rifle. Its barrel is forty-three inches long and it has a bore nearly large enough to shoot a minne-ball. It must have been a gun which in its day was of great force and efficiency. It is now in the possession of Mr. J. W. Wetherly and his wife, Sarah Jane Baird Wetherly, who reside in the city

of Nashville, Tenn. They kindly furnished me the photograph to be used in this book.-

These men were encumbered with little baggage,—"each with a blanket, a cup, a wallet of provisions, the latter principally parched corn-meal mixed with maple sugar, which was both agreeable and full of nourishment." There was grass along the roadside sufficient to feed their horses. They started to drive a few beeves but after one day they abandoned them as they could not travel fast enough.

Early on the morning of the 26th the army was ready to begin its march over the mountains. Before they started, a solemn and impressive scene transpired. The Rev. Samuel Doak, invoked the Divine Protection. He made some remarks, closing with a Bible quotation "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon;" when the sturdy Scotch-Irish presbyterians stood around him, "in an attitude of respectful attention," shouted, "The sword of the Lord and of our Gideons." The line of march was then taken up. They camped the first night after a march of twenty-one miles, at the "Resting Place" at the Shelving Rock about a mile beyond the Crab Orchard on the Doe River. On the next day they passed through the Gap between the Yellow and Roane Mountains. Here they found the sides and tops of the mountains covered with snow. In this Gap there were about one hundred acres of beautiful table land. The troops were paraded and discharged their rifles.

An occurrence transpired here of great importance. James Crawford and Samuel Chambers, two of Sevier's men, deserted. It was believed that they had gone to Ferguson. They were captured in the battle of King's Mountain, but were spared on account of their youth.

Colonel McDowell left the Sycamore Flats in advance of the army and crossed the mountains and travelled on to Wilkes and Surrey Counties to inform Col. Cleveland and Col. Winston, who were in command of the militia of those counties, of the expedition and its purposes and to invite them to join them at the Quaker Meadows on the 30th. He met the army at North Cove and informed Campbell and his associates that Cleveland and Winston would join them with a large force.

The troops continued their march and on the evening of the 30th they arrived at the Quaker Meadows. This was the home of the two brothers Colonel Charles and Major Joseph McDowell. The entire command camped at the Quaker Meadows. Here they were joined by Cleveland and Winston with a force of three hundred and fifty men. Sunday morning, October 1st, the army resumed its march, passed Pilot Mountain, a noted beacon for travelers, and camped in the Gap of the South Mountain for the night. It rained on the afternoon of that day and the army made only eighteen miles.

It was so rainy the next day, Monday, that the army remained in camp. In the evening the field officers met for consultation. Colonel McDowell being the senior officer presided. It was agreed that as the troops were from different states, no officer had the legal right to command the whole. It was suggested that a messenger be sent to General Gates at his headquarters at Hillsboro to ask him to send a General to take charge of the entire force. In the meantime Colonel Shelby suggested that Colonel Campbell take the chief command, inasmuch as he had the largest regiment and was from Virginia when all the other field officers were North Carolinians and commanding North Carolina men. After

demurring to this proposition and insisting on Shelby himself taking command, Colonel Campbell yielded and assumed the position of Commander-in-chief. It was agreed, however, that he should meet daily with the other field officers and consult and advise with them and carry out the plans agreed upon. In the meantime, Colonel McDowell requested that he be appointed messenger to visit General Gates. This was agreed to. He left at once to execute his mission. It was the tacit agreement at that time that the expedition should wait until the general officer should come to assume command. Colonel Shelby, however, was not satisfied with this arrangement. He called attention to the fact that they were then within sixteen or eighteen miles of Gilbert Town, where they supposed Ferguson to be; that he would certainly attack them, if he thought he was strong enough and if not he would avoid them. To wait for the return of McDowell with the General might defeat their whole plan; that their only hope of success was in prompt action.

Shelby gave the following reasons for insisting on Campbell's taking the command, as appears from his article published in 1848 in the American Review as quoted in Doctor Draper's Work, to-wit: "I made the proposition to silence the expectations of Colonel McDowell to command us—he being the commanding officer of the district we were then in, and had commanded the armies of militia assembled in that quarter all the summer before against the same enemy. He was a brave and patriotic man, but we considered him to far advanced in life, and too inactive for the command of such an enterprise as we were engaged in. I was sure he would not serve under a younger officer from his

own State, and hoped that his feelings would in some degree be saved by the appointment of Colonel Campbell." The excuse that McDowell was too old is not worthy of consideration. He was then only thirty-seven years of age. Colonel Shelby was the youngest, being only thirty years of age. McDowell was a younger man than Generals Washington, Putnam, Stark, Marion and Greene. The real objection was not his age but his lack of those peculiar qualities of tact, energy and initiative for such a command. They needed such a man as Colonel Daniel Morgan or "Mad" Anthony Wayne. Of course, at the time it was not certainly known where Ferguson was or how long it would be before they could bring him to bay and an army of the heterogeneous character that this army was, certainly needed a General of ability and military experience to command it. Before McDowell could execute his mission the battle of King's Mountain, was fought and won, when there was no need of a general officer. Major Joseph McDowell took command of the corps of his brother when he left to execute this mission. McDowell's command was materially increased by his relatives and friends while at Quaker Meadows. John Spelts, known as "Continental Jack" joined the command at this point.

Dr. Draper, the author, had an interview with him in 1844. He was then in his ninety-fourth year and gave to the Doctor many interesting reminiscences connected with this expedition. His mind was clear and his memory retentive, notwithstanding his great age.)

We shall now direct our attention to other forces which were destined to figure in this expedition. Gov. Nash had authorized Colonel James Williams of South Carolina to recruit a corps of mounted men within his

State. Williams associated with himself in this enterprise, Colonel Brandon and Major Hammond. The call for recruits was published on the 23d of September. Col. Williams had taken part in the battle at Musgrove's Mill in the summer of 1780 in connection with Colonels McDowell and Shelby. For this service Governor Rutledge of South Carolina gave him a commission as Brigadier General. By virtue of this rank he undertook to take charge of all the troops that he happened to meet with. This was at the bottom of all the friction between him and the other commanders connected with the engagement at Kang's Mountain. Williams has been severely criticised for his conduct in this regard. I have no sympathy with these criticisms. His courage and patriotism were unquestioned. He fought bravely and yielded up his life on King's Mountain. Let us then write his faults, if any he had, in the sand. Under the authority from Governor Nash he raised a force of seventy men principally in the County of Rowan. He at once marched some sixty or seventy miles southwest from Salisbury to a point in the fork of the main and south branch of the Catawba River. Here he found Colonels Lacy and Hill with two hundred and seventy-eight men of General Sumpter's command. General Sumpter was not present. These troops had retired from South Carolina upon the advance of Cornwallis' army for their own safety. They were awaiting an opportunity to form a junction with other troops. Colonel Hill at this time was suffering from a wound with which he had theretofore been inflicted in battle. For this reason he did not participate in the fight at King's Mountain.

On the same day that Williams arrived at Lacy's

camp, Colonels Graham and Hambright also joined them with sixty men from Lincoln County. Graham was the Colonel of the militia of that county. At that time Lincoln County embraced what is now Gaston and Cleveland Counties and bordered on South Carolina. The valley of Crowder's Creek was noted for the intense patriotism of its people. This creek ran in a southeasterly course out of North Carolina into South Carolina and emptied into the Catawba River. It was on this Creek that James Martin, Josiah Martin and John Barber resided. The Baird family did not live more than fifteen miles from King's Mountain in Lincoln County.

(Adam Baird was a man at that time, thirty-three years old; he lived about fifteen miles from King's Mountain. It is certain that he was in the battle fought on that mountain on the seventh of October and which we shall presently describe. He carried the rifle, an engraving of which appears in this book. He gave this rifle to his son Robert Baird who was born in 1777 and died in 1871; Robert Baird gave it to his son, Zenas Baird, who lived in Marshall County, Tenn. and died there in 1874; Zenas gave it to his son, William Emberry Baird, and he to his daughter, Sarah Jane Baird, Weatherly, who resides in Nashville, Tenn., and who has kindly furnished me the photograph of the rifle for use in this book.)

Measures were so taken that a junction was formed between the mountaineers and the men of Hill, Lacy, Williams and Graham at the Cowpens on the 6th of October.

But to return to the mountaineers whom we left in camp, some sixteen or eighteen miles north of Gilbert

Town,—before they resumed their march, the men were all mustered and arranged in the form of a circle to listen to addresses by their commanders and especially by Colonel Cleveland. The Colonel was a large man, rough and somewhat uncouth, weighing at this time, about two hundred and fifty pounds, but a man gifted with the happy faculty of inspiring men with much of his own unconquerable spirit. Cleveland came within the circle and was accompanied by Campbell, Shelby, Sevier, McDowell, Winston and other officers. He spoke as follows: "Now, my brave fellows, I have come to tell you the news. The enemy is at hand, and we must up and at them. Now is the time for every man of you to do his country a priceless service—such as shall lead your children to exult in the fact that their fathers were the conquerors of Ferguson. When the pinch comes, I shall be with you. But if any of you shrink from sharing in the battle and the glory, you can now have the opportunity of backing out, and leaving; and you shall have a few minutes for considering the matter."

Major McDowell, with a winning smile on his countenance inquired: "Well, my good fellows, what kind of a story will you, who back out, have to relate when you get home, leaving your braver comrades to fight the battle, and gain the victory?" Colonel Shelby said, "You have all been informed of the offer; you who desire to decline it, will, when the word is given, march three steps to the rear, and stand, prior to which a few more minutes will be granted you for consideration."

At length the word was given by each officer to his separate command that "Those who desired to back out should step three paces in the rear." Not a man took those steps, backward. Colonel Shelby then gave the

men these directions, "When we meet the enemy, don't wait for the word of command. Let each one of you be your own officer, and do the very best you can, taking every care you can of yourself, and availing yourselves of every advantage that chance may throw in your way. If in the woods, shelter yourselves, and give them Indian play; advance from tree to tree, pressing the enemy and killing and disabling all you can. * * * And the moment the enemy gives way, be on the alert, and strictly obey orders." The foregoing quotation is from Draper's Work, pages 195, 196. They are given upon the authority of the manuscript notes of the author with John Spelts, whose memory of this gathering and the remarks of Cleveland, McDowell and Shelby, was clear and vivid. The psychological effect of these speeches and instructions upon the men was great. It made each man feel that every other man would do as he had determined to do, command himself, and do his utmost to destroy the enemy. After this proceedure the army took up its line of march down Cane Creek and camped for the night. The next day, October 4th, they renewed the march and reached the neighborhood of Gilbert Town. They learned this day, from Jonathan Hampton that Ferguson had retreated; and that it was his intention to avoid an engagement.

One Lieutenant Allaire of Major Ferguson's command kept a diary from day to day of Ferguson's movements. We will let him tell the story from the 23rd of September, to the time that the British arrived at King's Mountain.

"Saturday, 23rd. Got in motion at nine o'clock in the morning; marched three miles to Gilbert Town; took up our ground on a height about half a mile from

town. This town contains one dwelling house, one barn, a blacksmith's shop, and some out-houses.

Sunday, 24th. Five hundred subjects came in, also a number of ladies. Received intelligence from Col. Cruger, that he had marched from Ninety Six to Augusta, to the assistance of Col. Browne, who was beseiged by six hundred Rebels, under the command of Col. Clarke. Fortunately for Col. Browne, the Cherokee Indians, for whom he is agent, coming to Augusta for their yearly presents. They met the Rebels just as they were going into the town, which obliged them to fight. The Rebels being too numerous, and the Indians unacquainted with field fighting, were obliged to make the best of their way to a fort on one flank of the town, where Col. Browne had retired to. He made a very gallant defence for five days, two of which he was without bread or water. On Col. Cruger's approach, the Rebels moved off with their plunder, of which they had a tolerable share. Col. Cruger arrived time enough to retake the cannon which they had taken from Browne, and about thirty prisoners.

Monday, 25th, and Tuesday 26th. Lay at Gilbert Town; nothing extra.

Wednesday, 27th. Got in motion at five o'clock in the morning, and marched three miles to Rucker's Mill, and halted.

Thursday, 28th. Got in motion at five o'clock in the morning; marched seven miles to Mountain creek, forded it, although very difficult, continued on about a mile farther to Twitty's Ford of Broad river, and took up our ground on its banks. At six o'clock in the eevning got in motion, forded the river; marched two miles to McDaniel's Ford of Green river; forded it, and marched

two miles farther; halted on the road; lay on our arms till four o'clock the next morning.

Friday, 29th. We then, at that early hour, moved on three miles to one James Step's plantation, and halted. This man has been very unfortunate in his family; his wife, who is a very decent woman, was caught by the Indians about a twelve month past. They scalped and tomahawked her several times in the head, treated the infant she had in her arms in a most inhuman and savage manner. They mashed its head in such a manner that its recovery is truly astonishing; but what this poor, unhappy woman seems most to regret is the loss of her oldest son, whom the savages took, and she now remains in a state of uncertainty, not having heard from him since.

Saturday, 30th. Lay at James Step's with an expectation of intercepting Col. Clarke on his return to the mountains; but he was prudent enough to take another route.

Sunday, October 1st. Got in motion at five o'clock in the morning, and marched twelve miles to Denard's Ford of Broad river, and took up our old ground where we lay the 8th September.

Monday, 2nd. Got in motion at four o'clock in the afternoon; forded Broad river; marched four miles; formed in line of action and lay on our arms. This night I had nothing but the canopy of heaven to cover me.

Tuesday, 3rd. Got in motion at four o'clock in the morning; marched six miles to Camp's Ford of Second Broad river, forded it and continued on six miles to one Armstrong's plantation, on the banks of Sandy Run. Halted to refresh; at four o'clock got in motion; forded

Sandy Run; marched seven miles to Buffalo creek; forded it; marched a mile farther and halted near one Tate's plantation. John West came in camp, who is a hundred and one years of age; is amazingly strong in every sense.

Friday, 6th. Got in motion at four o'clock in the morning, and marched sixteen miles to Little King's Mountain, where we took up our ground."

We will now return to the mountain men where we left them encamped in the neighborhood of Gilbert Town. Campbell and his officers were much perplexed as to where Ferguson had gone. It was reported that he had gone some fifty or sixty miles south of there and two men later represented that he had taken the direction to Ninety six, which was about a hundred miles south. This ws a strong fortress and was the scene of a bloody seige by General Green in the year 1781. It was commanded by Major Huger, a man of skill and ability. It would have been difficult to capture it without cannon, and the men of our expedition had none. Notwithstanding this, they determined to press on and, if possible, vanquish the intrepid Ferguson. They learned, in the meantime, his real strength. While Colonel Clarke of Georgia was retreating and aiming to cross the mountains to the Nolachucky settlements, he was met by Captain Edward Hampton who informed him that Campbell, Shelby, Sevier and McDowell were collecting a force to attack Ferguson. Major William Chandler and Captain Johnston of Clarke's command, with thirty men, formed a junction with the mountaineers near Gilbert Town. Not long thereafter, Major Chronicle, with a party of twenty men, from the South Fork of Catawba, joined the mountain men. Following

the same route that Ferguson had taken, they crossed the Broad river at Denard's Ford. Here they lost the trail of Ferguson.

The mountain men, after crossing Broad River, marched some two and a half miles to Alexander's Ford of Green River. Here they camped the night of the 5th of October. Many of the horses had become weak and exhausted, and a great many of the men without horses had become foot-sore. This made the progress of the army very slow. Hence, Campbell, and his officers, determined to select their best men, best horses, and best rifles, and with these to press forward and overtake Ferguson before he could reach any post or receive any re-enforcements. On account of the uncertainty as to where Ferguson had gone, some of the men began to show signs of discouragement. This uncertainty was soon happily removed. While Ferguson was encamped at Tate's Place an old gentleman called on him. This was the John West spoken of by Allaire who gives his age as 101 years. This old gentleman travelled all the way to the camp of Sumter's men at Flint Hill, some twenty miles. He travelled all night. He told them that he had been several days with Ferguson and had satisfied him that he was a great friend of the Royal cause; "that Ferguson, the evening before, had sent an express to Lord Cornwallis, at Charlotte, announcing that he knew full well that the "Back Water" men were in hot pursuit; that he should select his ground, and boldly meet them; that he defied God Almighty himself and all the Rebels out of h—l to overcome him; that he had completed the business of his mission, in collecting and training the friends of the King in that quarter, so that he could now bring re-inforcement of upwards of

a thousand men to the Royal army; but as the intervening distance, thirty to forty miles Charlotte, was through rebellious country, and as the Rebels were such cowardly rascals, that instead of meeting him in an open field, they would resort to ambuscades, he would, therefore, be glad if his Lordship would send Tarleton with his horse and infantry to escort him to headquarters."

The night that the mountain men were encamped at the Ford of Green river, strong guards were placed around the camp. "Mighty little sleep that night," said Continental Jack (John Spelts), sixty-four years thereafter. The whole night was spent in making a selection of the fittest men, horses and equipments, for a forced march. The number chosen was some seven hundred; those left were about six hundred and ninety. These were put under the command of Major Joseph Herndon, a reliable officer, of Cleveland's regiment. Captain William Neal was left in charge of Campbell's men. These officers were instructed to use every effort to hasten their march. Colonel Lacey, upon learning of the movements of the mountaineers had taken a guide and made a forced ride to meet them. He gave them the information which John West had imparted. Instead then of proceeding to the Old Iron Works, some fifteen miles out of their way, they marched direct for the Cowpens, starting about daybreak, on Friday, the sixth of October. The distance was some twenty-one miles. They arrived there about sunset and found that the South Carolinians, with the corps of Williams and Graham had anticipated them, but a short time. The Cowpens was so named by reason of the fact that "a wealthy Engilsh Tory, named Saunders, resided there who raised large numbers of cattle and having many

pens, in which to herd his stock—hence the derivation of Cow-pens." These men camped upon the old Tory's premises, quickly shot down and butchered several of his cattle. Fifty acres of corn were harvested in about ten minutes. A noted spy named Joseph Kerr, who was a cripple, met the mountaineers at the Cowpens and reported Ferguson's movements and position and that his numbers did not exceed 1,500. This information was more recent than that given by John Went.

It was very important to get the latest intelligence of Ferguson's position. A man was sought for this purpose. Enoch Gilmer, a resident of the south Fork of the Catawba, was proposed by Major Chronicle. Gilmer was represented as being a man who could readily assume any character that the occasion might require—that he could cry and laugh in the same breath and do it in such a manner that all who saw him would firmly believe he was in earnest in both; he could play the part of a lunatic so perfectly that one would not hesitate to believe he was actually deranged; in short that he was shrewd, and cunning, and without fear. He was selected and started on his mission. He called at a Tory's house, some miles in advance, and informed him that he had been waiting for Ferguson on his supposed route from Denard's Ford to Ninety Six with a view of joining his forces, but finding he was not marching in that direction, he was now seeking his camp. The Tory was readily taken in, and told Gilmer all he had learned of Ferguson's movements and intentions. That after he had crossed Dinard's Ford he had received a dispatch from Lord Cornwallis ordering him "to rejoin the main army; that his Lordship was calling in his outposts, making ready to give Gates a second defeat, reduce

North Carolina, stamping out all Rebel opposition as in Georgia and South Carolina, when he would enter Virginia with a larger army than had yet marched over American soil. Gilmer returned to the Cowpens before the troops took up their line of march that evening. All this was about on a par with the ordinary British boasting of the times; but did not furnish the Whig leaders with the intelligence they more particularly desired relative to Ferguson's present plans and whereabouts."

A council was held and Colonel Campbell was retained in the Chief command. With men and horses refreshed, they commenced their night's march about nine o'clock. The Carolinians who joined the mountain men at the Cowpens, added to their numbers but how many is not certainly known. They were less jaded than the others and "they probably reached about their full quota of four hundred as is generally understood." A selection was made from the newly arrived forces. These were pro rated according to the relative strength of each corps. Of Campbell's men, two hundred; of Shelby's and Sevier's each, one hundred and twenty; of Cleveland's one hundred and ten; of McDowell's, ninety; of Winston's, sixty; total seven hundred; of Lacey's, one hundred; Williams', sixty; and Graham and Hambright's, fifty; total two hundred and ten of the new arrivals; altogether, nine hundred and ten mounted men. It was a dark night; a drizzly rain set in; which a part of the time was excessively hard. They crossed the Broad river at the Cherokee Ford. At this point, Gilmer was sent forward to reconnoiter at the Ford. He returned and reported that the way was clear. They reached the river at sunrise. Although the river was deep no one got a ducking. They had marched eighteen

miles since leaving the Cowpens but were yet some fifteen miles from King's Mountain. After crossing the river Gilmer was again sent forward. Some three miles above the Cherokee Ford they found Ferguson's encampment. Here they took some refreshments out of their wallets and saddle-bags and coming to a corn field, they soon pulled it and got a supply for themselves and their horses. It continued to rain during the whole forenoon of the 7th and Colonels Campbell, Sevier, and Cleveland, thought it best to halt and refresh, but when Shelby heard this, he said: "No, I will not stop until night, if I follow Ferguson into Cornwallis' lines." Without replying the other Colonels returned to their commands and the march continued. The men had to keep their guns dry by wrapping their blankets and hunting shirts around the locks. One mile after the proposed halt they came to Solomon Beason's who was the kind of man who was on the side of the last man he talked to. From him they learned that Ferguson was only eight miles in advance. Here they captured two Tories. They forced them to pilot the army to King's Mountain. One of them went with Shelby—the other with Cleveland. About noon it ceased raining and cleared off with a cool breeze. After having gone five miles further, some of Sevier's men called at the house of a Loyalist and learned that Ferguson was not far away. As they left the house a girl followed them and inquired "How many are there of you?" "Enough" was the reply, "to whip Ferguson if we can find him." "He is on that mountain," she said, pointing to the eminence, three miles distant.

After marching further, they came up with Gilmer who had been to the house of a Tory and he gave them

the following information, "That on reaching the house, and finding it occupied by a Tory family, he declared that he was a true King's man; and wished to ascertain Ferguson's camp, as he desired to join him. Finding the two women at the house warmly attached to the King's cause, he could not repress his joy, so gave each a hearty sympathizing smack; the youngest of whom now freely related, that she had been in Ferguson's camp that very morning, which was only about three miles away, and had carried the British commander some chickens; that he was posted on a ridge between two branches where some deer hunters had a camp the previous autumn. Major Chronicle and Captain Mattocks stated that the camp referred to was theirs, and that they well knew the ground on which Ferguson had taken post—a spur of King's Mountain."

The question now arose as to whether the army was large enough to surround the entire ridge on all sides. They did not know its exact length. It was fortunate that Major Chronicle and Capt. Mattocks knew the ground. They assured the men that by surrounding Ferguson's army and shooting at them uphill, there could be no danger of the men destroying one another.

Colonel William Graham, who, as we have seen, commanded the Lincoln men, received at this point intelligence that his wife was in a dangerous condition, some sixteen miles away and that his presence was urgently needed at the earliest possible moment. He submitted the case to the commander-in-chief and asked his advice. Campbell turned to Major Chronicle, who seemed to understand the situation and its urgency and asked his opinion. Chronicle replied: "As it is a woman affair let him go." He went and took David

Dickey with him, much against his wishes. Just as the battle closed, Graham and Dickey returned, and were much worried that they did not get to participate in the battle. Campbell assigned Chronicle to command the Lincoln men. Lieutenant Colonel Hambright, also of the Lincoln men, freely consented to this arrangement. When within two or three miles of King's Mountain, Sevier's men who were in the advance, captured two or three more Tories. From these, they obtained further information concerning the position of Ferguson's camp and of his picket guard. Soon thereafter John Pender, some fourteen years of age, was met riding rapidly and was captured. Hambright, knowing that he had a brother and other relatives in Ferguson's camp, searched him. He found a dispatch from Ferguson to Cornwallis. In this dispatch, Ferguson manifested much anxiety as to his situation, and renewed his request for assistance. Young Pender was asked as to the kind of dress which Ferguson wore. He said that while he was the best uniformed man on the mountain, they could not see his military suit because he wore a checked shirt over it. Colonel Hambright called the attention of his men to the peculiarity of Ferguson's dress in these words, "Well, poys, when you see dot man mit a pig shirt on over his clothes, you may know who him is, and mark him mit your rifles."

This was spoken in his broken, Pennsylvania German accent.

As the Americans got within a mile of the enemy, they met George Watkins. He was a Patriot. He had been a prisoner with Ferguson—had just been paroled. He gave Campbell the very latest information and the assurance that the enemy was still on the mountain.

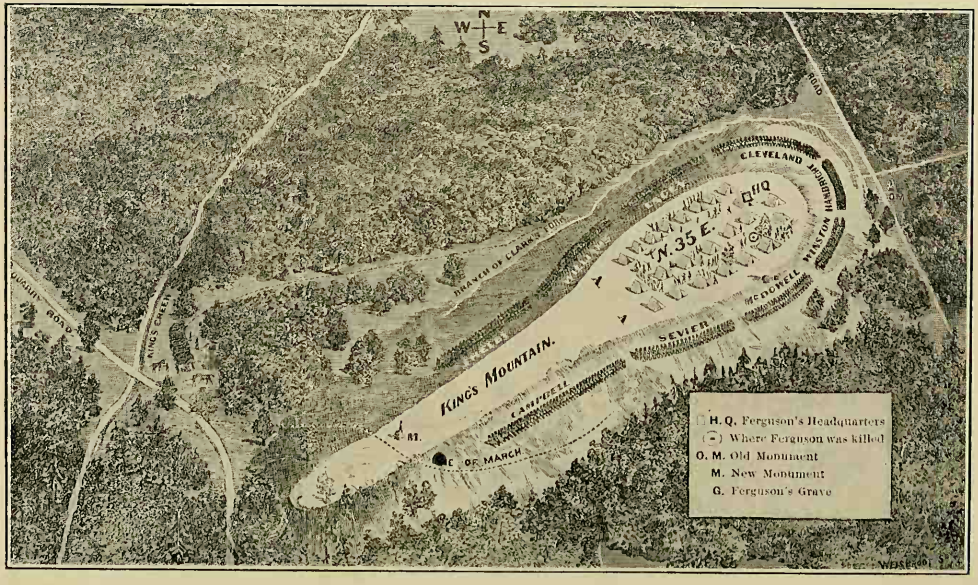
Here a halt was made. The men were now formed into two lines, two men deep—Colonel Campbell leading the right line and Colonel Shelby the left. Strict orders were now given that there should be no talking. At this point Major Winston was detached with a portion of the Wilkes and Surry troops to make a detour to gain the right of Ferguson. While I have not seen it so stated in any history which I have read on this subject, that Major Chronicle was detached and made a similar detour with his command, it must nevertheless have been done, because his position was at the extreme north end of the Hill or Low Mountain on which Ferguson was situated. He had farther to go than Winston. The Americans approached the mountain at its extreme southwest end, and the different commands had to reach their stations from this point so as to entirely encircle the mountain. When they had reached the proper place the men were ordered to dismount and tie horses, and also, take off and tie up overcoats, blankets, etc., to their saddles. A few were left to take charge of the horses. Then the final order was given "Fresh prime your guns and every man go into battle, firmly resolving to fight till he dies." Draper says, "Never was the war cry of the ancient Romans more ceaseless and determined that Carthage must be destroyed than was that of the mountaineers—to catch and destroy Ferguson."

Before I proceed to describe the battle I will insert the description of the place where it was fought as given by Draper on page 209.

"That portion of it where the action was fought, has little or no claim to the distinction of a mountain. The King's Mountain range is about sixteen miles in length, extending generally from the northeast, in North

Carolina, in a southwesterly course, sending out lateral spurs in various directions. The principal elevation in this range, a sort of lofty, rocky tower, called **The Pinnacle,** is some six miles distant from the battle ground. That portion of the oblong hill or stony ridge, now historically famous, is in York County South Carolina, about a mile and a half south of the North Carolina line. It is some six hundred yards long, and about two hundred and fifty from one base across to the other; or from sixty to one hundred and twenty wide on the top, tapering to the South—'so narrow,' says Mills' **Statistics,** 'that a man standing on it may be shot from either side.' Its summit was some sixty feet above the level of the surrounding country."

Dr. Draper describes the character and kind of troops under Ferguson on page 237 as follows: "Ferguson's Provincials—or Rangers, as Tarleton terms them—were not a permanent corps, but made up for special service, from other Provincial bodies—the King's American Regiment, raised in and around New York, the Queen's Rangers, and the New Jersey Volunteers. These Colonial troops were clad, in the early part of the war, in green; afterwards, as a rule, they wore scarlet coats. The Provincials were well trained, and Ferguson relied largely upon them in consequence of their practised skill in the use of the bayonet; and, in case of necessity, for such of his Tory troops as were without implement, he had provided each with a long knife, made by the blacksmiths of the country, the butt end of the handle of which was fitted the proper size to insert snugly in the muzzle of the rifle, with a shoulder or button two inches or more from the end, so that it could be used as an effective substitute for a bayonet.



The Battle of Kings Mountain.

What was the exact strength of Ferguson's force cannot with certainty be determined. Tarleton says, beside his corps of Rangers—which numbered about one hundred—he had not far from one thousand Loyal Militia, while some British accounts put the number as low as eight hundred. The American official report, professing to gain the information from the enemy's provision returns of that day, gives the number as eleven hundred and twenty-five; and this tallies pretty closely with Tarleton's statement. There is, however, some reason to suppose that about two hundred Tories left camp that day, perhaps on a scout, but more likely on a foraging expedition.

It is fitting, in this connection, to speak of the character of these Loyalists, here arrayed on King's Mountain, and about to engage in a memorable conflict against their common country—for they were all, or nearly all, save Ferguson himself, natives of the Colonies. Now that Dunlap was separated from them, Ferguson's corps of Rangers seem to have been quite as unobjectionable a class of men as the temptations and unrestrained recklessness of war ordinarily permit the military to be; and, though they had fled before Captain Hampton in their retreat from Earle's Ford of North Pacolet, and had recoiled before the galling fire of Shelby and Clarke near Cedar Spring, the summer preceding, yet they were experienced soldiers, and were by many accounted as brave and reliable as any British troops in America."

This author further remarks that "the non-combatants, the cowards, and the indifferent, were not found among those arrayed on King's Mountain. But Ferguson's force, aside from the young men, who had enlisted

under his standard, and a few worthy but misguided people was largely made up of the worst characters which war evolves from the dregs of mankind." Among those Tories who took part in the Carolinas, whose names are infamous in history are "the notorious Captain David Fanning, Bloody Bill Bates, and Bloody Bill Cunningham." These men were unfeeling, avaricious, revengeful and bloody."

On the other hand, Campbell's men were of a very different class. We quote as follows from Draper, pages 242, 243, "In the confronting ranks was a very different class of men. Those from the Holston, under Campbell, were a peculiar people—somewhat of the character of Cromwell's soldiery. They were, almost to a man, Presbyterians. In their homes, in the Holston Valley, they were settled in pretty compact congregations; quite tenacious of their religious and civil liberties, as handed down from father to son from their Scotch-Irish ancestors. Their preacher, Rev. Charles Cummins, was fitted for the times; a man of piety and sterling patriotism, who constantly exerted himself to encourage his people to make every needed sacrifice, and put forth every possible exertion in defense of the liberties of their country. They were a remarkable body of men, both physically and mentally. Inured to frontier life, raised mostly in Augusta and Rockbridge Counties, Virginia, a frontier region in the French and Indian war, they early settled on the Holston, and ware accustomed from their childhood to border life and hardships; ever ready at the tap of the drum to turn out on military service; if, in the busiest crop season, their wives, sisters, and daughters could, in their absence, plant, and sow, and harvest. They were better educated than most of the frontier settlers,

and had a more thorough understanding of the questions at issue between the Colonies and their mother country. These men went forth to strike their country's foes, as did the patriarchs of old, feeling assured that the God of battles was with them, and that He would surely crown their efforts with success. They had no doubts nor fears. They trusted in God—and kept their powder dry. Such a thing as a coward was not known among them. How fitting it was, that to such a band of men should have been assigned, by Campbell's own good judgment, the attack on Ferguson's choicest troops—his Provincial Rangers. It was a happy omen of success—literally the forlorn hope—the right men in the right place.

Lacey's men, mostly from York and Chester Counties, South Carolina, and some of those under Shelby, Sevier, Cleveland, Williams, Winston, and McDowell, were of the same character—Scotch-Irish Presbyterians; but many of them, especially those from the Nolachucky, Watauga, and lower Holston, who had not been very long settled on the frontiers, were more of a mixed race, somewhat rough, but brave, fearless, and full of adventure. They were not a whit less patriotic than the Virginians; and were ever ready to hug a bear, scalp an Indian, or beard the fiercest Tories wherever they could find them. Such, in brief, were the salient characteristics of the mountaineers, and the men of the up-country of the Carolinas, who were about to engage in deadly conflict with Ferguson and his motley followers."

The map or plat shows the position of each separate command on the part of the Americans at the time the action commenced. The Americans were discovered by the British about a quarter of a mile before they reached

the base of the mountain. The surrounding country was thickly wooded. The Americans skillfully captured the picket out-posts and Ferguson had no notice that they were upon him until they were within a quarter of a mile. An order had been issued assigning the relative positions of each command. Campbell's regiment was called the right center and Shelby's the left center, and those commands forming on Shelby and extending on to the east end of the mountain, including Hambright's, were denominated the left wing, while those to the right of Campbell extending to and including Winston's command were denominated the right wing. The left wing was under the general command of Cleveland; the right wing under the command of Sevier. The order was that Campbell should commence the attack and upon hearing his guns the entire army was to raise a great shout and begin the assault.

When Ferguson was apprised that the "Backwater Men" as he called them were upon him, he had the drums beat the call to arms. He had a silver whistle with which he signalled his orders to his army. This whistle was heard giving forth its shrill commands. He formed his men in close order along the crest of the ridge. The first guns which were fired, were Ferguson's. Before the Americans could reach the base of the mountain, the British were at the edge of the plateau or top of the hill, firing upon them. Shelby's men complained that it was hard to be shot at and not to be permitted to return the fire. Shelby admonished them to wait until they got nearer and then their bullets would do some good. Nearly all the commands were fired upon before they got in position. When they did get in position, a great shout was raised and the men commenced climbing the hill and firing as they could.

While Campbell was Commander-in-chief, in point of fact, each officer commanded and directed his own troops. Campbell had under his immediate command two hundred men, Shelby and Sevier each only a hundred and twenty. All the other commands were still smaller. When the battle had gotten under full way, the roar of nearly nieteen hundred rifles and muskets was heard over the surrounding country. The trees that stood at intervals on the sides of the mountain, formed a protection to the Americans while they were an impediment to the British when they charged down the mountain. Each man of the nine hundred and ten Americans, in obedience to the order previously given, became his own officer. He would shoot, turn his back to a tree, load, shoot again, then advance maybe to anotther tree and fire aagin, and thus the Americans worked their way to the top of the mountain, where the British columns were at point blank range and they would fire a deadly volley into them. The British troops would rush the Americans with their bayonets when they had nothing in their hands but unloaded guns and drive them back down to the foot of the mountain, then the British would turn and go rapidly back to attend to the Americans who were firing into them from the other side of the mountain. Campbell's and Shelby's men were each charged in this way three times. All the other commands were charged by the bayonets except Sevier's, or such portion of his command as became mingled with Campbell's men. Lossing says, "This was one of the most obstinate contests that occurred during the Revolutionary War." The late eloquent Bailie Peyton of Sumner County, Tenn., exclaimed in an address that "When the conflict began the

mountain appeared volcanic. There flashed along the summit and around its base and up its sides one long sulphurous blaze." Dr. Draper, page 254, "The battle now raging all around the mountain was almost terrific; the shouts of the mountaineers, the peals of hundreds of rifles and muskets, the loud command, and encouraging words of the respective officers, with every now and then the shrill skreech of Ferguson's silver whistle high above the din and confusion of the battle intermingled with the groans of the wounded in every part of the line, combined to convey the idea of another pandemonium."

Where every command did its duty so nobly, it would be unjust to distinguish and give one the praise over another, but we venture to say, no one command was so severely tested as Campbell's. They were the first to engage the enemy and the first to be driven down the mountain at the point of the bayonet. If they had broken and ran away at the time of the first charge, it would have lost the day to the Americans. It was a new experience to them, but as we have seen they were men of superior mould, in fact, there was not a coward on that day in that battle on either side. In the desperate attacks which occurred in these charges, many hand to hand combats occurred, which were the wonder and admiration of those who witnessed them. We will give one instance quoting from Draper's Work, page 255, "Captain William Edmondson also of Campbell's regiment, remarked to John McCrosky, one of his men, that he was not satisfied with his position, and dashed forward into the hottest part of the battle, and there received the charge of DePeyster's Rangers, discharged his gun, then clubbed it and knocked the rifle out of the

grasp of one of the Britons. Seizing him by the neck, he made him his prisoner, and brought him to the foot of the hill. Returning again up the mountain, he bravely fell fighting in front of his company, near his beloved Colonel. His faithful soldier, McCrosky, when the contest was ended, went in search of his Captain, found him, and related the great victory gained, when the dying man nodded his satisfaction of the result. The stern Colonel Campbell was seen to brush away a tear, when he saw his good friend and heroic Captain stretched upon the ground under a tree, with one hand clutching his side, as if to restrain his life blood from ebbing away until the battle was over. He heard the shout of victory as his commander and friend grasped his other hand. He was past speaking; but he kissed his Colonel's hand, smiled, loosed his feeble hold on life, and the Christian patriot went to his reward." There were eight men by the name of Edmonson in Campbell's regiment, all officers, but one, of whom three were killed and one was wounded.

The place where Campbell's men climbed the mountain was rough and abrupt—the most difficult of any part of the ridge. Colonel Shelby writing of the battle to Colonel Arthur Campbell five days afterwards, speaks as follows of Campbell and his men "On the first onset, "the Washington militia attempted rapidly to ascend the mountain; but were met by the British regulars with fixed bayonets, and forced to retreat. They were soon rallied by their gallant commander, and some of his active officers, and by a constant and well-directed fire of our rifles we drove them back in our turn, and reached the summit of the mountain."

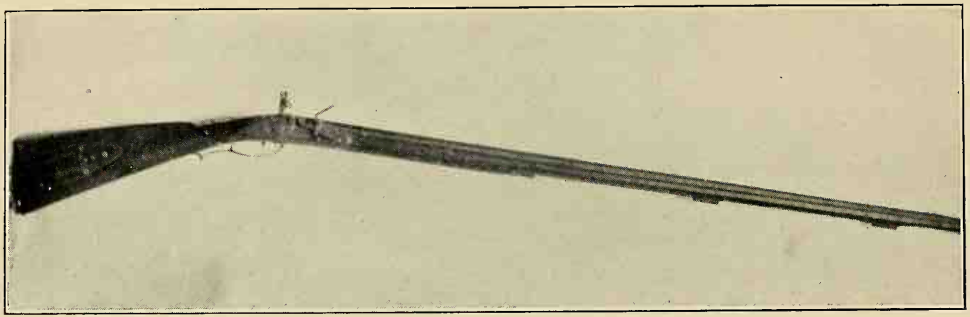
While the Rangers who constituted the flower of

Ferguson's forces were charging Campbell's men with the bayonet, Shelby was pressing the enemy from the opposite side, so the Provincials found it necessary to turn their attention to the other side of the mountain. Bancroft speaking of Shelby says, "He was a man of the hardiest make, stiff as iron, among the dauntless, singled out for dauntlessness, went right onward and upward like a man who had but one thing to do, and but one thought to do it." But brave as Shelby was and brave as his men were, they had to retreat before the British charging column, but as soon as they reached the foot of the hill and the enemy returned to go back up the hill, Shelby rallied his men, saying "Now boys, quickly reload your rifles, and lets advance upon them, and give them another fire."

Ferguson had learned before the battle had advanced very far, the great mistake he made in selecting the top of that mountain as the place for battle. The famous Colonel "Harry" Lee said of it, that it was "more assailable by the rifle than defensible with the bayonet."

These men were seasoned fighters; they had seen hard service on a number of well fought fields under their famous commander. They maintained their high reputation upon the field of King's Mountain. At the very first fire, the fine horse of Colonel Lacy was killed.

Major Chronicle and Lieut. Col. Hambright engaged the enemy at the northeast end of the mountain. The ascent here was more abrupt than anywhere else except where Campbell's men fought. As soon as they reached the base of the mountain, Maj. Chronicle standing ten paces in front of his men cried out, "Face to the hill!" At the moment he uttered this command a ball



The Old Rifle used by Adam Baird at the Battle of Kings Mountain.

struck him and he fell dead; a private William Rabb, standing some six feet from Chronicle was killed a few seconds afterwards. The leadership then devolved upon Col. Hambright. He had with him Maj. Joseph Dickson, Capts. Mattocks, Johnson, White, Espey and Samuel Martin. There were not men enough for all the officers to command, but they took their places in the line, and fought heroically. This command was composed of fifty out of the sixty Lincoln County men recruited by Col. William Graham. In addition the twenty men, also Lincoln County men, known as South Fork boys, were added to this number, making in all under Hambright, seventy men. Capt. Samuel Martin had a company of twenty men; he resided at the time not far from King's Mountain. Adam Baird who served as a private in that engagement was in all probability a member of this command. He was a Lincoln County man, he lived and died about fifteen miles from King's Mountain. I am quite sure that he belonged to this corps.

(The rifle shown in the picture was carried and used by Adam Baird in that battle. This is well established by legendary testimony every way trustworthy. The barrel of this rifle is forty-three inches long. The bore is nearly large enough to shoot a minie-ball.)

Before this corps had reached the crest of the mountain the enemy led by DePeyster, charged it with the bayonet. In this charge, Capt. Mattocks and John Boyd were killed. John Chittim who belonged to Capt. Martin's company, was shot through, making such an orrifice, that a silk handkerchief could be drawn through it and yet he lived to a good old age.

There was a boy in this command only sixteen years old named Robert Henry, doubtless he was the

youngest man in the battle, and Dr. Draper says that he was the last to die. He was born in 1765 and died in 1863. I give here an account of his heroic conduct taken from Draper's Work, page 258, as follows: "One gallant young fellow, Robert Henry, then in his sixteenth year, had taken his position behind a log stretched across a hollow; and was getting ready to give the enemy another shot, when the bayonet chargers came dashing along. One of the enemy was advancing rapidly on young Henry, who was in the act of cocking his gun, when his antagonist's bayonet glanced along Henry's gun-barrel, passing clear through one of his hands, and penetrating into his thigh. Henry, in the melee, had shot the Tory, and both fell to the ground—the young Whig hero completely transfixed. Henry was pretty well enveloped in powder-smoke; but sad and helpless as was his condition, he could not help observing that many of his South Fork friends were not more than a gun's length ahead of the Tory bayonets, and the farthest could not have exceeded twenty feet, when they fired, with deadly effect, upon their pursuers, and retired to the bottom of the hill, quickly reloading, and in turn chasing their enemies up the mountain.

William Caldwell, one of Henry's companions, seeing his situation, pulled the bayonet out of his thigh; but finding it yet sticking fast to the young soldier's hand, gave the wounded limb a kick with his boot, which loosenel the bloody instrument from its hold. Henry suffered more in the operation of extracting the bayonet, than when the Briton made the effective thrust, driving it through his hand and into his thigh. Again upon his feet, he picked up his gun with his uninjured hand, and found it empty—how he could not tell; but sup-

posed, as he received the terrible bayonet thrust, that he must, almost instinctively, have touched the trigger and discharged his rifle, and that the ball must have cut some main artery of his antagonist, as he bled profusely."

(Mr. Henry was born in a rail pen, in then Rowan, now Iredall County, North Carolina, January 10th, 1765. Full of patriotism, though young, he shared in the trials and perils of the Revolution, and in due time recovered from the severe wounds he received at King's Mountain. In 1795, he was one of the party who ran the boundary line between North Carolina and Tennessee. He subsequently studied law, and practiced his profession many years in Buncombe County. He served in the House of Commons in 1833 and 1834. He was a clear and forcible speaker; and his memory deserves to be held in grateful remembrance for preserving the narrative of the King's Mountain campaign and battle, so frequently cited in this work. He died in the new County of Clay, North Carolina, January 6th, 1863, within four days of attaining the patriarchal age of ninety-eight years, and he was undoubtedly the last of the heroes of King's Mountain.")

We add also the following interesting item taken from Draper's History, page 259: "Another incident of the battle; when William Twitty, who behaved so gallantly in the defence of Graham's Fort the preceding summer, and now serving among the South Fork or Lincoln boys, discovered that his most intimate crony had been shot down by his side, he believed that he knew from the powder-smoke, from behind which tree the fatal ball had sped; and watching his opportunity to avenge the death of his friend, he had not long to

wait, for soon he observed a head poking itself out from its shelter, when he quickly fired, and the Tory fell. After the battle, Twitty repaired to the tree and found one of his neighbors, a well-known Loyalist with his brains blown out.

Abram Forney, a brave soldier of Capt. William Johnston's company, of the Lincoln men, used in after years to relate this incident of the battle: When the contest had become warm and well-maintained on both sides, a small party of Whigs, not relishing the abundance of lead flying all around them, and occasionally cutting down some gallant comrade at their side, concluded to take temporary shelter behind an old hollow chestnut tree—a mere shell—which stood near, and from its walls to pour forth a destructive fire upon the enemy. The British, however, presently observed the quarter whence this galling fire proceeded, and immediately returned their compliments in the shape of a few well-aimed volleys at the old shell, completely perforating it with balls, and finally shivering it in pieces."

As Cleveland moved to his position in the line of attack, he was subjected to a heavy fire while on the way. He pointed to the mountain and exclaimed to his men "Yonder is your enemy and the enemy of mankind." The British were lining the brow of the enimence and Cleveland's men at once engaged them. These men were from the counties of Wilkes and Surrey. They thoroughly detested the Tories and no one more heartily despised them than Cleveland. It is told of this officer that when on one occasion he had captured one of the very worst, most daring, and desperate of these Tories, he pronounced death sentence upon him and ordered

him to be executed at once. The Tory replied cooly that he expected to be killed but he thought the Colonel need not be in such a damned hurry about it." This intrepidity upon the part of the desperado so impressed Cleveland that he spared his life upon promise that he should fight for the Americans until the end of the war. He faithfully kept his promise.

Cleveland and his men fought from behind trees, logs, rocks and bushes; and ever and anon Cleveland would call out: "A little nearer to them, my brave men" and at once they would spring from their places of concealment and dash forward for more advanced position.

There were many hand to hand combats on this part of the line. Winston's men, who were from the counties of Surrey and Wilkes and McDowell's men who were from Burke and Rutherford did their full share in this momentous struggle.

Sevier's column after a hard struggle, fighting as they climbed the mountain, at length gained the summit of the hill, and drove the enemy's left flank upon his center. The last time that Campbell and Shelby's men were driven down the mountain, the report became circulated that Tarleton with his Cavalry had come, but Sevier rode along his line assuring his men that Tarleton was not there and even if he were they could compel them to turn their backs and flee up the mountain as they had done the Rangers.

Colonel Williams, between whom and the other officers, there had been some friction, and he had not determined until the battle commenced that he would take any part in it, but when he heard the guns, he was too patriotic to miss such an opportunity to serve his

country. He placed his command immediately on Shelby's left and called to his men saying, "Come on my boys,—the old waggoner never yet backed out." Williams had under him Brandon, Hammond, Hayes, Roebuck and Dillard, who were brave and experienced offficers. Thomas Young relates his experience as follows while fighting in Williams' line: "I well remember how I behaved. Ben hollingsworth and I took right up the side of the mountain, and fought our way, from tree to tree, up to the summit. I recollect I stood behind one tree, and fired until the bark was nearly all knocked off, and my eyes pretty well filled with it. One fellow shaved me pretty close, for his bullet took a piece out of my gun-stock. Be fore I was aware of it, I found myself apparently between my own regiment and the enemy, as I judged from seeing the paper which the Whigs wore in their hats, and the pine twigs the Tories wore in theirs, these being the badges of distinction."

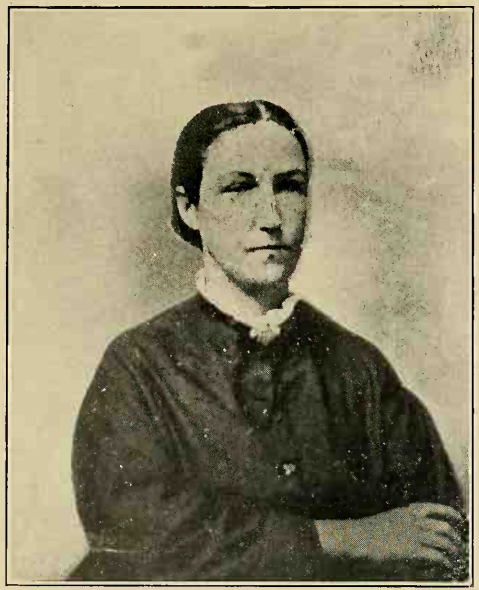
Mr. Young describes the death of Colonel Williams as follows: "In the thickest of the fight, I saw Col. Williams fall, and a braver or a better man never died upon the field of battle. I had seen him once before, that day—it was in the beginning of the action, as he charged by me at full speed around the mountain. Toward the summit a ball struck his horse under the jaw, when he commenced stamping as if he were in a nest of yellow-jackets. Col. Williams threw the reins over the animal's neck—sprang to the ground, and dashed onward. The moment I heard the cry that Col. Williams was shot, I ran to his assistance. They carried him into a tent and sprinkled some water on his face. As he revived his first words were, 'For God's sake, boys, don't give up the hill!'"

And thus the battle waged, until at last the two wings of the Americans pressed the enemy back upon their camp. Near the close of the action Lt. Col. Hambright received a shot in his side,—an ugly wound but not fatal.

Dr. Draper describes the death of Ferguson as follows: "At length, satisfied that all was lost, and firmly resolving not to fall into the hands of the despised "Back-Watermen" Ferguson, with a few chosen friends, made a desperate attempt to break through the Whig lines, on the south-eastern side of the mountain, and escape. The intrepid British leader made a bold dash for life and freedom, with his sword in his left hand, cutting and slashing till he had broken it. Col. Shelby mentions the sword incident, and Benjamin Sharp corroborates it; while several others unite in testifying to the fact that he spurred his horse, and rushed out, attempting to escape. Before the action commenced, it was well known that Ferguson wielded his sword in his left hand, and that he wore a light or checked duster or hunting shirt for an outer garment, and the admonition had gone from soldier to soldier—"Look out for Ferguson with his sword in his left hand, wearing a light hunting-shirt!"

One of Sevier's men, named Gilleland, who had received several wounds, and was well-nigh exhausted, seeing the advance of Ferguson and his party, attempted to arrest the career of the great leader, but his gun snapped; when he called out to Robert Young, of the same regiment—"There's Ferguson—shoot him!" "I'll try and see what Sweet-Lips can do," muttered Young, as he drew a sharp sight discharging his rifle, when Ferguson fell from his horse, and his associates were

either killed or driven back. Several rifle bullets had taken effect on Ferguson apparently about the same time, and a number claimed the honor of having shot the fallen chief—among them, one Kusick, another of Sevier's sharp-shooters. Certain it is, that Ferguson received six or eight wounds, one of them through the head. He was unconscious when he fell, and did not long survive," and thus Ferguson died. He was a Scotch-Irishman and among the bravest of the brave. His remains lie buried upon the fateful mountain where he fell. When he passed away, Cornwallis lost his right arm. While Campbell's corps lost the greater number of men, the greatest percentage of loss was among the Lincoln County men, it was never well ascertained what the losses were. In Captain Samuel Martin's little company of twenty, there were four killed and six wounded. The night after the battle was one of horror. The groans and cries of the wounded and dying were painful in the extreme. Cornwallis at the time of this battle was encamped at Charlotte, about thirty-five miles distant. The Americans were constantly expecting Tarleton with his light troops to be upon them. They hastened away by forced marches, toward their mountain homes. They had neither time nor opportunity nor the means of caring for the wounded on either side. This expedition is unique in history. These men gathered together upon their own initiative. They were not under the control or pay of any government. They started out to destroy Ferguson and his command and they did it. When this was accomplished they returned home. We will speak of the effect of this battle after we shall have described the battle of the Cowpens.



Elizabeth Foster McConnell.

General Daniel Morgan.

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The Heroes of the Cowpens.

The Battle of the Cowpens was fought on the 17th of January, 1781, about two miles south of the North Carolina boundary line. The field of battle was an open woods sloping to the south, sufficiently clear of undergrowth for the operation of cavalry. It was located in a bend of the Broad River, which, running parallel with the American line about six miles distant, wound around the American left, at about the same distance. General Daniel Morgan was in command of the American forces. He was the same officer who raised a company of ninety-six riflemen in the Valley of Virginia and marched with them to Washington's camp before Boston in 1775. He led the vanguard of Arnold's army up the Kennebec and over the Dead and down the Chaudire Rivers in 1776. It was he who led the forlorn hope at Quebec. It was he who distinguished himself at the battles of Freeman's Farm and Bemus Heights, commonly known in history, as the battle of Saratoga. Of his capability, Bancroft, the historian, writes as follows: "Morgan was at that time the ablest commander of light troops in the world; in no European army of that day were the troops like those which he trained. Instructed in vigilance by life in the back woods, he had organized a system for obtaining speedy and exact information as to the designs and movements of his disproportionally powerful enemies. Greene offered him wagons. "Wagons," he answered, on the last day of the year 1780, "would be an impedi-

ment, whether we attempt to annoy the enemy or provide for our own safety. It is incompatible with the nature of light troops to be encumbered with luggage."

Colonel Banastre Tarleton, whom Morgan was soon to meet in deadly combat, was a young Englishman, twenty-six years old, full of the fire of war, courageous, and had come from New York with Sir Henry Clinton to Charleston and passed through all the fighting which occurred during that unfortunate seige. It was he who met and annihilated Colonel Buford's forces on their belated march from Virginia to the relief of General Loncoln at Charleston. With this introduction of the two leaders at the famous action of the Cowpens, we shall proceed to describe it.

Before doing so, however, we will give General Morgan's reasons for selecting the field of battle surrounded by the Broad River. He said: "I would not have had a swamp in view of my militia on any consideration; they would have made for it, and nothing could have detained them from it. And as to covering my wings, I knew my adversary, and was perfectly sure I should have nothing but downright fighting. As to retreat, it was the very thing I wished to cut off all hope of. I would have thanked Tarleton had he surrounded me with his cavalry. It would have been better than placing my own men in the rear to shoot down those who broke from the ranks. When men are forced to fight, they will sell their lives dearly; and I knew that the dread of Tarleton's cavalry would give due weight to the protection of my bayonets, and keep my troops from breaking as Buford's regiment did. Had I crossed the river, one-half of the militia would immediately have abandoned me."

It thus appears that Morgan had supreme confidence in himself and his officers and men of the Continental Line, else he would not have staked his entire fate upon this one action.

The sequel shows that he made no mistake. Greene succeeded Gates in the command of the Department of the South. He arrived in Charlotte on the 2nd of December. Gates, to his credit be it said, had gone to work, after his disastrous defeat at Camden on the 16th of August and collected an army of two thousand, three hundred and seven men. Little more than one-half were militia. "Eight hundred were properly clothed and equipped." Greene marched his army to the head of boat navigation on the Pedee River. In this camp he undertook to resurrect, so to speak, the demoralized forces which he had received from Gates. Morgan crossed the Catawba below the mouth of the Little Catawba, and crossing the Broad River he established his camp on the 25th of December on the north bank of the Pacolet. This was one of four tributaries flowing, not very far apart, in a southeasterly direction into the Broad. Morgan's camp was situated between the Cowpens and Ninety-six, which was a British fortified and garrisoned post. Cornwallis was at Charlotte when he learned of Ferguson's disaster at King's Mountain. He was so alarmed that he at once retreated to Winsboro in South Carolina, a place situated between the Catawba and Broad Rivers, a little northeast of Ninety-six. Greene with his main forces was about seventy miles northeast of Morgan's position. It was Cornwallis' purpose to fight them separately before they could unite their forces or increase them by the militia of the surrounding country or by troops from the north. For this

purpose he ordered Tarleton to cross the Broad River and attack Morgan. He wrote him as follows: "Dear Tarleton—If Morgan is still anywhere within your reach, I shall wish you to push him to the utmost. No time is to be lost." Tarleton answered by promising either to destroy Morgan's corps or push it before him over Broad River toward King's Mountain; and he wished the main army to advance, so as to be ready to capture the fugitives. "I feel bold in offering my opinion," he wrote, "as it flows from well-founded inquiry concerning the enemy's designs." To this Cornwallis replied: "You have understood my intentions perfectly."

Tarleton crossed the Broad River at the ferry on the road between Windsboro and Ninety-six and turned his column to the north and started in pursuit of Morgan. Cornwallis was to march his forces up the east bank of the Broad, and be ready to intercept Morgan and defeat, capture or destroy his entire command. This accomplished, his purpose was to march against Greene at his camp on the Pedee. Morgan's position at once became dangerous. On the 14th of January, Tarleton had a force of some eleven or twelve hundred men. On the 16th, he marched towards Broad River. On the evening of the same day, Tarleton occupied the camp which Morgan had just left; and on the same day Cornwallis reached Turkey Creek,—about twenty-five miles from the Cowpens. There he waited for the arrival of Gen. Leslie with thirteen hundred and fifty men from Charleston. He reached Cornwallis on the eighteenth and nineteenth. Two miles from the enclosure the Cowpens on a plain covered with pines, chestnut and oak, Morgan encamped his army for the night. Here he

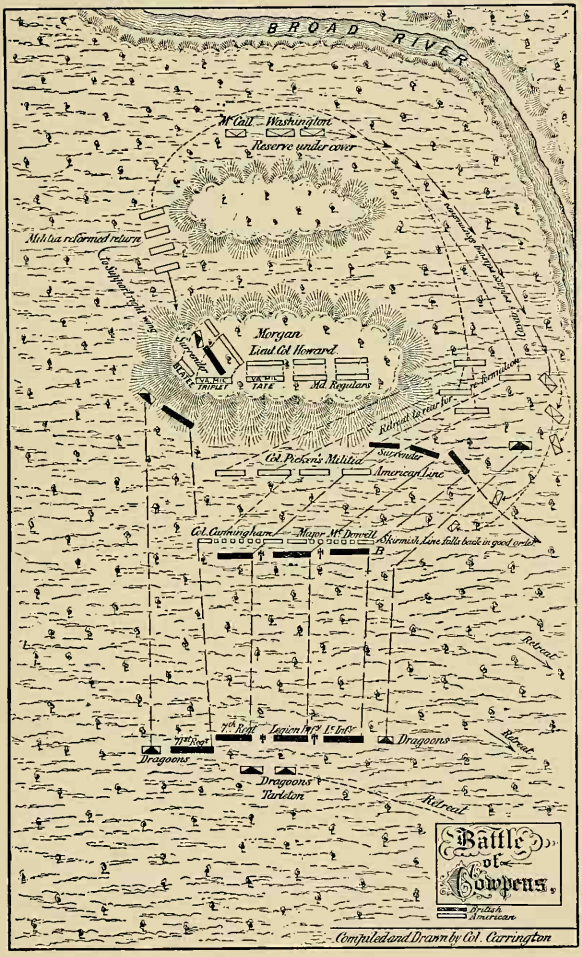
resolved to give battle to the enemy. In the evening he mingled among his soldiers, inspiring them with hope, and courage. On the 17th, an hour before day, Morgan had ascertained from his scouts that Tarleton's troops were approaching his camp. He with his officers and men quietly breakfasted and prepared for battle. He disposed his men as appears from the map herein. The white blocks or parallelograms represent the American forces and the black blocks, or parallelograms represent the British forces as they appeared on the battle-field during the different stages of the progress of the battle. The shaded portions represent two low hills, the one to the north lower than the one in the center. The land sloped gently from these low hills to the south, which was the direction from which Tarleton was coming. A force of one hundred and fifty picked men, sharp-shooters, was stationed in advance of Morgan's first line, under command of Major Cunningham of Georgia and Major McDowell of South Carolina, a skirmishers, with orders to take to trees and not to fire until the enemy were within fifty yards and then to fall back upon the first line, firing as they could. Two hundred and seventy militia under Col. Pickens were drawn up in line of battle near the foot of the first hill and one hundred and fifty yards in rear of the skirmish line. Pickens had orders after firing two volleys to retire to the left of the main line composed of regulars under Howard and to pass around behind the second hill, where Colonel Washington was posted with the cavalry and mounted men and reform on the American right. Morgan had assured this body of militia that if they would stand their ground and fire two volleys or two shots apiece, at short range, say, within fifty yards,

and then retire as directed and reform on his right, he would be sure to gain a victory.

Morgan occupied the center, where he could have a view of the entire field. He stationed "the Maryland battalion, nearly three hundred strong, on his left and the companies of Virginia militia, under Triplett and Tate, were next in order to the right of the Marylanders, with Beaty's Georgians about one hundred and fifty men, on the extreme right. Lt. Col. Howard commanded this line. In the rear of the small hill were the cavalry forces of Washington and McCall, composed of about eighty men. Morgan had informed his regulars, including Washington's cavalry, of the contemplated retirement of the militia, to the rear as herein stated, so that there might be no confusion arising from a want of knowledge of any of the troops of the nature of this movement. The battle was fought out very nearly as planned.

Tarleton arrived upon the field about seven o'clock in the morning. His men had marched rapidly since about daylight and were more or less weary when they entered upon the struggle. They were drawn up in line as shown upon the map. He had two three pounder cannon; these he placed between the Legion and Seventh Regiment . The line once formed, "His advance was prompt and spirited. The American skirmishers fired effectively, and fell back into the first line, and the militia after one steady, deadly fire, fell back also and began to move across the front of the second line to take position on the right as ordered.

The British troops taking the whole movement as assurance of easy victory advanced rapidly, with shouts, only to find themselves confronted by the main body,



The Battle of the Cowpens.

which received them without flinching. The British guns were then moved to the front, and fifty dragoons from each British extremity followed the retreating militia when the first line broke. But upon the resistance of the main body, the Seventy-first British regiment, which had been in reserve, and Tarleton, with two hundred dragoons advanced to the charge. As the British left ascended the hill to turn the American right, the militia there stationed were ordered by Morgan to swing back, thus making a crotchet to the rear, and to hold the position until Colonel Pickens could bring up the militia who were already forming for that purpose, while the American cavalry spurred around the left of the regulars and attacked the British right which had thus far followed the retreating militia. Lt. Col. Howard mistaking this change of position in his right for the contingent movement to the rear, ordered the regulars also to retreat. The British had lost many officers and they pressed on in some disorder. The issue of the day was at its crisis; when Morgan ordered the troops to face about, deliver fire and charge with the bayonet. The British were within thirty yards. The effect was immediate and conclusive at that part of the field. Washington was just then engaged with the artillery endeavoring to capture the guns, and the British infantry and cavalry fled or surrendered. Nearly every gunner was killed or wounded while faithfully fighting by his gun. The Seventy-first regiment with Tarleton's horse were still on the American right wing, until Pickens' militia came up vigorously attacking their flank. Being now under cross fire they also threw down their arms and surrendered. Tarleton escaped with two hundred and seventy dragoons after a vain dash to save the guns

and restore order. Tarleton and Washington here met face to face, the former received a cut on his hand and the latter a pistol shot in his knee.

Tarleton thus states the facts, "The Militia, after a short contest were dislodged and the British approached, the continentals. The fire on both sides was well supported and produced much slaughter. The cavalry on the right charged the enemy's left with great gallantry but were driven back by the fire of the reserve and by a charge of Colonel Washington's cavalry. As the contest in the front line seemed equally balanced, he thought the advance of the Seventy-first into line and a movement of the cavalry in reserve, to threaten the enemy's left flank, would put a victorious period to the action. No time was lost. The cavalry were ordered to incline to the left and to form a line which would embrace the whole of the enemy's right flank. Upon the advance of the Seventy-first, all the infantry again moved on. The continentals and backwoodsmen gave ground. The British rushed forward. An order was given to the cavalry to charge. An unexpected fire from the Americans who came about as they were retreating, stopped the British and threw them into confusion. Exertions to make them advance were useless. The cavalry which had not been engaged fell into disorder and an unaccountable panic extended itself along the whole line. Neither promises nor threats could avail."

Washington pursued Tarleton twenty-four miles, but he was not able to capture him. Of the Americans only twelve were killed and sixty wounded. The British lost ten commissioned officers, and more than a hundred rank and file killed; two hundred were wounded, twenty-nine commissioned officers and more than five hun-

Colonel Wm Washington.

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dred privates were taken prisoners, besides seventy negroes; one hundred horses, thirty-five wagons, eight hundred muskets, two field pieces (these were the same which had been taken from the British at Saratoga and retaken at Camden), were taken. "The battle was ended two hours before noon."

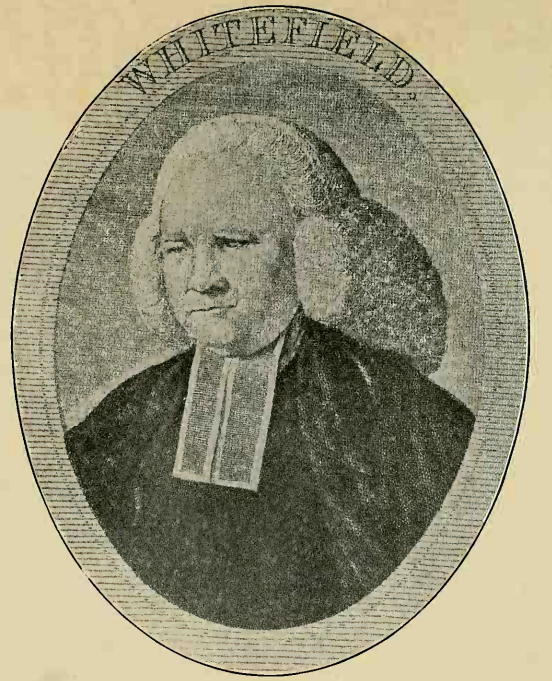
Cornwallis was nearer to the crossing of the Catawba River at Ramsour's Mill, the point of intersection of the road from the Cowpens, than Morgan was at the close of the battle. If he had pressed on at once to that point, he could have cut off Morgan and perhaps captured and destroyed his command. He hesitated, he seemed to be afraid to put himself directly between Morgan and Greene, although he must have known that Greene was too far away to reach that point in time to assist Morgan. Leslie arrived with part of his troops on the 18th and part on the 19th, so he marched northward on the 19th with thirteen hundred and fifty fresh troops, making a total of over thirty-five hundred men. Tarleton complained bitterly of Cornwallis' failure to thus act promptly and re-capture his men who were made prisoners and thus in part redeem the disaster of the Cowpens. (My grandfather, Manuel McConnell, was a soldier with Washington's cavalry on that occasion. He was twenty-two years old, was in the charge upon and capture of the artillery heretofore described and also in the charge upon Tarleton's dragoons upon Howard's left. Colonel Washington rode thirty paces in front of his men and Tarleton who was fleeing, saw him and turned and met him and fired his pistol and shot Washington in the knee and Washington thrust his hand with the point of his sword. Tarleton then turned and fled. I have heard my grandfather describe

this charge often when I was a boy. Some early historian, in writing an account of the battle of the Cowpens, had represented the militia under Pickens as having broken and fled in confusion upon the onset of Tarleton's forces. I remember very well his account of how it did occur. He gives it just as it is given in the above quotation from Carrington. He said such a story as the historian had given was unjust to the memory of those brave militiamen.

Josiah Martin of Lincoln County, North Carolina, was also in this battle. I do not know what command he was with. He was my mother's great uncle, being a younger brother of James Martin, her grandfather. In his application for a pension, made in the year 1833, he gives the Cowpens as one of the battles in which he was engaged.)

The disaster to Tarleton's command was very great. Cornwallis, writing on the day after the battle uses this language: "It is impossible to foresee all the consequences that this unexpected and extraordinary event may produce." Tarleton said of it that "As the defeat of Ferguson at King's Mountain made to Lord Cornwallis the first invasion of North Carolina impossible, so the battle of the Cowpens would make the second disastrous."

"The fame of the great victory at the Cowpens spread in every direction. Greene announced it in general orders, and his army saluted the victors as "the finest fellows on earth, more worthy than ever of love." Rutledge of South Carolina repeated their praises, and rewarded Pickens with a commission as brigadier. Davidson of North Carolina wrote that the victory "gladdened every countenance, and paved the way for



Rev. George Whitefield,

For whom Newton Whitfield McConnell was in part named, and, the name Whitfield introduced into the family. Copied from Woodrow Wilson's History of the American People, by permission of Harper Bros.

General Francis Marion.

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the salvation of the country." The state of Virginia voted to Morgan a horse and a sword in testimony of "the highest esteem of his country for his military character and abilities so gloriously displayed." The United States in congress placed among their records "the most lively sense of approbation of the conduct of Morgan and the men and officers under his command." To him they voted a gold medal, to Howard and William Washington medals of silver, and swords to Pickens and Triplet."

General Greene, upon the receipt of the news of Morgan's victory, accompanied by a small escort, rode rapidly to meet him. Before leaving his camp, he directed Huger, who was second in command, to conduct his troops to a place designated, and there he united his forces. Then commenced a retreat, conducted on the part of Greene, in such a masterly style, that it has elicited the praise of military men all over the world. North Carolina abounded in rivers, which at high water time, cannot be forded. Cornwallis pursued with energy, and the race was continued over two hundred miles, when Greene crossed the Dan River into Virginia. Here he received reinforcements. Cornwallis gave up the pursuit, and returned to Guilford Court House. Greene crossed the Dan and followed him. The battle was fought at Guilford Court House on the 15th of March. While Greene withdrew from the battle ground and Cornwallis occupied it, the latter claimed the victory and in a technical sense he was entitled to it. His total force was about nineteen hundred men. His loss in killed and wounded was five hundred and seventy. This was about thirty-three and one-third per cent. Greene's loss was something over four hundred, but his total num-

ber was about 4,000. The result was so disastrous to Cornwallis' army, that he at once retreated to Wilmington on the sea coast. He left Lord Rawdon with a small army wholly inadequate to hold the territory which they were seeking to occupy. In less than ten months, after Greene took charge of the Southern Department he had driven the British out of the whole of the states of Georgia, North and South Carolina, except the sea coast cities of Savannah, Charleston and Wilmington.

The result of the battles of King's Mountain, the Cowpens and Guilford Court House was that Cornwallis found himself hemmed in at Yorktown in September, 1781, where he surrendered with his whole army which had been increased to about seven thousand men, to Washington in October of the same year. This practically ended the war.

In order to show the opinion which historians have of the effect and value of the victory at King's Mountain, we give here in full, the very complete summary made by Dr. Draper in his work on pages 374, 375, 376, 377.

"General Washington proclaimed the result in General Orders to the army, as "an important object gained," and "a proof of the spirit and resources of the country;" while Congress expressed in its resolves, "a high sense of the spirited and military conduct of Colonel Campbell, and the officers and privates of the militia under his command, displayed in the action of October seventh, in which a complete victory was obtained." This marked success over Ferguson, and the heroic conduct of the riflemen at Guilford, convinced General Greene, that "the militia of the back country are formidable."

"Campbell's glorious success at King's Mountain," was the terse encomium of Lieutenant-Colonel Lee, of the Legion Cavalry. "It was a sharp action," said Chief Justice Marshall, gained by "the victorious mountainers."

"No battle," says Lossing, "during the war, was more obstinately contested than this; it completely crushed the spirits of the Loyalists, and weakened, beyond recovery, the royal power in the Carolinas." "The victory at King's Mountain," observes Bancroft, "which in the spirit of the American soldiers was like the rising at Concord, in its effects like the success at Bennington, changed the aspects of the war. The Loyalists of North Carolina no longer dared rise. It fired the patriots of the two Carolinas with fresh zeal. It encouraged the fragments of the defeated and scattered American army to seek each other, and organize themselves anew. It quickened the North Carolina Legislature to earnest efforts. It encouraged Virginia to devote her resources to the country south of her border. The appearance on the frontiers of a numerous enemy from settlements beyond the mountains, whose very names had been unknown to the British, took Cornwallis by surprise, and their success was fatal to his intended expedition. He had hoped to step with ease from one Carolina to the other, and from those to the conquest of Virginia; and he had now no choice but to retreat."

When all the circumstances, continues the same distinguished historian, are considered, the hardihood of the conception, the brilliancy of the execution and the important train of consequences resulting from it, there was nothing in the North more so, except the surrender at Saratoga. It is not to be imagined, that the assemblage of the troops was an accidental and tumultuous

congregation of men, merely seeking wild adventures. On the contrary, although each step in the progress of the enterprise seemed to be characterized by a daring impulse yet the purpose had been cooly conceived, and its execution deliberately planned in a temper of not less wisdom than hardihood.

Irving declares, that "the battle of King's Mountain, inconsiderable as it was in the numbers engaged, turned the tide of Southern warfare. The destruction of Ferguson and his corps gave a complete check to the expedition of Cornwallis. He began to fear for the safety of South Carolina, liable to such sudden irruptions from the mountains; lest, while he was facing to the north, these hordes of stark-riding warriors might throw themselves behind him, and produce a popular combustion in the Province he had left. He resolved, therefore, to return with all speed to that Province, and provide for its security."

Lord Cornwallis fully recognized the extent of the great disaster. His sudden retreat into South Carolina showed it. Ferguson, he said, "had taken infinite pains with some of the militia of Ninety Six," and had confidence that they would fight well, which his Lordship doubted; and yet Cornwallis suffered him to go on a distant service, without any regulars, artillery, or cavalry for his support, and the result was, as his Lordship acknowledges, that Ferguson was "totally defeated at King's Mountain." The discouraging effect of that crushing disaster on the Tories, may well be judged from Cornwallis' dispatch to Sir Henry Clinton; "The Militia of Ninety Six," he observes, "on which alone we could place the smallest dependence, was so totally disheartened by the defeat of Ferguson, that of that whole

district we could with difficulty assemble one hundred; and even those, I am convinced, would not have made the smallest resistance if they had been attacked." "The defeat of Major Ferguson" wrote Lord Rawdon, "had so dispirited this part of the country, and indeed the Loyal subjects were so wearied by the long continuance of the campaign, that Lt. Col. Cruger, commanding at Ninety Six, sent information to Lord Cornwallis, that the whole district had determined to submit, as soon as the Rebels should enter it," and, a little later, Lord Cornwallis wrote: "The constant incursions of refugees, North Carolinians, Back Mountain men, and the perpetual risings in different parts of this Province, the invariable successes of all those parties against our militia, keep the whole country in continual alarm, and render the assistance of regular troops everywhere necessary."

Sir Henry Clinton, the British Commander-in-chief in America, blamed Lord Cornwallis for detaching Ferguson without any support of regular troops, when his Lordship had previously stated, that Ferguson's hopes of success on his Tory militia "were contrary to the experience of the army, as well as of Major Ferguson himself;" and "that his Lordship," wrote Sir Henry, "should, after this opinion not only suffer Colonel Ferguson to be detached without support, but put such a river as the Catawba between him and Ferguson, was a matter of wonder to Sir H. Clinton and all who knew it."

"Great and glorious!" was the exclaamtion of General Gates, when the tidings of the grand triumph of the King's Mountain men reached him. "That memorable victory," declared the patriot Jefferson, "was the joyful annunciation of that turn of the tide of success, which terminated the Revolutionary war with the seal of

independence." And richly did the heroes, who marched under Campbell's banners, deserve all the praise so generously bestowed upon them. King's Mountain paved the way for the successive advantages gained by the American arms at First Dam Ford, Blackstocks, Cowpens, Guilford, and Eutaw; and ultimately for the crowning victory of York Town, with the glorious fruition of "INDEPENDENCE FOREVER."

Autobiographical Sketch.

My life on this planet commenced eighty-one years ago. I was born on a farm, grew to young manhood there; was twenty years old when I left Tennessee to go to Pennsylvania to College.

I had three brothers and three sisters. I was the third on the list. The oldest was born in 1828 and the youngest in 1844. We were pretty well bunched. We led the simple life; saw but little of the world; never went to a theatre nor to a circus, and, yet we had a real good time.

No one in the country was very rich, but everybody had plenty and to spare. We lived on a good rich farm, we all worked and made an abundance of everything necessary in life.

As we severally became seven years old, we commenced to go to school and went a part of each year. Industry ranked in that age as one of the highest virtues. Everybody worked, father among the rest. As I sit now, meditatively dictating to a typewriter, I find my mind going back to those early days with a longing desire to live them over again.

Our farm, in its primitive state was heavily timbered. Every new field we brought into cultivation had to be cleared of its timber. I learned early to use the ax, the maul and wedge to swing the cradle and follow the plow. In those days we had no "harvesters." I have swung the cradle and laid the wheat in swathes, many a weary hour. We had no thrashers. The wheat

was taken to the thrashing floor in the barn and the grain tramped out by horses and mules.

My memory goes back to a time before fans, to separate the wheat from the chaff, were invented. I have seen this done by a sheet, held at each end by a man and so worked as to produce a strong current of air which blew away the chaff and let the heavier wheat fall to the floor,—the unseparated wheat and chaff being sifted in front of the current of air. My memory does not go back to the time when the sickle was used to reap the wheat. I have seen the sickle,—we used it to cut the bunches of wheat that had fallen down, so that they could not be cut with a cradle.

We lived at a place where a doctor was a stranger. There never was one, professionally upon our farm, while I lived there but once. The primary schools which we attended, were in the main, fairly good for that day and time. I have a vivid recollection of my first school. I wish I could forget it. It was exceptionally bad. It was taught by one John Sessions, a drunken Irishman. He was a small, shriveled, white-headed old man. The school-house stood in a beach grove,—the limbs on these trees were long and keen. He used to keep a bunch of switches cut from these limbs on hand, ready for use. In that day, it was a maxim in the country that children should tell no tales out of school. Hence, our parents would never hear of this old man's unmerciful doings. I have known him to stand at the door and give each pupil as he passed out on Friday evening, two keen cuts across the shoulder, just on general principles, and, as a punishment for misconduct which he had not found out, and specially punished.

On one occasion, on a Saturday, the old man got

drunk and undertook to cross Bear Creek on a foot-log and fell off on the left hand side in the middle of the creek. He waded out on the side he had entered and undertook to walk it again. As he went reeling across, he cried out all the time, "Stand to the right, stand to the right, stand to the right." He made the landing safely. On the next Monday, this story got out among the pupils, and during "play-time" a number of small boys, including myself, had a performance in imitation of the teacher's experience on the Saturday before. We began at a point on the path and ran to another point, reeling and calling out "Stand to the right, stand to the right, stand to the right." The old man was near enough to hear us, and when the school was called, we were made to regret the folly of our fun. It was in this school that I got my first lesson of hatred and desire for revenge. I had these feelings so strong at times that I could have wrung that old sinner's head off. Happily, this was my only experience of the kind in my entire school life.

Mooresville Academy was my first school of the higher grade. Reverend N. P. Modrell was the principal. When his school closed, I attended Pleasant Grove Academy which was located in Maury County where Culleoka is now situated. Professor David Campbell was the principal of this school. I commenced my college career at Jackson College, Tenn., but this institution had commenced to decline and my father determined to send me elsewhere. I only remained there five months.

A series of events apparently of small consequence began at this point of my history, but ultimately developed into the most important event of my life. If

Divine Providence ever intervened in behalf of any man in this world, He did in my behalf in a matter which I am about to relate. George Brown and Beard Moore and myself were chums at the Mooresvlle Academy. Brown and I went to Jackson College. Moore went to Princeton College in Kentucky. There he met with a young man who had been a student at Allegehny College at Meadeville, Pa. He recommended this school so highly that when we three met at home, after our first five months in college, we determined to go to Allegehny College and there complete our education. We got the sanction of our fathers to our plan. Some time afterward Brown and Moore changed their minds. Moore went to Cumberland University at Lebanon and Brown went back to Jackson Colege. My desire to go to Allegehny College was so strong that I would not give up my plans to go there. But my father determined not to send me at once. The result was that I went to the Academy at Lewisburg. Professor McCaughey was the principal. I entered in time to attend the last four months of the session. I spent the summer at home and in the fall and winter taught a school at Rocky Mount, and in the spring of 1853 I went to Meadville, Pa. and entered Allegehny College. I arrived there at eleven o'clock at night. Stopped at the Rupp Hotel. I learned the next morning that the College was at vacation for two weeks. Doctor John Barker was the President. I learned that he was in the city. I found him on the street, introduced myself and asked his direction in getting a boarding house. "Why," he said, "I'll go with you." He took me through a dozen houses in the city, introducing me to many students, allowing me to look about and make a selection; finally, he said, "I

Mrs. Nancy Elizabeth McCall McConnell, taken when twenty years old.

must go to the college, but up on the hill, beyond the college, Mr. Black keeps an excellent boarding house and maybe you had better go there before you finally determine what you are going to do." I went. I selected this place as my boarding house and remained there during my entire career in Allegehny College. That evening at supper I met the brown-eyed girl who became my wife in the year 1856. She was visiting there that day. She sat opposite me at the table. It was not long until I was a caller at her father's house. This was the beginning of a companionship that lasted forty-five years,—a companionship of unalloyed happiness, from beginning to end. How strangely the events I have just now related conspired to lead me straight to her.

I remained in College until June, 1855, when I graduated with the degree of A. B., in a class of twenty-one members. There were three honors conferred by the faculty, to-wit: the Valedictory and the Greek and the Latin Salutatories. I won the last. My graduating speech was in Latin. My life in College was very pleasant, indeed. We had an able faculty and without exception splendid men. The President, Dr. Barker, was a man of the most extensive and accurate scholarship that it was ever my fortune to know. He was a marvel of learning. His information on all kinds of subjects was extensive. His Chair in the College was Belles-lettres, but he was equally at home in any department. He was a great linguist, could read Latin and Greek, like his mother tongue; he was a profund mathematician and with all a delightful gentleman. I loved him as a father. He was a man of rare eloquence.

AS A TEACHER.

I taught my first school when I was seventeen or eighteen years old. It was a Subscription School in the country. On the first day I had twenty-four pupils, twelve boys and twelve girls. My first visitor was my father. My school was about six miles from home and he came on the first day to see how I was starting off.

After I graduated, I did not leave Pennsylvania until I had been elected by the Board of Trustees, Principal of Gerard Academy, situated at Gerard, Pa. This was an institution built by private subscription owned by stockholders, and managed by trustees. It was well established and my predecessor, Prof. Pillsbury was a man of large experience as a teacher. I was not yet twenty-four years old, looked younger than I was, but with the help of a very strong letter from Dr. Barker, I procured the situation. I opened in the fall with one hundred and fifty pupils. In the meantime I made a flying visit to my home in Tennessee, to see my people. I had not seen them for nearly two years and a half. I got there about midnight. The door was unlocked. (We never kept it locked in those days) I entered, went upstairs to my room, got in bed with my brother, and no one knew I was there till morning. February twenty-fifth, 1856, I was married to Nancy Elizabeth McCall, the brown-eyed girl, I met at the supper table. I taught at Gerard two years with fine success and quit only to return to Tennessee, my native state. I had previously secured a school located at Taylorsville, a village in Wilson County. I taught here for two years. Had a pleasant successful school, during that whole period. In the fall of 1859 I was elected principal of the Hartsville

Jeannie Scott (Gloster)

Female Academy and taught here until February, 1862. Then again after the close of the Civil War, from the fall of 1865 until June 1867.

ALUMNAE.

1866.

Margaret (Maggie) Wilson; Victoria Wilson, Lucy Brown, Martha (Mattie) Dyer, Eliza B. Winston, Prudie Kittrell, Marietta Gifford, Clara Potts, Margaret (Maggie) Tucker.

CLASS OF 1867.

Desdemona Winston, Elizabeth (Bettie) Bledsoe, Laura Hutchins, Cornelia Burnley, Mary (Mollie) Duffer, Jeanie Scott, Ella Mills, Emma Brown, Lula Stalker, Georgia Callen, Mary (Mollie) Burnley, Jennie Duffer, Tabitha Gifford, Laura DeBow, Eva Anthony, Sallie Lauderdale.

Of the class of 1866, all are dead except Eliza B. Winston. Of the class of 1867, all are dead except Desdemona Winston, Cornelia Burnley, Ella Mills, Emma Brown, Georgia Callen, Eva Anthony, and Sallie Lauderdale.

No teacher ever had the pleasure of instructing a more studious obedient, and intelligent, lot of young ladies, than these two classes. It is sad to recount the number of them who have passed away. They belonged to good families, and had fine home training. They were loyal to me. They were, during their school days, and ever afterward, my devoted personal friends. What I have said in regard to these two classes, who finished the course of study and were graduated, I can say for

all who were my pupils, in the Hartsville Female Academy. The people of the Cumberland Valley, including the town of Hartsville, constitute as fine a population as there is upon the earth. They were noted for their hospitality, and upright, moral conduct. I lived among them for twenty-seven years. I would like to mention particular names, but I cannot do that without discriminating, and this, the uniform kindness of all, forbids me to do.

I was licensed to practice law in July, 1867; formed a patnership with William H. Barksdale, and opened an office in Hartsville, and practiced in the courts at Hartsville and the surrounding counties, the Federal Courts at Nashville, and the Supreme Court of the State, until I was appointed Judge in 1875.

I went out of office in Tennessee in November, 1886. I had made a tentative agreement for a law partnership in Chatanooga, but I was offered by President Cleveland the appointment of Chief Justice of the Territory of Montana. I was in Nashville when the offer was made, through the Hon. Benton McMillan, the member of Congress from my district and my personal friend. While hesitating what to do, I met on the street, Hon. Horace H. Lurton, then Chief Justice of Tennessee and now associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. I asked his advice. He replied, "Take it,—if you don't like it, you can resign and come back." This proposition from the President to appoint me had been made two weeks before that day. A telegram was sent to Governor Porter, the Assistant Secretary of State at Washington inquiring whether the vacancy still existed. His reply was, "Yes, come at once." I immediately went to Washington, was

introduced to the President by Governor Porter; had a very pleasant interview with him and upon my taking leave of him I remarked, "Mr. President, I am not an applicant for this office." His answer was, "I know that, but this does not hurt you." He told me he had promised Mr. Toole, then delegate to Congress from Montana, that he would not make the appointment until after he had seen him; that he was then on his way to Washington. He made the appointment on the eighteenth of April, 1887. I was very much struck with the simplicity of the manners of the President. He looked, just what he was, a large, broad-minded, plain, old-fashioned Democrat. He already ranks as one of our great Presidents. His fame will grew as time advances.

I arrived at Helena with my commission, on the last day of April, on Saturday evening. I held this office until March, 1889. I was slated for the office of United States District Judge of the new State of Montana, if Cleveland had been re-elected, in the fall of 1888, but as he was not, I was not an applicant, for the reason, that President Harrison was not of my politics. I at once tendered my resignation. It was not accepted by Cleveland, but a few days after President Harrison was inaugurated, it was accepted. Some time in March, I was relieved by my successor. I at once entered upon the practice of law as a member of the firm of McConnell, Carter and Clayberg. Mr. Carter was the late senator, Thomas H. Carter. When he was elected to Congress he withdrew from the firm and it was McConnell and Clayberg for a while when Mr. M. S. Gunn was taken in the firm, then it was McConnell, Clayberg and Gunn. Later Clayberg withdrew and it was McConnell, Gunn and McConnell,—my son, Mr. O. W. McCon-

nell coming into the firm. Later Mr. Gunn withdrew and the firm became McConnell and McConnell. This firm continued until I retired from the practice. Mr. O. W. McConnell has conducted the office ever since. While in Montana, I was a member of the State Board of Education for six years, immediately prior to my retiring from the practice of law. I resigned at the time I left the state and Mr. O. W. McConnell was appointed in my place and still holds the office.

When I was eighteen years old, I joined the Presbyterian church and have been a member ever since.

In the Civil War.

Forts Henry and Donelson surrendered to General Grant in February, 1862. A few weeks earlier, General Thomas defeated General Crittenden and his army of Confederates in a decisive battle at Mill's Springs on the waters of the upper Cumberland. In this action General Zollicoffer, a favorite of the people of Tennessee, was killed. This threw open the whole Cumberland river country to the Union forces, and compelled General Albert Sydney Johnston to fall back from Bowling Green by way of Nashville to Murfreesboro.

I lived at Hartsville, Tennessee, near the Cumberland River, forty miles above Nashville. I was then principal of "Hartsville Female Academy." My family consisted of my wife and one child, born January 26, 1861. I closed my school, made provision for my family, procured a Colt's repeating rifle, a good horse and repaired to Murfreesboro, to Johnston's army. It was here I first saw John C. Breckenrdge and Albert Sydney Johnston. The former had just come South from Ken-

tucky. He had not long before resigned his seat in the United States Senate. Before he left that body, he made an eloquent appeal to the Senate in favor of his beloved South. A Northern Senator in reply, characterized his great speech as "gilded words of treason." When I first saw these two great men they were on horseback. They and General John H. Morgan were the three most strikingly handsome men that I saw among the Confederate officers.

Colonel James D. Bennett, who lived on a farm about four miles from Hartsville, was one of our foremost citizens, was in command of a battalion of cavalry raised in Hartsville and the surrounding country. He was my personal friend; his three daughters were my pupils. I had a warm friendship for the whole family. I attached myself to his Headquarters for the purpose of doing scouting work. I was with the army on its dreary march to Corinth, Miss. Our battalion went into camp near Purdy, Tenn. General B. F. Cheatham, a veteran of the war with Mexico, in command of a division, chiefly Tennesseans, was also in camp near Purdy. While encamped at this place, I made a trip to the Tennessee river to learn what I could in regard to the movement of Union troops up the river to Grant's army, which then was in camp at Pittsburg Landing. During the whole time of my service I never missed an opportunity of being in the ranks at all times when an engagement with the enemy was expected.

On the morning of the third of April, before daylight, we were called up and heard read the order from General Johnston announcing the movement to attack the Union army and appealing to us to acquit ourselves as soldiers and men. The night was very dark. By day-

light we were on the march. We arrived in the vicinity of the enemy late in the afternoon of the fourth. I was on picket duty with three others on the night of the fourth and our station was so near the enemy's camp that we could hear the noise of the camp and see the light of their fires. It was the intention of General Johnston to begin the attack on the morning of the fifth at daylight, but from some cause or a combination of causes, a satisfactory explanation of which, I have never seen, the main army from Corinth did not arrive in the vicinity of the enemy until late in the afternoon of that day. I remember the occasion of the arrival of General Cheatham's command. They bivouacked on the Purdy road near our camp. As the General rode along with his staff, his soldiers cheered him vigorously. This army of some thirty-five thousand men bivouacked for the night on their arms near the camp of the enemy; they had been three days on the march from Corinth and the Federal army had not learned of the movement at all, and were taken by complete surprise on the morning of the sixth, when the attack was made. This was one of the strangest things that ever happened in history. They seemed not to have had the slightest anticipation that the Confederates would assume the aggressive. The enemy was an invading army and expected to have to attack the Confederates in a defensive position.

I shall not undertake to give a detailed discription of this great battle. One of the greatest which was fought during the entire Civil War. It would not be within the purview of this book to do so. Still, I must give an outline that my readers may learn what my experiences were on that occasion.

First, I will give a short topographical sketch of the theatre upon which the battle was fought. There were two streams, Owl and Lick, flowing somewhat parallel with each other into the Tennessee River. They were from three to five miles apart, the space between widening as the streams approached the river. Between these streams, the country is an undulating table land, some five miles in depth from the river. The area between these creeks is a labyrinth of ravines, covered with a thick forest with a great deal of hard, stubby, inpenetrable undergrowth. Three miles below the mouth of Lick creek was Pittsburg Landing. Roads approached from all directions. Scattered over this area were the Federal camps.

The order of battle was as follows: The Third Corps, under Major General Hardee, constituted the first line of battle. This Corps was not strong enough to make a line of battle from Lick to Owl Creek. General Gladden's Brigade of Bragg's Corps was added to Hardee's Corps and placed on his left so as to make his line reach Owl Creek. Upon this creek the Confederate left rested and its right upon Lick Creek. As this line advanced, the area between these Creeks became wider and General Bureguard who was second in command sent another one of Bragg's Brigades to strengthen and extend Hardee's line.

The Second Corps under Major General Bragg constituted the second line of battle. Its position was five hundred yards in rear of the first line.

The First Corps was drawn up in a column of Brigades deployed in line about eight hundred yards in rear of Bragg, and commanded by Major General Polk. Brigadier General Breckenridge with about six thou-

sand bayonets constituted the reserve for the support of the attacking line as might be needed on either flank. Each of these different forces had its appropriate number of cannon. Thus marshalled, just as the disk of the sun rose above the horizon and shed a flood of golden light over the landscape, the first cannon was fired. At this particular moment, I had in my hand a tin cup full of very hot coffee, which I was trying to drink before we moved. We were placed with the reserve. The sound of that cannon was the first intimation that the Federal troops had that there was an enemy nearer them than Corinth. Our position was upon the extreme left. The writer of the campaign of General Forrest, who was at that time, the Adjutant General of the Army, makes this remark in his description of this battle "the Cavalry, about forty-three hundred strong, was distributed, for the most part, to guard the flanks. With the exception of Forrest's and Whorton's (Eighth Texas) regiments, lately regimented insufficiently armed, and wholly without drill, the nature of the scene of operations rendered it almost valueless, and only the two regiments mentioned took any material part in the action of the day." In the army about to commence this great battle, there were on the Confederate side about thirty-four thousand infantry, with some fifty guns. Thus arrayed, they were about to attack an enemy near at hand concealed in the forrest superior in numbers and in equipments. The number of infantry of the Federal force was about thirty-seven thousand men with eighty-four guns. The first signal gun was quickly followed by others and then the musketry commenced a crackling noise which soon developed into a continuous roar. The First Camp was taken by complete surprise

and had no time to form and prepare for battle. One brigade was practically annihilated. It never at any time afterwards during either of the two days of battle consti tuted a fighting unit. Shermans' Corps was the first one attacked, but before they were driven to the Second Camp, this body of troops had formed in line of battle and gave the triumphant Confederates a warm reception. Some of Sherman's brigades on his right were not hit by Hardee's line and had time to form and make a vigorous resistance to Ruggles' Division of Bragg's Corps, who by this time were brought into action. McClernard, whose camp was in the rear of Sherman's by this time came to his support, but such was the fierceness of the assault that Sherman was forced back as McClernard came up with the loss of several guns.

We followed with the Reserve and were soon in the First Camp where the first fighting occurred. The dead and wounded, which lay all about, gave us our first impression of the havoc of war. I remember talking to a soldier from Illinois who was wounded, who was lying on the ground not able to sit up. He asked me for a drink of water. I raised his head and put my canteen to his mouth and he took a heavy draught of water. He asked me "Are your folks still driving ours back?" I told him "Yes." A sad disappointed expression came over his face, but he said nothing. We were among the exploding shells and flying bullets a good deal of the time but never did get into action. We were drawn up in line in an opening, but a few yards in front of us, was a dense thicket. The infantry reserve moved into this wood and soon encountered a body of infantry, and the fight was on in that part of the field. The Federal forces were driven back, but while the fight lasted, the

balls whizzed pretty thick about us, but no one got seriously hurt. A friend of mine sitting on his horse, two men from me, was near a dead oak tree and the bullets striking the dead bark and limbs were throwing a good deal of debris upon him. He turned to me and asked me if I would exchange places with him. I said "Yes." Each backed out of his position and rode back into the line in the position of the other. He had not more than got settled until a minne-ball struck him center in the chest. It proved to be a spent ball and just barely buried itself in the breast bone; it was easily picked out and his wound was not serious; it made him very sick. He said to me, "When I swopped places with you, I did not bargain for this." The tide and roar of battle developed into periods of great violence which would last for a time and then would slacken and then again break out anew. At some times there must have been the roar of sixty thousand muskets, with a hundred cannon at one time. It was simply terrific. No one who has not witnessed a scene of this kind can imagine what dreadful destruction great armies can inflict nor can they realize the awful majesty of a great battle.

In the language of another "The continuous roll, roar, and blaze of small arms, the hurtle, shriek, and crash of rifle projectiles through the trees, the explosion of shells, the louder discharges, and hoarse cheers and shouts of the Confederates filled every nook of the forrest with a varied, commingled clamors of one of the bloodiest of modern battles." The forest trees in many places were literally chopped to pieces by the cannon. And thus the battle waged hour after hour, until late in

the evening, Major General Prentiss of Missouri was surrounded and captured with three thousand men.

I take the following description of the death of General Albert Sidney Johnston, from "The Campaigns of General Forrest." "Meanwhile, to the rightward, the Confederate General-in-chief, taking part at a critical juncture in the charge of a brigade, and by his intrepid presence giving a resistless momentum to the onset, received a rifle-wound in the leg,—a mortal wound, as it proved, presently, for the want of timely surgical aid. The Governor of Tennessee, by his side when struck, caught the fainting soldier in his arms as he sunk from his saddle, exhausted by an apparently painless loss of blood. A moment after, his aid-de-camp and brother-in-law, Colonel William Preston, of Kentucky, came up, and Sidney Johnston, with scarce a murmer, died in his arms. The scene of this untoward death was a wooded, secluded hollow, and the loss of their chief was not known to the Confederate army until that night, nor even generally then."

As to the statement made by the author that the death of General Johnston was not known until that night etc., I think this is a mistake. It was known in our part of the line within an hour after it occurred. I know it created a great depression of feeling. We all had unbounded confidence in Johnston's skill and ability as a general. He was very much censured in Tennessee for giving up Nashville and marching south out of the state. A committee of prominent citizens went to Richmond and entered a protest against the movement to President Davis. He replied if Albert Sidney Johnston is not a general, I have not got one. Johnston's reply to all this protest was that he was willing to stand or

fall upon the success of his movement. He said it was a severe standard, but one to which he must submit. I have no question in my mind, but that the position in which he was placed before the world by these Tennessians made him expose himself with that recklessness which cost him his life. Instead of being in the forefront of the battle, leading Brigades and sometimes Regiments in battle, he should have been in the rear, comparatively out of danger, where he could have had a grasp on the whole situation,—ready to throw a force any and everywhere, where it was most needed by his army, and thus by massing and hurling his forces continuously upon the enemy, he could have crushed him. I think the author is also mistaken when he says that the General died in the arms of Colonel William Preston. The Governor referred to was Isham G. Harris. Long after the war closed, when the Governor was United States Senator I met him in Nashville and had a conversation with him of some length. In this conversation he gave me an account of the death of General Johnston. He told me that he lifted him from his horse and sat down with him at the root of a tree and he expired in a few seconds in his arms. Colonel Preston must have come after his death. It was the femoral artery that was cut by a minne-ball.

I was in Austin, Texas in the fall of 1906 and was present at the unveiling of a beautiful white marble statue of General Johnston. His features were well represented in the marble. The statue is in a recumbent position and is entirely enclosed in a kind of glass pavilion. Of course there were speeches on the occasion. A very touching scene occurred. An old lady occupied a seat on the platform, who, when a child, was captured

by the Camanche Indians on a raid, but was dropped on the prairie and hid in the grass. Albert Sidney Johnston, while in pursuit of the Indians, found and rescued her. She was gratefully acknowledging his kindness to her by her attendance upon the occasion of the unveiling of a statue which is to perpetuate his name and fame through all the ages.

When nightfall stopped the carnage, the Federal army had been driven back upon the river with thousands upon thousands of its soldiers reduced to a disorganized mob. Buell's army had been arriving from some time late in the afternoon of the sixth, and before daylight of the seventh, the whole of his army was across the river and ready to renew the battle. General Lew Wallace with a Division of infantry, had failed to get into the action the day before, and constituted another fresh force available for the work of the seventh. At least twenty-five thousand fresh soldiers advanced to the attack of the Confederates early on the morning of the seventh. They were met with a stubborn resistance. They were frequently driven back during the forenoon and in fact the tide of battle up to about one o'clock, was in favor of the Confederates. But the loss of the Confederates had been heavy and General Beuregard determined to withdraw from the field.

I again quote from Forrest's Campaigns, as follows: "It was now after one o'clock. The battle, kindled soon after daylight, had raged furiously from right to left for more than five hours. And, notwithstanding the odds of fresh troops brought up against them, despite their long-continued engagement, the Confederates had not receded from the ground upon which they had been concentrated as soon as it was apparent that the battle

was on their hands. But they were being fearfully depleted meanwhile. Beginning the combat with not more than 20,000 men, exclusive of cavalry, less than 15,000 were now in the Confederate ranks. General Beauregard, seeing the unprofitable nature of the struggle, determined not to prolong it. Directing his Adjutant-General to select a position, and post such troops as were available to cover the retreat, he dispatched other staff-officers to the corps commanders, with the order to retire simultaneously from their several positions, ready however, to turn and fight should it become necessary. And accordingly, about two o'clock, the retrograde movement of the Confederates was inaugurated, and carried out with a steadiness never exceeded by veterans of a hundred fields."

During the various stages of the conflict, General Beauregard tried to use his cavalry, but so dense and broad spread were the woods, that they proved all together fruitless of result.

On the first day, we were drawn up in line on the east side of Owl Creek, in anticipation of some force attempting to turn our left flank by crossing this stream. Later, we were placed in the creek. It was difficult to get in, on account of the entanglement of trees, bushes and grape-vines.

On the last day, when the Confederate forces were withdrawing, we were a part of the rear guard and were halted in a depression, where there was a small stream and here we could not see what was going on in our rear. I rode out on my own account to make a reconnoissance. I had no more than gotten on the rising ground, where I could see, than I discovered a line of Federal infantry. I immediately wheeled and dashed

back, followed by a whole volley of musket balls, passing uncomfortably close to my head. After our army had crossed that little stream and were in an open field, we halted and a battery of artillery shelled the woods in our rear, but elicited no response. The army marched slowly away, and the Federal army were content to re-occupy their old camp and made no effort whatever at pursuit. It poured down rain that evening and night, which put the roads in miserable plight.

The losses of the Confederates in the two days battles are officially stated by General Beauregard at 1728 killed, 8012 wounded, 959 missing, making an aggregate 10,699. Swinton gives the Federal loss at a total of 15,000.

After the Shiloh campaign, there was no other general movement of the Western Army until the summer and fall of 1862. In the meantime the Confederate Army at Corinth was reorganized. Many of the men were enlisted only for 12 months. Bennett's Battalion became a part of the Second Tennessee Cavalry, known as Barteau's Regiment. Baxter Smith was the Major of Bennett's aBttalion. Both Colonel Bennett and Major Smith were with the Battalion during the two days' engagement at Shiloh. Neither went into the new command. Some time during the summer Colonel Bennett returned to Tennessee and under a commission from Colonel John H. Morgan he entered upon the task of recruiting a new regiment. Major Smith became a part of the brigade of General Forrest.

I again attached myself to the headquarters of Colonel Bennett, for the purpose of engaging in the service of a scout. I had no ambition for a command. I was fond of riding, being raised on a farm where my

father had plenty of horses. I can hardly remember the time when I commenced to ride. The excitement incident to that of a scout was attractive and exhilarating. I never acted in the capacity of a spy,—always wore my gray clothes and carried arms, except on one occasion which I shall now relate.

An incident which occurred in one of my scouts is worth relating, as showing the nature of the service. After the battle of Hartsville on the 8th of December, 1862, which will be narrated hereafter, there were no troops stationed permanently at Hartsville, while I was in the country. After the army had returned from the Kentucky campaign and was encamped at Murfreesboro I took a trip through the Cumberland River country. The river was low at the time and fordable at many places. I stopped near the river at the house of an acquaintance and exchanged my clothes for citizen's clothes and left my arms and rode across the river, thinking that perhaps if I should encounter any scouting parties, I could escape as a citizen. It never occurred to me that the river was probably regarded as the line between the respective belligerent forces, until I had crossed the river and encountered a Federal scout. I rode up in sight of a house where there were a dozen cavalrymen, dismounted, but at sight of me, made at once for their horses. I turned and in a few steps I was over a hill and out of sight. I could not get back across the river without being caught, hence I rode through a woods to another road and was riding along that road which led to a ford further down the river. All at once these cavalrymen appeared on the top of the hill not fifty yards from me and coming so as to intercept me. It dawned upon me like a flash that if I was

captured I would be shot as a spy. I was splendidly mounted, my mare knew a Federal uniform and understood what it meant as well as I did. The instant she saw them her head was in the air and she was quivering with excitement. Simultaneously, I spurred her and gave her a pull to turn her square around, and the turn was made so quickly that I never could recall the fact of turning. She started back on the road as fleet as a deer. My pursuers were on higher ground and I calculated they would overshoot me. I threw myself over on her wethers. One volley was fired, the bullets whistled close above me but I was not hit. I was going at a break-neck speed but my road turned and went to the river, so I had to take to the woods. I straightened myself up after I knew their carbines were emptied. I suddenly found myself approaching two large trees, standing quite close together. I steadied my mare with the reins and she shot between them in good style. Next I suddenly encountered a very large poplar log, I gave her the spur gently, held the reins steady, and she leaped it without touching it. By this time I ventured to look back, but I never saw anything more of my pursuers. I found out that the country was full of cavalry, some eighteen hundred men had arrived at Hartsville a few hours before and were scouring the country. I didn't get out of the woods till next morning.

By the time Bragg passed through Tennessee on his Kentucky campaign in September, 1862, Colonel Bennett had nine companies of his regiment ready for service. While it was recruited for Morgan's command it was attached to Wheeler's Cavalry for this campaign. Colonel Bennett needing one more company, desired me to raise a company, carry on the work of scouting

on a larger scale as a member of his regiment. While Bragg's headquarters were at Glasgow, Kentucky on the 14th of September, 1862, I made application to General Wheeler for a commission to raise and command a company to be attached to Colonel Bennett's regiment. He informed me that an order had been made not to receive any more new companies until the existing companies were full. Upon receiving this information, I addressed a letter to General Bragg, telling him the information, Wheeler had communicated to me. It was returned to me endorsed as follows:

Hd. Qrs. A. M.

Glasgow, Ky., Sept. 14, 1862.

Respy. refd. to Col. Wheeler who is authorized to use his discretion in the matter.

By Com. of Gen. Bragg,
George D. Gasner, A. A. G.

In the meantime General Wheeler had left Glasgow and I happened to meet Major Baxter Smth, then of Forrest's Cavalry, and he gave me a letter of introduction and recommendation to General Hardee. I went in person to him. He at once issued me a commission authorizing me to recruit and command a company for the Confederate service. I remained with Colonel Bennett's regiment through the Kentucky campaign. After he retreated, returned to Tennessee, and was encamped at Murfreesboro, I was engaged mainly in securing recruits within the Federal lines, but I missed no opportunity of cotninuing my services as a scout.

There was a Federal force of about five hundred men stationed near Hartsville that were very much in my way of getting recruits. Colonel Bennett and I had frequent interviews with regard to an expedition for the

purpose of capturing this command. It sent out foraging parties almost every day. They were not paying for what they took, and, the people in that region being intensely Southern, it was altogether likely that they never would be paid. I went with Colonel Bennett, some time in October, 1862, with a detachment from his regiment for the purpose of capturing one of these foraging parties. The Colonel took his position in the hills to the northeast of Hartsville to await developments. I rode on to within a mile of Hartsville and learned that a foraging party had moved out east on the turnpike and were then not very far from where the Colonel was stationed. I galloped back to inform him but he had discovered them himself and I met him just in time to join in the charge and capture the whole party. There was a detachment of some thirty or forty soldiers and two or three dozen wagons. This occurred about two and one-half miles northeast of Hartsville. Colonel Bennett took prisoners and went on a different road from that which the wagons took in order to make sure of getting out with them. At this time there was a brigade of Federals marching to Hartsville from Kentucky and were only two or three miles from us when we made this capture. The approach of this force was unknown to us and also to the Federal forces at Hartsville. The local forces quickly reecived information of our movements and started in pursuit. When the two Federal forces discovered each other, each, took the other, to be an enemy, and, while they were maneuvering and getting into line of battle, we were getting away.

I had a party in town keep track of the Federal forces and give me information from time to time. This party stood on the corner of Main and River streets and

counted this new arrival and knew to a man how many there were. Both infantry and cavalry marched through the town four abreast. There were two thousand, all told. That made a total at Hartsville at that time of twenty-five hundred. This information I gave to Colonel Bennett. Colonel Morgan finally got permission from General Bragg to undertake the expedition to Hartsville. In addition to his regular command of cavalry, he procured two Kentucky regiments of infantry to join him in this enterprise. I remained in the vicinity of Hartsville in sght of the Federal camp and watched until dusk to make sure that there were no changes made in their strength. I then rode rapidly in the direction of Lebanon, expecting to meet Morgan, but he had taken his main force on another road for the purpose of crossing the river several miles below town. He had sent Major Stoner with a battalion and two cannon, for the purpose of taking a position on the south side of the river to prevent the enemy from escaping in that direction and to attack him from the rear as soon as the action commenced. I returned with Major Stoner and escorted him to his proper position. I had already given Colonel Bennett all the information I had as to the Federal forces. Stoner concealed his men in a skirt of woods near a large river bottom field, and placed his battery behind a small clump of trees on the southern border of this field, on a hill which commanded the camp of the enemy. We were in position an hour or two before Morgan arrived upon the scene. He arrived after daylight; the enemy had been up some time and were busy preparing their breakfast. We could hear them talking, laughing and singing. The first alarm was at a picket post well in toward the camp. Guns fired

here; immediately there was a lull in camp, followed in a few moments by the long roll of the drum and the clear notes of the bugle calling the men to arms. Just at this juncture, Stoner opened his battery. They quickly returned the fire from two parrotts and threw a number of shells, one of which I remember exploded in the air. Unfortunately, our guns, which were two small brass cannons, known as the "Bull Pups," could not throw a shell far enough to reach the camp of the enemy. The shell struck the bluff right under the camp. We succeeded however, in drawing the fire of the enemy's cannon until Morgan formed his line of battle and commenced the action. General Duke says, in his history of Morgan's Cavalry, that Morgan knew that these guns could not reach the enemy's camp. This certainly is a mistake. Morgan came directly from Bragg's camp and could certainly have obtained a battery which would have been effective. If we could have shelled their camp rapidly while they were trying to form their line of battle, we would inevitably have forced them to surrender without much, if any, fight at all. The battle lasted an hour. The Federal forces were superior in numbers to Morgan's. In fact, he did not succeed in getting his cavalry all across the river in time to reach the field to take part in the action. It was a fierce fight. There must have been four thousand rifles and two batteries, of two guns each. engaged in the conflict. The enemy finally raised the white flag and surrendered. The number of prisoners taken, together with killed and wounded, amounted to about twenty-five hundred.

General Duke says in his history that Colonel Bennett's regiment was sent to the town of Hartsville to

keep the enemy from escaping in that direction. In this he is entirely mistaken. There was a company of troops in town acting as a provost guard. He was directed to make a circuit through town, capture this company and then come at once to the battle field. This he did, and was in the engagement during the latter part of the action. At the close of the engagement we at once crossed the river. I took an active part in getting the wagons and teams and other spoils across the river. The prisoners were carried over by Morgan's Cavalry.

After the battle field had been cleared, I rode into town, less than a mile distant, to visit my family for a few minutes. At the edge of the town I met my wife with some other ladies, each loaded down with cordials and wines for the wounded, and making haste to the battle field. General Harlan, afterwards Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United tSates, was encamped at Castallian Springs, about nine miles from Hartsville. He heard the first cannon fired, and was on the march as quickly as he could get ready to go to the relief of the Union forces. Morgan sent a part of his cavalry down the turnpike to meet the enemy and delay him as much as possible. When I left home and went back toward the river, Harlan's forces had arrived in sight on the battle field altogether too near for me to undertake to ford the river at a place where I would be within the range of their muskets. I turned up the river and crossed at Duncan's Ferry, about five miles above. When I had gone about a mile I met six Federal cavalrymen, all carrying their guns. They asked me where they could go to surrender. I sent them on to the battle field.

An amusing incident occurred just after the battle

opened. E. P. Low Esq., who owned and lived upon the farm on which Stoner's command was stationed, knew of the impending battle and was up dressed and ready for action as soon as he heard the first gun. He came riding into the field at a fast gallop with a double barreled shot gun and swearing at the top of his voice. As he was approaching, a shell burst, not far from him. He paid no attention to this, nor did it seem to dampen his ardor. He had suffered severely from the depredations of the enemy for which he never received any compensation.

Captain John D. Kirkpatrick of Bennett's regiment was reconnoitering in the woods on the enemy's right, and encountered Lieutenant Gohlson of the Second Indiana Cavalry engaged in the same business; each one started for his command riding on parallel lines and firing at each other. Each shot at the same instant. Kirkpatrick killed Gohlson and Gohlson would have killed him had not a daguerreotype of his sweetheart which he had in his breast coat pocket stopped the bullet. It smashed the case all to pieces. It was on this account that General Payne was threatening Captain Kirkpatrick when he was in prison with me at Gallatin.

MORGAN'S CHRISTMAS RAID.

General John H. Morgan was encamped with his command at Alexandria in DeKalb County, Tenn. on the 21st of December, 1862. He had about four thousand men. He organized them into two brigades. Colonel Basil W. Duke was appointed to the command of the First and Colonel W. C. Breckenridge to the command of the Second Brigade. Each Brigade was fur-

nished with a battery of artillery. The new regiment of Colonel James D. Bennett, was a part of the Second Brigade. W. W. Ward of Smith County was the Lieut. Col. of this regiment. At this time the army of General Bragg was encamped at Murfreesboro, and, the army of General Rosecrans was encamped at Nashville. The main line of transportation by means of which Rosencrans could obtain reinforcements and supplies from the North was the Louisville Nashville R. R.

General Bragg ordered Morgan to proceed with his entire division with all dispatch and destroy the trestles at Muldraugh's Hill and otherwise cripple that road. Morgan took up his line of march on the morning of the 22d of December for the purpose of executing this order.

"No commander ever led a nobler corps—no corps was ever more nobly led."

"This December morning was a mild, beautiful day; clear, cloudless sky, bright sun; the camps in Cedar Evergreens, where the birds chirped and twittered; it felt and looked like spring. The reveille sounded before daybreak; the horses were fed, breakfast gotten."

"After some two hours march, a cheer began in the extreme rear and rapidly came forward, increasing in volume and enthusiasm, and soon General Morgan dashed by with his hat in his hand, bowing and smiling his thanks for these flattering cheers, followed by a large and well mounted staff. Did you ever see Morgan on horseback? If not, you missed one of the most impressive figures of the war. Perhaps no General in either army surpassed him in the striking proportion and grace of his person, and the ease and grace of his horsemanship, Over six feet in height, straight as an Indian, exquisitely proportioned, with the air and manner of a cultivated and polished gentleman, and the bearing of a soldier, always handsomely and tastefully dressed, and

elegantly mounted, he was the picture of the superb cavalry officer. Just now he was in the height of his fame and happiness, married only ten days before to an accomplished lady, made Brigadier justly but very tardily; in command of the finest cavalry division in the Southern army; beloved almost to idolatry by his men, and returning their devotion by an extravagant confidence in their valor and prowess; concious of his own great powers, yet wearing his honors with the most admirable modesty, and just starting upon a carefully conceived but daring expedition, he was perhaps in the zenith of his fame, and though he added many a green leaf to his chaplet, many a bright page to his history, yet his future was embittered by the envy, jealousy, and hatred that then were not heard."

The above tribute is taken from Duke's History of "Morgan's Cavalry." I can bear testimony to the truth of every word of it. General Morgan was at that time wearing the laurels which he had won at Hartsville on the eighth of that same month. He was now starting on one of the most daring and important missions of his whole military career.

On the night of the 24th, the Division camped near Glasgow, Kentucky. I reached the regiment early that night. I found Colonel Ward, who had married a charming woman the morning of that day in Smith County, sleeping under a wagon, rolled up in his blanket. I remarked to him that it was very unusual to find a newly married man spending his first night sleeping under a wagon and in my opinion it was a very poor substitute for the nuptial couch.

On Christmas morning we passed through Glasgow. We halted there for awhile. During that short stay, I was with Colonel Bennett. Someone brought us a glass a piece of egg-nog. I do not recall ever having seen him

afterwards. He was ill at that time. He was soon compelled to leave his command and get quarters with some private family. He lingered for some days and died during the month of January, 1863, with pneumonia. His son, William Bennett, commonly known as "Buck" Bennett, who was a member of his staff, remained with him. The Federals paroled Colonel Bennett before he died. Thus passed away one of the foremost citizens of Trousdale County. He was a man, past middle life and had every quality which goes to make a good citizen and a gentleman of the old Southern School. He kept open house to his friends and their name was legion. He had a fine estate when the war commenced. In his death, I lost one of my best and truest friends. It is a melancholy satisfaction to record and perpetuate his good name and fame, as far as I may be able.

The command of the Fourteenth devolved upon Lt. Col. Ward after the death of Colonel Bennett. Ward was a splendid man; was quiet, self-possessed under all circumstances and universally liked. In short, he was a man who met and discharged his duty with courage and decision whether in battle or in private life.

We had not gone far until we learned that there was Cavalry ahead of us, prepared to contest our advance. Morgan sent Captain Quirk, supported by Lt. Hays to reconnoiter. These officers with fifty men charged a battalion of Federal cavalry, dismounted and formed across the road. They charged through them and then back again. Quirk was bent low but caught two balls on the top of his head which coming from different directions, traced an accurate angle upon his scalp; but did not go deep enough to injure him seriously.

Morgan sent a detachment which destroyed the

bridge at Bacon Creek. The garrison which defended the stockade, about a hundred strong, made a stubborn resistance, and held out until General Morgan arrived and upon learning this fact, surrendered.

The stockade at Nolin surrendered without a fight. The Nolin bridge was destroyed. On the night of the 26th we camped within a few miles of Elizabethtown. This place was held by about six hundred men,—Lt. Col. Smith in command. A very amusing incident occurred here. A Dutch corporal who spoke poor English came out under a flag of truce and met General Morgan a short distance from the town, bearing a note from Colonel Smith summoning him to surrender. In this note, Smith recited that he knew Morgan's strength, had him surrounded and could compel his surrender but he wished to be relieved from the dire necessity of using force. Upon Morgan's refusal to surrender, our Dutch corporal remarked, "You'd better surrender; if you don't we will surround you mit a thousand men." Morgan sent in a flag of truce and demanded the surrender on the part of Smith. His reply was "The business of a United States officer is to fight, not to surrender." Morgan at once made disposition of his command for an attack. Palmer's four guns which belonged to the First Brigade were placed on the hill, west of the railroad, and only a few hundred yards from the Court House which stood upon the Public Square in the center of the town. It was built of brick; the United States flag floated from its steeple and the greater portion of the Federal command were in the building. When the battle opened, Palmer's guns soon knocked great holes in the walls of the Court House. An assault was made by some of Morgan's command from other direc-

tions. Smith put up a game fight in the face of great odds, but the white flag was forthcoming in a comparatively short time. I was standing beside Palmer's Battery during the cannonade. It was an interesting, as well as exhilarating spectacle; the more so perhaps, because it was one sided. The Federals had no cannon.

The command proceeded at once to Muldraugh's Hill,—distant some four or five miles. There were two great trestle works, not very far apart. The lower trestle was defended by about six hundred men. The Second Brigade attacked and captured these troops. They were in a railroad cut, deep enough to conceal a man standing on his feet. The situation was such that it was difficult to reach them by enfilading. The troops were in motion however, to do this. In the meantime we were exchanging shots at a lively rate. When the Federals discovered that a portion of our Brigade would soon be shooting at them, lengthwise of the cut, a white pocket handkerchief was seen fluttering on the point of a bayonet just above the wall of the cut.

The First Brigade took the garrison of the upper trestle, two hundred strong. Both of these structures were completely destroyed. They were each some eighty feet high and five hundred feet long.

When this destruction was completed, the main purpose of the expedition was accomplished.

Colonel Harlan with six thousand infantry and two thousand cavalry was within striking distance. In addition to this force there were eight thousand troops at Lebanon only a short distance away. The strategical skill of General Morgan was put to a severe test in extricating his troops from the toils of these forces and leading them south across the Cumberland River to safe-

ty. This he did successfully by marching around Lebanon in the night and at the cost of some heavy skirmishing.

We rode two nights all night. There were other forces which sought to intercept us at Columbia. Finally on the 2nd of January, 1863, we crossed the Cumberland River at Burkesville and were safe.

On this ride out of Kentucky, the rumble of distant cannon was heard all the day on which the battle of Murfreesboro was fought.

The results of this expedition were the destruction of the railroad to such an extent that it required many weeks to repair it, the capture of eighteen hundred and seventy-seven prisoners, of a large number of stores, arms, and government property of every description. The Confederate loss was two killed and twenty-four wounded and sixty-four missing.

In recognition of the brilliant victory at Hartsville and the effectual accomplishment of this Christmas Raid, the Confederate Congress passed a joint resolution of thanks, as follows:

"Resolved, by the Congress of the Confederate States of America: that the thanks of Congress are due, and are hereby tendered to General John H. Morgan, and the officers and men of his command, for their varied, heroic, and invaluable services in Tennessee and Kentucky, immediately preceding the battle before Murfreesboro,—services which have conferred upon their authors fame as enduring as the records of the struggle which they have so brilliantly illustrated. Approved May 17, 1863."

It was the usual custom to obtain a commission to raise a company or regiment from some general officer in the Confederate service and under this commission

to proceed to raise the body of troops designated and to get a commission from the government at a later time. Indeed, it often occurred that he would organize his force and command it indefinitely without any further commission. In Duke's History of Morgan's Cavalry, the author states that when Morgan's command was organized into a Division, composed of two brigades that "There was some discussion as to whether Cluke or Breckenridge should command one of the brigades. It was a mooted question, whether Cluke's rank as Colonel, dated from the period at which he received his commission to raise a regiment or from the period at which his regiment became filled. In the former case, he would rank Breckenridge; in the latter, he would not. None of us, then, (with the exception of Johnston), had received our commission, although our rank was recognized."

Before Morgan's Christmas raid, I had enlisted many of my men and expected, on my trip at the time I was captured, to see some other parties and on my return to the command, to organize my company. Many of my men had reported and were assigned to other companies, pending my return. My capture then, on the sixth of January, 1863, defeated my whole contemplated career as a Commander of troops.

I was recognized as Captain "by courtesy" from the time I received my commission from General Hardee.

IN PRISON.

On his return from the "Christmas Raid," General John H. Morgan crossed the Cumberland River at Burkesville, Ky. with his entire command, on the 2nd

day of January, 1863. I was with him on that raid. I left the command at this point and rode directly to Hartsville, Tenn. I was captured as I was entering the town. In this way I can fix the date of my capture with nearly absolute certainty. It must have been on the 6th of January.

The Cumbeland River was very high. There were no ferry boats and the only way to cross was in a canoe. I went to the house of Mr. Reuben Terry, a friend of mine, and left my fine saddle mare, and my arms. I had a Colt's Repeating rifle and a pair of navy pistols. I crossed the river in a canoe, landing in a creek some distance above its mouth and went to the house of Mr. William Tunstall and borrowed an aged brood mare, stiff and clumsy, to ride to town, distant about four miles. There were no Federal troops stationed at Hartsville at that time. The nearest station was Gallatin, distant sixteen miles. There was a macadamized road between the two towns. The Federals occasionally made brief raids through that country. I got to town just as dusk was gathering. As I was riding along the pike just opposite the house where Richard Averett then lived, a detachment of about twenty-five soldiers of the Hundred and Fifth Illinois, regiment of Infantry, under the command of Sergeant Henry Romayne came dashing suddenly across Goose Creek, and in a moment were all around me. This was a mounted detachment of infantry engaged in scouring the country, picking up furloughed Confederate soldiers, and looking after Guerillas. Mr. Averett had a son in the army and they had been informed that he was at his father's house and their purpose was to capture him. They halted in front of the house, a number of them dismounted and rushed in, to

surround it. At first they took no notice of me; I quietly turned my mare and headed for an alley that ran north and distant only forty or fifty feet. I rode slowly, hoping to escape without being noticed, but just as I was entering the mouth of the alley I was vigorously ordered to halt; putting spurs to the old animal I rode with all the speed I could get up, some two or three hundred yards to the end of the alley. It was closed by a plank fence. I could get no further on horseback. I put my hands on the top plank and leaped from my saddle over the fence, landing on my feet with my face toward my pursuers. Sergeant Romayne had his pistol within a few inches of my face, calling on me to surrender. I remarked to him, that I "reckoned" under the circumstances I would have to do it. They made no effort to shoot me, but repeatedly called on me to halt during the pursuit. Had I been on my fine mount, it is probable that I would have been killed, because I could have ridden away from them and that plank fence would not have been in my way. They were close enough to shoot me and if they had seen that I was getting away from them, they would probably have done it.

I had the mortification to be taken to my home, to my wife, a prisoner.

The sergeant left me at home under guard. He talked kindly to my wife, assuring her that I would be kindly treated. She demeaned herself with that high courage, which ever characterized her under trying circumtsances. The sergeant agreed that I might spend the night at home by allowing a soldier to guard me in my room. My wife and I soon got an opportunity to hold a private conference and arrange a plan for my escape. My room was on the first floor; the bed was

situated beside a window; there was a roller curtain. The plan was to have the window raised and the curtain down; later in the night she was to get up and go into the dining-room which was adjoining with a door between, get some refreshments, put them on the table near the center of the room and invite the guard to partake of them. If he wouldn't go in, she could at least get him to the door with his back to me. I was to have shoes and some clothes on the outside and the minute his back was turned, I was to raise the curtain and leap through the window to freedom. This was her plan, but the kindness of friends thwarted the whole scheme. Before bed-time, a number of prominent citizens headed by Mr. James Andrews came to the house with the sergeant and made the proposition that if I would give my parole to be there in the morning I would be relieved of my guard. Of course I had to agree. Had I refused, it would have been to give notice that I intended to escape and the house would have been so guarded that escape would have been impossible, or they might have put me in jail. The next morning I was started to Gallatin at the head of the whole detachment. After having ridden about two miles the detachment left the pike and went in another direction and I was placed in charge of two soldiers to be taken to Gallatin. This was a surprise to me. I had a pistol at home; I had given it to my wife, loaded and in good fix for use. I was not searched and I could have put it in my side pocket and captured my guards. We passed a party of men at work on the pike who had a fire; under the plea of being cold, I got permission to dismount and warm at the fire. They dismounted also. I stepped about around the fire, trying to get an opportunity to seize the gun from one of

the men for the purpose of capturing both of them, but they would not let me get near them. As I moved towards them, they would move away and keep pretty close together. They had undoubtedly been instructed. At the time I was taken to Gallatin, General Ward was in command, but only for a short time. When one General E. A. Payne of Illinois assumed the command and retained it during my whole imprisonment there and for a long time afterwards. I was incarcerated in the Court House. I met there Captain John D. Kirkpatrick, a friend of mine and a member of Morgan's command.

There was quite a number of prisoners confined in the Court House. A Federal corporal, whose name I have forgotten, but would not give it, if I could, who was engaged in a mob in the city of St. Louis, about the time the war commenced. He was arrested and jailed. In order to get his freedom he agreed to join the Federal army. He was permitted to do this. He sought and obtained the position of corporal. He was a bitter enemy of the Union cause. A few nights after my arrival, he got an opportunity and spiked every cannon in a battery located near the depot. There was a great stir the next day, to catch the miscreant who had done this, and he was the busiest of all them, trying to find him. Captain Kirkpatrick had been confined there for some time before my arrival. He made the acquaintance of this corporal, who revealed his true character to him. It was not long until the Captain and myself had entered into a conspiracy with this corporal to make our escape. We were to furnish the money and he was to bribe the sentinel. There were windows on three sides of the Court room in which we were confined. We were in the second story. A sentinel was placed on the out-

side on the pavement just under each of these windows. The plan was to make a rope out of blankets, fasten one end just inside and then let ourselves down to the ground by means of the rope. There were some charges against Captain Kirkpatrick, on account of which they were threatening to put him in jail. There was none against me. While on the raid in Kentucky, I did picket duty one night in a swamp, protected from the water by means of some rails with a blanket spread over them. I took a severe cold, and was not at all well, when imprisoned. I got quite ill and General Payne paroled me to go to the hotel and remain until I was well. My wife came to see me and stayed with me for a time. I was in daily communication with Captain Kirkpatrick through her, but was too ill to undertake an escape. I obtained sixty dollars in Tennessee money through my wife and sent this to the Captain to be used with the sentinel. Everything was now in readiness awaiting my return. The order was made as our corporal told him to send Kirkpatrick to jail the next day. I sent word to him not to lose his chance to escape on my account. There was no threat to jail me and the same sentinel could at a later time let me out also. Early the next morning I saw an officer enter the hotel and look about until he saw me and then left. In the course of an hour, I was escorted back to the Court House. Kirkpatrick had made his escape and I was at once locked up in jail. Thus as Burns puts it, "The best laid schemes o' mice and men, gang aft a-gley." This must have been about the first of February. I remained in that jail until the 27th of May. It was a filthy place,—a standing disgrace to the good county of Sumner and to the Federal authorities. We were confined in a cell on the ground floor at

night. In the day time we had a little hall in which we could stand and walk about and get some fresh air. The cell was without a window. A narrow door entering from the hall was the only opening. It was small, lined with heavy oak planks, filled completely with heavy-headed nails, and this included the floor. Eight men could sleep in it by lying close side to side. There was room enough to stretch out with about two feet pass way at our feet. An open leaky bucket was all there was for a toilet. We lay on blankets and could feel the nail heads distinctly. Of course my health did not improve under these circumstances.

There was a citizen by the name of Clark who was a Kentuckian, but had taken up his abode in Tennessee after the Confederate troops retreated southward from Bowling Green. He was the brother of Lieutenant Governor Clark of Kentucky, who had married the daughter of Major Turner of Gallatin. His widow was then living in Gallatin. Clark had come to Gallatin to take the oath of allegiance, and make his submission to the Federal Government. He had his protection papers in his packet but had not yet left town. Some one made some accusation against Clark concerning his activities in Kentucky before the retreat of the Confederate forces which caused Payne to arrest him and commit him to jail. There was just room for one more. Lt. Brooks of Jackson County, a mischievously inclined individual, asked him what he was put in there for and upon being told that he had come to town and taken the oath, Brooks tantalized him unmercifully telling him he was served exactly right. After he had been in jail some time, Payne got word that Captain Ellis Harper who cammanded a company of Guerillas, operating in

the northern part of Sumner County had captured a Union man, taken him from his home, declaring his purpose to kill him. Payne came to the jail in person and recited to Mr. Clark the news which he had just received, and said: "Now sir, I will furnish you with pen, ink and paper and you must communicate with those outlaws and tell them if they kill that man, I will hang you." Some few days afterwards, Payne came to the jail just at dark and told Clark that Harper had killed the Union man, giving minutely all the painful details of the killing. He then said with much bitterness: "Tomorrow, at one o'clock, I will hang you" and added with an oath, "I will wind up this bloody drama myself." Turning to the sergeant he said, "Lock him up in the cell, and keep him until I send for him tomorrow. Put a guard in this hall tonight. Give him paper, pen and ink, that he may make any preparation he wishes before he dies."

It fell to my lot to lie (not sleep) beside the condemned man that night. He wrote a letter to his wife, in which he told her the predicament he was in, and wound up by saying, "It was a hard lot, but it was the fate of war, to which he would have to submit." Through the friendly sergeant I managed to get a note to Mrs. Clark. The next morning when the other prisoners were turned out of the cell, into the hallway, Clark asked me to remain with him. I did so and spent a half day with the man condemned to die at one o'clock and fully believed that the sentence would be executed. He showed great nerve. His beard was a little long and he sent word to the Provost Marshal asking him for a razor to shave himself, stating that he wanted to look decent when he was hung. The request was refused.

A few minutes before the hour of one o'clock I left the cell, telling Mr. Clark that if I was found in there with him when they came after him they might search me and get his watch and a few other things which he had given me to be sent to his wife.

Promptly at one o'clock an officer arrived and called for Mr. Clark. He was taken out of the cell into the hallway and the officer read to him an order from Payne, saying that "the sentence of death heretofore, imposed upon you is hereby indefinitely postponed." There was a sudden relaxation of every nerve and muscle in his body and he came very near completely collapsing.

While I was in this jail, another interesting episode occurred. Colonel James E. Bennett, who had been in the army and who had commanded a battalion of cavalry in the battle of Shiloh had a body servant. He was a large, mulatto negro of unusual intelligence and absolute faithfulness. On one occasion while Bragg's army was at Murfreesboro the Colonel and myself came home to visit our families. My wife was living in town. The Colonel's was on his farm some four miles from town. This servant, whose name was Jeff, was with us. Jeff piloted me to town across the country, avoiding roads as there were Federals stationed there. We had left our horses about two miles out, at Mr. Carr Crenshaw's and were taking it on foot. We were approaching a stone fence on the hill above the Academy and were about fifty yards from it, when we were suddenly halted, by a picket on the inside of the fence. Jeff's first impulse was to turn and run. I put my hand on him suddenly and stopped him, the sentinel said, "Who are you?" I told Jeff to answer him, and he did it in great style. He

said "I'm a colored man." The sentinel said "Where are you going?" Jeff said, "To Doctor Dyer's to see my wife, she is mighty sick." The sentinel replied, "Why are you coming this way. Why don't you go by the road." Jeff promptly answered, "Massa Carr Crenshaw, lives right back here and this is the short way" all of which was perfectly correct. "Why are you so late?" "They kept me so long shucking the corn for the fattening hogs." The sentinel told him, "You can't get in, because there are pickets all around the town." They said to him, "Come on up here" as Jeff started I dropped to the ground and crawled back a short distance where I was covered by the hill and then went on some two or three hundred yards to a thicket, there to await developments. Jeff and I had agreed upon a signal, if we got separated. It wasn't long until I heard some one coming, listening closely, I knew that there was but one person. After Jeff got into the thicket, I signalled him. They took the pains to examine Jeff's skin other than his face and hands to see if he was really a negro. They asked him, "who was that with you when you started to us," and he replied, "Oh, just a dog." In going back to our horses, we had to cross an old field. There was a picket post on the Gallatin Pike and another one on the Puryear Ferry Road, and the Grand Rounds in going from one post to the other crossed this field. When we were about the middle of it, in plain view we heard the Grand Rounds coming at a smart canter. How to conceal ourselves was the question. Jeff got to a cluster of young white elms in which he could conceal himself so as not to be noticed at night. It was starlight. I discovered a small gulley and stretched myself out in it, barely concealing myself. They passed within two rods of us.

When they captured Jeff, they brought him to Gallatin and put him in jail. Jeff was very much excited when he saw me. He got an opportunity soon to speak to me privately. He stuttered a little. He said, "F-f-f-for G-G-G-God's sssake, Captain, don't tell on me. They'll h-h-hang me sure." I assured him I would not tell.

On the 22nd of April, 1863, I wrote my wife as follows:

"My dear wife,

You know that I send you a letter by every opportunity; for I know how very anxious you are to hear from me; fearing lest I get sick. The Prison continues sickly. Captain Peddicord and Mr. Roark are both very sick. Captain Haley was still improving slowly at my last advices.

I fear that you give yourself too much anxiety on my account. You must not do this, for I do not fear but that I will be taken to a hospital, if I should get sick. I assure you that from what I have seen of them, they are no bad place to be in when sick. And what if I should die, or be put to death. There is no pain in death but that of separation from my very dear family. So be cheerful.

Tell me all about little Frank when you write. Don't let him forget me. Tell him to take Jordon and drive down and see me. Do you give him all the kisses I send him? If you have not just finish the last lot, when you receive this.

Well my dear, how I would like to see you.

By the way, Captain Peddicord's wife and sister

have come to see him. Let Brook's wife is here also. Give my love to my friends.

From your devoted,

Mc.

On the 28th of May, 1863, I wrote to my wife from Louisville, Ky., as follows:

"My dear wife:

You will perceive by the date of this letter, where I am. We came here yesterday, and are in the Military Prison, which by the way, is a palace compared with the Gallatin jail. If my health were good, I would not mind being a prisoner here. Our paroles were taken today for exchange, with the information that we start tomorrow. The Gallatin jail has well nigh done its work on my system. I am greatly debilitated, but am now in a healthy place and under medical treatment. I am taking elixir of vitriol to stop very profuse perspiration and a tonic to give my system tone and vigor. I already feel better. We are to go directly to Fort Delaware. It is just announced that we start in an hour; hence I must get ready. Good-bye, God bless you and my darling boy.

From your devoted husband,

N. W. McConnell.

We arrived at Fort Delaware in due course of travel by rail.

The Alabama Legislature had passed a law, making it a capital offense to entice away slaves When Forrest first overtook and gave battle to Colonel Streight's Raiders in Alabama, there were about five hundred slaves with Streight's command. Forrest captured Streight and all his men on the 3rd day of May, 1863. The Governor of Alabama made a demand on the Con-

federate authorities for these officers to be tried in Alabama under the aforesaid statute. When we arrived at Fort Delaware, instead of being sent on to Richmond for exchange, we were placed in close confinement at Fort Delaware, to be held as hostages for the protection of Streight's officers.

I remained at Fort Delaware from about the 1st of June till the 15th of July, 1863. Brigadier General A. Schoepf was in command of this post. It is situated on a low island in the Delaware River. The island is about six inches below the mark to which the water comes in high tide. It is protected from overflow by a sea-wall and a dike. There were about sixty of us confined in one room of the main building. We slept in double tiered bunks. The toilets were adjoining the room and kept in a miserable condition. Dr. Clark, one of the surgeons who inspected the building and the entire island, in his report addressed to Surgeon J. Simpson of the United States Army, Medical Director of the Middle Department at Baltimore, Maryland, said: "The mortality is to me fearful and it is a melancholy proof of your oft expressed views as to the unfitness of this wet island as a depot for large numbers of men." A list of dead for the month of September, 1863, accompanied this report, which showed that three hundred and seventeen enlisted men and fourteen citizens had died during that single month. I think there were between seven and eight thousand prisoners on the island when I was there. It was fortunate for me that my stay there was short.

One of my companions in prison life at this place was Captain Pitts. He was a son of Fountain E. Pitts, a distinguished Methodist Divine of Tennessee. Cap-

tain Pitts was large and quite an athlete. He claimed to be, I do not doubt but that he was, an expert swimmer. He and I entered into an arrangement to make our escape. On the west side of the island facing Delaware City on the main shore, there was a public sink, with two platforms built out over the river, covered in by sheds. The tide which came up the river from the ocean were at their height about nine o'clock at night and swept under the sink and removed all excreta. The Captain and I discovered one evening late, a heavy plank or puncheon some twelve or fifteen feet long, and we agreed that when the tide was at its highest we would steal out and get on this plank and float with the tide up the river about a mile and a half where there was a bend in the river, and the tide would land us upon the western shore. I could not swim but the arrangement was that we would tie our clothes on the plank near the forward end and I would place myself partly on the other end and he would swim beside the plank holding one hand on it to guide it and to move it faster than the tide would carry it. This looked feasible to me and I agreed to go into it. Promptly on time we were at the place where the plank should have been, but it was gone. Some other parties had made the same discovery and came to the same conclusion and had anticipated us just a few minutes. They got out some distance on the river, but were discovered by the sentinel and made to round to, and land again on the island.

I made the acquaintance here of Captain Griffith of Texas. He was a man about thirty-five years old, very quiet and mild in every way. I noticed him during the day lying up in his bunk reading his Bible, a great deal. There was a bunch of officers headed by a

Lieutenant Cowan of Kentucky, who indulged in playing cards and gambling almost incessantly when the lights were not out. They were extremely profane, especially Cowan. He was a tall, slender man with long black hair hanging down to his shoulders, with dark piercing eyes and several ugly scars on his face. The result no doubt of drunken debauches during his citizen life. Taking him as a whole he filled my conception of a pirate. One evening Captain Griffith circulated around among the men and spoke to those whose orderly conduct led him to believe that they disapproved of what these gamblers were doing. He said he wanted to hold a prayer meeting in that room and he wished to ascertain how many would support him and assist him. I readily agreed to help him. With a Bible and hymn book in his hand he walked up to the table where these men were playing cards and quietly remarked to them, "Gentlemen, some of us here wish to hold a prayer meeting and we want the use of this table." Cowan looked up with the most astonished expression that I ever saw on a man's face. After a moment's hesitation, the humor of the situation seemed to strike him and he smiled and replied, "All right, as soon as we finish this hand." Griffith waited until the hand was finished and these men quietly retired from the table, when he proceeded to read a chapter from the Bible and to sing a hymn. After this he gave a lecture or rather, a plain, simple, sensible talk as to the utter impropriety of the conduct of the officers, especially under the circumstances in which we were all situated. The prayer meeting was held. We had no more gambling while we remained there. I will have more to say about Captain Griffith when we get to Johnson's Island. I never

saw in my life, a more fit illustration of that paragraph from the Sermon on the Mount in which the great Teacher enjoined upon His desciples to let their light shine before man, etc.

A few days before we left Fort Delaware, two of our party, both Tennesseans, had a fight. They had fallen out when in jail together at Gallatin. One was much stronger than the other. They fell and the stronger fell on top, but the under man succeeded in getting the forefinger of the strong man between his teeth and bit it severely, before we could separate them. While on the train, enroute to Johnston's Island the man with the wounded finger was suffering a good deal and having it wrapped up, some stranger inquired what was the matter with his hand. He promptly replied: "I've been bitten by a dog," and his antagonist was sitting in the adjoining seat. I suppress the names of these gentlemen. They both knew how to fight when on the firing line.

JOHNSON'S ISLAND.

I arrived at Johnson's Island about the 18th of July, 1863. This was the place of my abode for one year, seven months and thirteen days. I went to the hospital soon after I got there. I had a protracted spell of fever, brought on by exposure to typhoid bacilii in the filthy holes of the Gallatin jail and Fort Delaware. I found Dr. Porter of Kentucky, a Confederate, and who was a nephew of the Reverend Mr. Porter, a Presbyterian minister at Gerard, Pa., whom I knew intimately when I lived there. He at once took an interest in me and attended me as a physician faithfully. After a tedious lingering spell, I recovered. Upon my recovery, I

seemed to have entirely got rid of the ill effects of the poison which I took on at Gallatin and Fort Delaware. I had splendid health, the remainder of my imprisonment and I might say, to the present time.

DESCRIPTION OF THE PRISON.

I take the following description of the prison from a report of Colonel Pierson, the commander, made to Clonel Hoffman, the Commissary-General of prisoners at Washington, on the 25th of December, 1863. "This depot is located on an island in Sandusky Bay, three miles from the city of Sandusky. There is an inclosure of fifteen acres on the south side of the island. It is covered with grass and the prisoners have the full range of the inclosure to within thirty feet of the fence. Within this inclosure there are thirteen barracks, in which the prisoners are quartered. The buildings are two stories in height, four of which are severally 117 feet long, 29 feet wide, and each divided into 22 rooms, 2 kitchens and mess-rooms included. Each building contains on an average 150 prisoners. Four of the other barracks are severally 130 feet long and 24 feet wide, divided into 6 rooms. There are 2 kitchens to each barrack, built on as additions to the main building. In each of these barracks are quartered about 230 prisoners. The four other barracks are severally 130 feet long and 24 feet wide, divided into 6 rooms, with 2 kitchens each, in addition to the main building, and in each are quartered 270 prisoners. In the above no allowance is made for those absent in hospital. The remaining building is the hospital. It is 126 feet long, 30 feet wide, and divided into 4 wards. There are, besides, a steward's room and a consulting room. All of the barracks have bunks and

stoves in each room. Every bunk has a straw tick, and each prisoner has a blanket issued to him if he has not sufficient of his own, and additional blankets have been issued when called for on complaint of being cold, so that each bunk for two men has an average of three blankets."

This island took its name from the man who owned it. The bay is formed by a peninsula some fifteen miles in length, which separates the waters of the bay from those of the lake, except a comparatively narrow neck or entrance which connects the bay with the main lake. The distance from the island to this peninsula is about one mile. There is a small river entering the bay from the main land which creates a current in that part of the bay which lies between the island and the peninsula. The island is a mile and a half long and a third of a mile wide. There is a kind of ridge or hog-back which traverses it lengthwise. The prison is situated on the edge of the water facing towards the city of Sandusky. At the beginning of the war, the island was covered with a heavy forrest. It furnished the supply of wood for fuel during the entire war. Trees were cut and the wood corded up in large quantities early in the war and at the time I was there it was well seasoned and made excellent fuel.

Charles H. Hill, Colonel of the 128th Ohio Volunteers was in command of the island with headquarters at the city of Sandusky from the 1st of January, 1862 to the 1st of January, 1864. At this time General Terry took command. When I first went there, and for some time thereafter, Hoffman's Battalion of Ohio Volunteers, about four hundred strong, constituted the guard of the prison. They were under the command of Lt. Col. Will-

iam S. Pierson, who was in immediate command of the prison with headquarters on the island. E. A. Scovill was the Major of this battalion and superintendent of the prison. Later he was promoted and made Lt. Col. of the 128th.

I desire to say once for all, that these two officers, Pierson and Scovill, were high-toned, conscientious men and performed their delicate duties to the very best of their ability. The island was a healthy location. There was a time when the prisoners did not get enough to eat. We were fed by contract and the contractors practiced a fraud upon us in not furnishing the rations they were required to and paid for under the terms of their contract. There was a deficiency, both in quality and in quantity. Gen. I. R. Trimble, in a letter written from the island, on January 26th, 1864, has this to say about our meat, and other food, to-wit: "The meat supply to the messes is, with a few exceptions, composed of necks, shanks, pieces of thin ribs, and the other refuse parts, never in "quarters" of beef, as should be done, thus doubtless defrauding your Government. We are supplied with a very limited quantity of vinegar at all times, often none at all; with no vegetables, except occasionally hominy or beans, but excellent bread and coffee, and sugar in tolerable quality and quantity."

In a letter written on the 6th of May, 1864, by John F. Marsh, Lt. Col. 24th Regiment, Veteran Reserve Corps, addressed to Colonel James A. Hardie, Inspector General, U. S. A., has this to say in regard to the beef furnished to the prisoners, viz: "The beef furnished this post is of the poorest quality and often deficient in quantity. The prisoners get most of the fore-quarters." It will be noticed that both of these letters were written

in the fore part of 1864. This was the period of the fraud by the contractors. I have gone to bed often early in the evening, to go to sleep, to forget the gnawing of hunger. I have seen the prisoners pick bones out of the swill barrels for the purpose of making a very thin, mean kind of soup, but from which they could get some nutriment. During this period also, the prisoners were allowed on one occasion to turn out in force and hunt rats. They caught a great many and dressed and cooked them in the form of rat pie. These pies looked inviting but I did not sample any of them. I recollect on one occasion (and this was in very cold weather) seeing a large cat, skinned and hung out late in the evening to freeze. I inquired of the mess at whose quarters I saw this cat, what they were going to do with it; I was told they were going to cook it, and eat it. But I was shifty. I did not long endure this semi-starvation. Captain Haley, who was with me in the Gallatin jail and went the Grand Rounds by way of Fort Delaware to Johnston's Island, secured the position of assistant cook at the hospital. He was a man of limited education, but of a high order of intelligence. The patients at the hospital drew the regular rations, and besides the surgeon in charge, purchased for them many delicacies not embraced in the regular ration. Sick people don't eat as much as well ones, so they had surplus at the hospital. I made an arrangement with the Captain, by which I was to teach him Arithmetic, and English Grammar for a dinner at the hospital every night. Under this arrangement I was enabled to fill up to my utmost capacity on the good food once every twenty-four hours; in fact, I was enabled to allow my mess-mates a portion of my slim rations each day. Matters went on along this line until

they got to such a pitch that there was a meeting held by the prisoners and a committee appointed to wait upon Colonel Pierson and Major Scovill, to lay the matter before them. Colonel J. A. Fite of the 1st Confederate Regiment of Infantry, was at the head of this committee. The result of it was, that the authorities at once looked into the matter and found that the contractors were practicing a fraud upon the prisoners. The Colonel made them issue all the staple articles that would keep, such as sugar and coffee, beans, etc., in bulk, enough to do a week, and weigh them in the presence of a committee of Confederates. He likewise compelled them to submit to inspection before delivery, all green meats, such as beef, and to weigh them in the presence of the committee. Colonel Fite took upon himself and performed with fidelity the onerous duties of this committee. There was no complaint after this. Every prisoner on that island at that time, owes a debt of gratitude to Colonel Fite, for what he did for them. The fact is that the Colonel was the life of the prison and by far the most popular man there.

The number of prisoners on the island varied at different times. At the time that Colonel Pierson wrote the report in which the gave the description of the prison, he put the number at a little over twenty-six hundred. There were no exchanges except occasionally an individual who got paroled by private influence, while I was there. I was among the first batch of prisoners who were exchanged. It often occurred that prisoners in considerable numbers were transferred to other prisons. I think that at one time, there were less than twenty-four hundred. Before the termination of the

war, however, there were over three thousand. The prison was full to its utmost capacity.

It puts a peculiar feeling upon a thoughtful man to be incarcerated for an indefinite period; and especially when he is ignorant of what his fate is to be.

It is inborn in the white race to live under organized government; to establish usages which grow into laws. This was witnessed upon the island. The prisoners were nearly all officers and gathered from every part of the South. They were of all professions; a few had belonged to the Regular United States Army and were professional soldiers, but the others were gathered from every walk of civil life. There were Ministers of the Gospel of all Denominations, Doctors, some of whom were Regular Army Surgeons while others were officers in command of troops. There were lawyers, some of whom were emminent in their profession at home. There were many University graduates, numbers of whom were teachers. A community composed of such material would naturally fall into regular habits of living and become engaged in some line of study. The whole prison gradually become a great University. Men were pursuing every imaginable line of study. Ministers of the Gospel and laymen prominent at home in church work soon made themselves felt in the establishment of all classes of religious work among the prisoners. By common consent, Captain Griffith of whom I have written heretofore, was placed at the head of the Religious movement. He organized prayer meetings in every mess; he organized Bible classes which met all over the prison, twice a week. He had organized places of preaching in different parts of the prison, every Sunday. Revival meetings were held; many men professed

faith in Christ and were admitted to membership in the denomination of their choice and their names sent to their home church, where this was practicable. The man who was at the head of this movement, and who kept it intensely alive was Captain Griffith. He was a man of ordinary ability, but of great organizing and executive capacity. He was never eloquent, but always sensible and reasonable. There was no mistaking his profound sincerity. Everybody believed in him. There were Divines there of great eloquence and power; they were led by him. I will instance one man—Colonel Lewis of Missouri, a young man between thirty and thirty-five years of age, belonging to the Southern Methodist church was a man of remarkable eloquence. He was also an Educator and was at the head of a Female Seminary, somewhere in Missouri, when the war commenced. He was specially exchanged and elected United States Senator from Missouri, by the troops from that state in the Armies of the South. General Trimble heretofore referred to, was the only Major General, whom I recall. General Archer, a Marylander, was Brigadier General and I think was captured at Chancellorsville. We will have more to say about him further on. Among other useful things for the public good which Captain Griffith set on foot, was a free library. It was astonishing how many books were gathered together. There was a regular organization with a Board of Managers, Librarian, etc. I served for a considerable time as Librarian and gave out books, and I know how extensively they were read.

There was another organization, which I must not fail to notice. It was the Masonic Order. There were a great many members of this body among the prison-

ers, as one would naturally expect of the class that composed them. Every Mason, in regular standing at home, was listed. They organized whenever one of the members was sick to the extent that he had to go to the hospital, or needed waiting on in his quarters, a Brother was kept by his side night and day, and he never was allowed to want for anything which it was possible to supply. Lodges were written to all over the country, both North and South, for Masonry as such, knows no division into the classes of friends and enemies, and money was procured and supplies purchased for the sick. A plat of ground was procured in the graveyard on the island in which the Masonic dead were buried with the ceremonies and honors of the Order. An application was made to Colonel Pierson for a limited number of the Order to leave the prison without guard on parole of honor to return immediately after the burial to their quarters. Colonel Pierson, while not a Mason, invariably granted this request. We were not rebuffed by any Masonic Lodge in the North except the one at Sandusky. That Lodge wrote us an ugly letter, calling us traitors and other villainous names. I will not, at this late day, pay them in kind, but I cant help but thinking that there was one and happily but one, Judas Iscariot, among the desciples, of the great Teacher. I made a discovery, which will appear later, in that city, which made me forgive them. This organization was known as the "Masonic Prison Association." I insert here the whole communication sent by Captain Joseph J. Davis, President of the Association, to Colonel Charles W. Hill, then in command of the forces of United States at Johnson's Island and Sandusky, Ohio. It is as follows:

U. S. Depot, Prisoners of War,

Johnson's Island, Ohio, November 28, 1864.

Col. Charles W. Hill,

Comdg. U. S. Forces at Johnson's Island and Sandusky, Ohio:

Colonel: As President of the Masonic Prison Association I desire to make an appeal to you in behalf of the sick confined here. I am sure your nature must be too generous to refuse to do anything in the real interest of humanity that may be in your power, and that you will indulge me a moment. It is cheerless, in deed, to be sick away from home under the depressing influences of the prison, and recovery is often retarded—sometimes prevented—by mental anxieties. Under present orders, however, much we ourselves may be inclined to aid our fellow-prisoners we cannot go beyond the simple offices of the nurse, and mere sympathy, which, though valuable, can never restore the deranged stomach or stay wasting disease. We do not wish to invade the department of medicine, but if allowed we can supply the sick with many things that will cost the Government nothing and will be of vast service in restoring their health and in relieving their sufferings. Diarrhea is a common and often fatal disease in this prison, and apples and other fruits, jellies, cordials, and what are termed generally hospital delicacies (real necessaries), are much needed for this class of sick. I know that there is real distress caused by the craving of the appetite for changes of diet and for these simple things which cannot be had. If permitted to do so, many of these wants can be supplied through our association, and we will not confine ourselves to the sick of our own fraternity, for (under the circumstances, I may be pardoned for saying) the diffusive charity inculated by our order extends to all mankind and should embrace even an enemy in distress and relieve him with a hearty good will. Sick prisoners who have relatives

within the Federal lines can obtain these things upon application to them, by the surgeon, but there are very many who have no such relatives and can get nothing of the kind. If the orders shall be so relaxed (which we respectfully ask) as to permit us to procure the class of articles alluded to, I give you the most solemn assurance that they shall be appropriated solely for the benefit, and will myself, if required, become responsible as a hostage under such penalties as you may prescribe for their faithful disposal. If you have discretion in the premises I feel quite confident you will go as far as you may deem just in behalf of the sick, and if, as I apprehend may be the case, the subject is not within your discretion, I most earnestly ask that you give us the aid of your kind offices to accomplish the end desired by referring the subject to the Commissary General of Prisoners or to the Secretary of War, or in such other way as in your judgment may seem best. Pardon me, colonel, for thus trespassing upon your time, which, I trust, will be justified by the subject matter.

Respectfully,

JOSEPH J. DAVIS,

Captain, &c., President of Masonic Prison Association.

Block 1, Ward 1, Room 16.

Colonel Hill approved this request and forwarded the same to General H. W. Wessells, Inspector and Commissary-General of Prisoners, Washington, D. C. General Wessells submitted the matter to the Secretary of War. The third indorsement reads as follows:

War Department, December 22, 1864.

Not approved.

By order of the Secretary of War:

C. A. DANA,

Assistant Secretary of War.

The Secretary of War, was Edwin M. Stanton,—a man of massive brain, but shrivelled heart.

This did not prevent us from doing a good deal of charity work. I remember on one occasion, the friends of a brother mason, at his home, sent us the means and we bought a handsome casket and shipped the remains of a dead brother to his friends and family at home.

Naturally there was a great deal of desire on the part of many of the prisoners to make their escape, and at one time there was an organization in the prison to march in a body, capture the guards, and go to Canada. This could have been easily done at one time, if we had had any way to get off after we had captured the island. We had friends in Canada, who could command money and send vessels to take us off if we had been able to concert measures to that effect. At the head of this Committee in Canada, was Mr. Thompson, who was a Cabinet Officer during Buchannan's Presidency. We were regularly organized in the prison into a brigade, consisting of two regiments, regularly officered. I was in command of the company belonging to the barrack which I then occupied. General Archer was the Brigade Commander. A Mr. Blackwell, procured a parole and General Archer sent by him an unsigned communiction to the Secretary of War at Richmond, which was delivered to him. It is as follows:

Washington, Ark., September 21, 1863.

Hon. James A. Seddon, Secretary of War,

Richmond, Va.

I was requested by Brigadier General Archer, from Maryland, now a prisoner at Johnson's Island, to forward you this communication. I have just returned from prison there, having been paroled, and was told by

him to say to you that he would not sign his name to the communication for fear of discovery in case it should be found on my person.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

Y. H. BLACKWELL,

Major, First (Fifth) Missouri Cavalry, Colonel Shelby's Regiment.

(Inclosure)

"We count here 1,600 prisoners, 1,200 officers. We can take the island, guarded by only one battalion, with small loss, but have no way to get off. A naval officer might procure in some way a steamer on the lake and with a few men attack the island and take us to Canada. C. C. Egerton, of Baltimore, could, I think, furnish a fitting crew to one of our naval officers who carried your indorsement to him, and would give valuable advice regarding how to get the men armed in steamer, &c. There is no truer or more daring man in our service, and he has a large body of men sworn to obey him and help us. Lieut. George Bier or William Parker are suggested."

General Archer was mistaken when he said, "we count here 1600 prisoners." There were perhaps a thousand more than that number. He was perhaps correct that the organized brigade of which he was the commander was 1200. There was never at any time as many as four hundred privates on the island as prisoners, in fact, there were only a few, a mere negligable number. I can not account for his getting his figures so inaccurate.

Colonel Pierson was very much alarmed. Of course, there were traitors and spies in our midst that gave information. We had a way of writing letters and then of writing secret matter between the lines, with starch water and a quill pen, that could not be seen until brought

out by application of tincture of iodine. All of our letters were read and censored before being mailed. This applied to all our private correspondence and I might as well state here, I invariably sent a double letter to my wife. I instructed her how to develop it in this way. I wrote her a letter and made an acrostic, that is, the first letter of each line would read something to this effect. "Apply tincture of iodine between the lines." I waited until I got a reply, acknowledging the receipt of this letter and then I wrote her, to read the acrostic which that letter contained. In this way, she got the secret and always knew what to do after that when she received a letter from me. I understood that our correspondence with Canada was carried on in the same way. I had no hand in it myself. To return to my subject, on the first of October, Colonel Pierson, wrote as follows to Colonel Hoffman, Commissary-General of Prisoners at Washington: "There is a bad spirit among the prisoners. They have the idea that it would be a great thing for the Confederacy, for them to escape and they are talking about it being their duty to make the attempt, as they are superior in number to so great extent; that as all the Confederate officers are collected here, if they could get off to Canada, their Government would be much relieved on the exchange of our officers who commanded colored troops. Such things are reported to me by those who overhear. I have little doubt it will be only a question of time for them to make a revolt." He made a call for two companies of guards and added "it would also add much to our security if the U. S. Steamer, Michigan, lay off here." In reply to this on the date of October 12th, Colonel Hoffman did not agree with Colonel Pierson. He called Pierson's attention to the difficulty in the way of the Confederates,

and even declined to send the Steamer Michigan. Pierson came back at him again on October 16th and said among other things, "I feel it my duty to say frankly that I think differently," and asserted that his officers fully agreed with him. He put the number of prisoners at that time at 2452 in figures. He said of them, "they are a most desperate set of men, with great smartness and a conviction that their escape would be better than a victory in any battle, and that their risk would not be as great. You cannot judge of their opinions by that of other men. These men for a chance will risk as much as others for a certainty." Colonel Pierson was correct in this opinion. Finally after much corresponding and dickering between Pierson and Hoffman, an order was made on November 11th, 1863, as follows: "In view of the closer restrictions which may have to be placed on prisoners of war in a short time, I have the honor to recommend that three companies be added to the guard at the depot on Johnson's Island, near Sandusky, making seven companies in all, and that the whole be placed under the command of an energetic and reliable officer of senior rank, to the present Commander, Lt. Col. W. S. Pierson." This was addressed to Brigadier General L. Thomas, Adjutant General, U. S. A., Washington, D. C. It is plain to be seen that Hoffman was badly piqued at Pierson for his persistancy in his demands for an increased guard. An order was also made for the United States Revenue Cutter, Michigan, to be stationed in Sandusky Bay. These orders were at once complied with. After the arrival of the Michigan, we had no further hope of being able to capture the Island and make our escape. Notwithstanding at a later period an attempt was made to capture the Revenue Cutter.

A paroled prisoner named Captain Cole, was arrested while on board the vessel. He had gone there to look around, ascertain the strength of the force on the vessel, with the view of bringing a party, under the guise of visiting the vessel, and effecting its capture. This effort was abortive. It was in this scheme that Thompson and Clay, the Confederate agents in Canada, were involved.

There were very few individual escapes made from the Island. The difficulty of crossing the wall, without being caught by either the sentinel on the wall or the one on the ground on the outside of the wall, rendered it practically impossible to get out in this way. There was no trouble in buying a sentinel, but the trouble was to get him to stick. He would feign sickness when the time came and when the prisoner accosted the sentinel whom he supposed to be his friend, he would meet a stranger. I saw Lt. James B. Murphy when he escaped. He had by some means obtained a fatigue suit, Federal uniform. In the morning a wagon came in with spades and other tools with which the prisoners were required to police their quarters and distribute them among the different messes, and late in the evening to gather up these tools. Murphy concealed a spade furnished to his mess. He donned his uniform, except his blouse, which he carried on his arm, put his spade on his shoulder, and as he saw the wagon approaching the gate, by which it left the prison, he ran hurriedly down after it beckoning to the guard not to shut him in. He went through in safety. An amusing incident occurred the next morning. Murphy remained on the Island all night, but by some means he managed to pass the sentry on the pier, the next morning and

Lieutenants James B. Murphy and W. T. Williamson, who escaped from Johnson's Island during the Civil War.

get on the boat. Just before the boat started, he saw Major Scovill coming to go across in the boat also. Murphy had been a Fort Donnelson prisoner and was well acquainted with Scovill; in fact they were warm personal friends. Murphy hid on the boat and Scovill did not see him. He waited after their arrival in Sandusky till Scovill was well out of sight before he left the boat. He then walked to Detroit, a distance of one hundred miles. He passed himself as a returned Federal soldier. The people treated him very kindly. After he got to Canada he wrote me a letter, giving me the account of his trip and of the Scovill incident on the boat. I recollect the first line of his letter, "I am in Canada—have plenty of friends and all the money I need and am the happiest man in the world." This letter was brought to me privately by the sergeant who called our roll. He was warmly attached to Murphy as everybody else was who knew him. He ran the blockade and when in Columbia, South Carolina, on his way to his command, he visited the University buildings in which he was educated. He wrote me a letter from the Hall of the Literary Society to which he belonged.

He wrote a letter to Major Scovill from Canada, in which he apologized for not speaking to him on the boat. He said to the Major that under the circumstances he hoped that he would not be offended by reason of his neglect to make himself known to him. Scovill enjoyed it very much and brought it to my quarters and read it to me. From his manner, I had a suspicion that he did recognize him, but did not care to make it known. I will not charge the Major however with this dereliction in the performance of his duty.

There was another amusing escape that occurred which I will give. Lt. Williamson was a great believer in Special Providence. He had the faith that this Special Providence guided him in all his movements. He felt that he was called to make his escape. He had noticed the two sentinels on different walls which cornered together meet at the corner and then separate and walk slowly to the ends of their beats, which were considerable lengths. During all this interval, they were not looking toward the corner. It occurred to him that he could make a rope ladder, fasten some hooks to the end of it, throw that end over the top of the wall, and then cross over. He accordingly set to work and in due course of time he had the ladder and endeavored to put his plan into execution. He got to the top of the wall all right and leaped to the ground, but he came very near landing right on the head of a sentinel who immediately arrested him. He was put back into prison; came up smiling and said that he was mistaken, —that he had misinterpreted providence. His faith was not shaken for a moment. He finally got out, just how, I do not now recollect. But I do remember how he succeeded in passing the sentinel at the pier and getting on the boat. He waited till the boat whistled, indicating it was about to start and he made a rush as if to get on and when he got to the sentinel, he put up a pitiful story that he had just got word that his mother was in a dying condition in Sandusky and if he had to wait until the next boat to get a permit he would never get to see her face alive again. The sentinel out of pity said to him, "You pass in while my back is turned, and I'm going to the other side of the pier." This was accordingly done. He had a Federal uniform also. After

Murphy got to Canada, he found Williamson there. They had their pictures taken together and sent me one. It appears in this book.

Major Scovill as Superintendent of the prison was not required to make weekly reports until some time in June, 1864. In these weekly reports he gave an account of the escape of all prisoners but before this time no such reports were made and no record was kept. I have read these reports recently and I find only some three or four escapes noted.

On the 13th of December, 1864, an attempt was made by some thirty or forty prisoners to effect an escape by charging the sentries on the wall. I was asked to become a member of this party, but I declined. I tried to dissuade them; telling them that it was impossible to succeed. Some of them would lose their lives to no purpose. I was then messing in Block Four. They made the rush from the hospital, which was the building next to Number 4. I heard the shots of the sentinels. Lt. John B. Boles, of Kentucky was killed. I knew him well. He was a handsome, gallant young fellow. No one got away.

On the night of the 23rd of September, 1864, the island was visited by the most violent storm of wind and rain that I ever witnessed. It struck the barrack in which I was living like some great moving solid. I had just lain down. Major George Winchester of Memphis was sleeping with me that night, and he had just lain down. The storm lifted the roof in a body and piled it on the ground in front of the building. The bunks were double tiered. I was on the top bunk and saw the roof plainly when it fell. I was out in an instant in a little hall way which I found crowded with

men. All wished to get out on the side from which the wind was coming so that if the building went to pieecs we would not be struck by the timbers. For some reason there was a delay in getting the door open. My room was next to the front entrance. That door was open. Fearing the house would go to pieces over my head, I ran out at the front door, dropped to the ground, and crawled to the curbing of a new well, which was partially dug, took hold of it and held on for dear life. I couldn't stand for a moment in the face of the wind. It rained hard for ten or fifteen minutes,—I was in my night-clothes, and the drops of rain were driven on my body with such force that it was painful. I kept my eye on the hospital expecting to see it break to pieces every minute. After the fury of the tornado was past, I went back to my bunk. I found Major Winchester already in bed. He seemed to be paralized,—I couldn't get him to talk nor to lie over on his side and give me room to get in. The result of the tornado was that blocks 4, 5, and 9, were entirely and one wing of the hospital unroofed. Four large trees were blown down in the prison yard, one of the new mess halls was badly canted over, one of the buildings outside of the prison was unroofed, the fence on the northwest side was a total wreck, and about fifty yards on the southwest side. As a proof of the violence of the storm, I will state that a scantling, one of the rafters, from Block 4, was carried to the Block opposite to it, between one and two hundred yards and driven clear through the wall inside of the building. The wall was weather boarded and sealed with plank. It looked as if a cannon ball had gone through it. I might multiply incidents of my prison life indefinitely, but I have told quite enough for the purpose of this work.

I was delivered for exchange on the James River near Richmond on the 3rd day of March, 1865. No declaration of exchange was made after that. I went to Wytheville, where the remnant of my command was and remained there until after the surrender of Lee at Appomatox on the 7th of April, 1865.

General John C. Breckenridge, was in command of the department of which Wytheville was a part. When he got the news of the surrender of Lee, he parked his artillery and disbanded his army, leaving each separate command to take such action as it saw fit. General Duke with such men as were willing to go with him, started at once for the army of General Joseph E. Johnson, in North Carolina. It was in this way that his command became the guard for President Jefferson Davis in his effort to escape from the country. They were overtaken however, and President Davis was captured. I was not exchanged and could not serve and I would not have gone on that wild goose chase with General Duke in any event. Captain C. L. Bennett, Doctor Haynie, the surgeon of our regiment, Lt. Kirkpatrick and Mr. Scott and myself fell in with Colonel Giltner of Kentucky who led about fifteen hundred men across the mountain to Mt. Sterling, Kentucky, where we surrendered. While we were still in the mountains, we met a detachment of Federal soldiers, who gave us the news of the assassination of Lincoln. I shall never forget how I felt upon the receipt of that news. There was not a man in that command, but that felt that he had lost his best friend. We did not know what our fate would be, but we were all willing to trust our all, even our lives to the great-hearted Lincoln. We feared Andrew Johnson. He had made himself especially ob-

noxious while Military Governor of Tennessee. In the end however, he showed himself to be a great friend of the South. I heard him say, afterwards, in a public speech that he had pardoned more men than any other man who had ever lived, and I suppose this remark was true. We did not feel from a moral standpoint of view that we needed any pardon, but from a legal standpoint perhaps we did.

ESCAPE.

During the last days of December, 1863, the weather was mild and moist. There was no ice to be seen anywhere on the Bay. About daylight on the morning of the 1st of January, it commenced to turn cold rapidly. By the middle of the day it was intensely cold. The ordinary ration of wood which had been issued to us was wholly insufficient to keep our quarters warm. The wood supply was corded just outside the prison enclosure. We were taken out about dusk without guard under the care of a sergeant and allowed to bring in all the wood we could carry. At that time I was living in barrack No. 10. One of our party concealed himself behind the corded wood until the others had gone. He started for the Bay on the northwest side of the island, distant about a third of a mile with the intention of escaping. Before he got half way, he found himself freezing, and, made haste to return and went immediately to a warm stove in the quarters of the guards. He was at once taken into custody and returned to prison. Usually there was a double cordon of sentinels around the prison,—one on the wall and the other on the ground outside of the wall. The one on the ground could not be seen frm the inside. This man noticed that the ground

guard had been removed. It was so intensely cold that the sentinels on the wall spent much of their time in the boxes where they could not watch the wall. The authorities did not think that anyone would be rash enough to try to escape. Upon getting this information, Major Winston of North Carolina, Capt. Robinson of Stewart's Cavalry, Capt. Davis of Richmond, and Lieutenant Smith, entered into an agreement to make their escape. They procured a plank, some twelve or fifteen feet long and some narrow strips out of which they made cleats, and nailed them across the plank at intervals for steps. About this time I learned of their scheme. I immediately asked permission to join them. They readily granted it.

The fence consisted of long pieces of sawed timbers placed upright on end close together and held in position by transverse pieces and braces on the outside. This presented a smooth wall some eighteen feet high. The parapet upon which the sentinels walked upon their beats were constructed on the outside of the fence and were high enough for about one-half of the body of the sentinel to be seen. The plank was so short relatively to the height of the fence, that it became necessary, in order to use it, that one man should sit with his back next to the wall and hold the plank in position. A sixth man had agreed that he would remove the plank after we had passed over the fence. This was done to avoid discovery. We arranged for our names to be answered at roll-call for three mornings. The barracks were built parallel with the fence and about thirty feet from it. There was a space of about thirty feet between the ends of the barracks. A small drain ditch had been constructed at right angles to the fence and running between

the ends of the barracks across the prison toward the lake. A wagon road ran between the fence and the barracks. Where this road crossed the ditch there was a culvert. The ditch was about big enough to conceal a man's body when lying down flat in it. Of course, we had to crawl out onto the road in order to get around the culvert. We arranged in advance, the order in which we should go out. It fell to my lot to take the fourth place. The first two men took the plank to the fence, one pulling at the forward end and the other pushing at the rear end. The rest of us were concealed behind the barrack where we could look around and see what was going on. As the first man went over the third man started up, took the place of the holder, who immediately climbed over and then I started, being the fourth man, and had got out of the ditch into about the middle of the road, when two sentinels suddenly stepped out of the box nearest to me. I immediately stopped and awaited developments. They stood some time, which seemed to me a little eternity, manifestly deliberating as to what I was, whether a man or not. It was a starlight night. I remember that, cold as it was, I got very warm. Finally they concluded that I was inanimate and returned to their boxes and out of sight. I crawled on to the fence, let my man over and Smith came and held for me and I went over. We had agreed to meet behind a large tree which stood about two rods from the fence. I found Winston, Robinson, and Davis crouching behind the tree. I joined them and waited for Smith, but about the time he was due we heard the word "Halt" ring out energetically several times on the night air. We immediately left, as fast as our legs could carry us, for the shore. Smith never overtook us. I

learned afterwards that in crossing the fence he lost a glove and while he got across the strait which was about a mile wide to the mainland, he found his hand was frozen and he went to a house. He made no further effort to get away. He lost three of his fingers, which were so badly frozen they had to be amputated. The sixth man instead of crawling back in the ditch with the plank, picked it up and ran back with it. The sentinels discovered him as he was disappearing around the corner of the barrack. In making an examination of the fence but seeing no sign where anyone had gotten out, they concluded that everything was right.

The wind was blowing from the north some forty or fifty miles an hour. The ice upon which we hoped to cross to the mainland and to freedom had formed since daylight that morning. It was about ten o'clock when we got out. As I passed through the woods to the shore I found a light dry pole some ten feet long. I picked it up and took it with me onto the ice for the purpose of catching myself if I should break through; but I soon found that I couldn't stand up with a pole in my hands, on account of the great force of the wind. So I threw it away. A small stream known as Red River entered the Bay to the southwest and created a current through the strait which separated the island from the mainland. We scattered so as not to put the combined weight of any two at any one place. The ice was so slick that it was impossible to lift one's feet and take a step, be it ever so short. We had to slip one foot before the other in order to move and keep on our feet. This was slow work. I kept looking back and the island appeared to be right at my heels. It was a wearisome time before the main shore appeared nearer than the

island. When we came to a place where the ice was very weak, we could hear it crack some twenty feet away. This was a warning to keep off that place. We zigzagged about until we got near the center of the strait. Here we found open spaces of water, one, as much as half an acre. This was on account of the current above referred to. It looked as if we could not cross; but by moving parallel with this stream we finally found a bridge that would bear our weight, one at a time. Our situation at this crossing was extremely perilous. If we had got our feet wet I don't think we could have ever gone back to the island or the main shore to a house. The main shore consisted of a peninsula about fifteen miles long and some three or four miles wide. This peninsula formed Sandusky Bay. I had previously learned that the town of Clifton was situated upon it. No one of our party had any acquaintance with the country. We were guided wholly by the friendly North Star. When we got on the main shore, we only had to go two or three hundred yards until we reached a road running north the whole length of the peninsula and farther.

Soon after we got on the mainland the moon arose and made the night as bright as day. I could see the time by my watch. This peninsula was thickly settled. We were never out of sight of a farm house. It soon became apparent that we could not walk to the head of that peninsula before daylight. We turned aside into a barnyard and sheltered ourselves behind a strawstack and held a consultation. Winston and I were for taking horses and riding off the peninsula. Robinson and Davis opposed it. I had been educated in the North and knew that every such barn as the one we were at had a pair

of good horses in it, and, that on pegs right in the rear of the horses would be found a pair of harness where we could find bridles. We could dispense with saddles for ten or fifteen miles at least. Robinson and Davis argued that we would be sent to the penitentiary for horse-stealing, if we were captured. I argued that in the first place we were soldiers with beligerent rights and the taking of horses under the circumstances, would be an act of war, besides, we were not going to permanently convert the horses to our own use; hence, it would not be larceny, and, in addition to all that, I suggested that our situation in the penitentiary could not be much worse than that of prisoners on the island. At any rate we must take our chances. They finally reluctantly agreed. We went to the barn, and found the horses and bridles as I expected. We were soon mounted on them, and riding at a sweeping gait up the road. All at once we came suddenly into the town of Clifton. We certainly were a suspicious looking set, riding two on a horse, barebacked, and going for dear life. We took the street that bore most directly north but this led us to a house right on the lake shore. We turned back, got up into the heart of the town again and tried another street, which led us to the big road outside of the town. We were seen while passing through the town and our horses were recognized. The one that Winston and I were on was a large grey horse, very handsome, and the finest horse on the peninsula, as I learned afterwards. When I was bridling my horse in the barn he refused to take the bit, and, I had to take my gloves off of one hand (I had on two pairs) in order to force the bit into his mouth. After we got started I opened my coat so as to get my cold hand next to my body to warm

it, and in this way let some air in around my body. After we had ridden some nine or ten miles I was so chilled that I was shaking like I had an ague. We had outridden Robinson and avis and they were not in sight. I told Winston that I would get down and run a while to try and warm up. When I lit on the ground my right leg cramped, to such an extent that it drew up. The pain was intense. Winston dismounted, left the horse standing on the road, and came to my assistance. By the time we got the cramp rubbed out of the muscles of my leg, Robinson and Davis had come up, and without saying a word to us, dismounted, tied up the bridles on both the horses and started them back home. When I got able to look around I saw the horses just getting out of sight. Winston and I had planned to keep the horses until we got near the railroad and then to turn them back; walk to the railroad and take a train for Detroit. Winston had money enough to buy tickets. I had none but had a watch which I could sell. We had learned upon inquiry before leaving the island that no passenger train ran on that road on Sunday. The dismissal of the horses at the time it was done made it impossible for us to reach the railroad in order to catch Saturday's passenger train. When I saw those horses leaving us my heart fairly sank within me, but there was one lucky thing, we had got far enough away from the island not to be suspected for escaped prisoners. We walked about two miles and stopped at a small house on the roadside. We had agreed that Robinson should do the talking and invent such story as circumstances might suggest to account for our being there afoot under such extraordinary circumstances. The first thing that greeted me when I entered that cabin was a red hot

sheet iron stove. It was the most delightful fire I ever saw. The water running from my nose had made my mustache and whiskers a solid lump of ice. I sat by the stove and picked out the ice as it melted. The man of the house was an ignorant fellow but of that class known as "Smart Alecs." There had been a good deal of talk about lands on the peninsula. They were excellent for growing grapes. Kelley's Island, famous for the grapes out of whch that brand of wine is made, lies just off the peninsula. This man said, in his conceit, "I know exactly where you men have been. You have been to look after land." Robinson promptly agreed with him, and said that we were capitalists from the east and were in a hurry to return, and, as the weather was so severe, we could not hire anyone to take us to the railroad, so we had concluded to walk. This was entirely satisfactory and our host was flattered at being permitted to entertain the eastern capitalists. We stayed with him till after breakfast. Some of the party had a little money. I had none. I was afraid someone would pay him for our breakfast and so I promptly thanked him very elaborately for his hospitality.

We walked a few miles and stopped at the house of an Irishman. He had lived nearly all his life in the lumber districts in Canada. We could scarcely understand his language at all. He was the rawest Irishman I ever met.

I got a good sleep here. We went on some distance farther and stopped at the house of a man who lived on the banks of what had been a river. It was nothing but ice when I was there. We got supper here. The good lady said that her husband some two days before had gone up on the peninsula on some business, but had

not been able to get home, she supposed on account of the cold. This alarmed us, because we knew he would hear of us on his way home and might give us trouble if he found us there. We hastened away. walked till after the middle of the night, called at a house where we saw light. We found a good big fire in a large fireplace, kept up on account of a sick man lying in an adjoining room. By permission, we lay down and slept awhile before the fire. Up to this time I had stood the trip better than any of my comrades, but directly after we left this house, I got very ill,—Something, like I imagine a bad case of sea-sickness is. It was about four miles to Fremont on the railroad. I held on to Robinson's arm, walked that distance and had a spell of vomiting every two or three hundred yards of the entire way. It was just daylight when we got to Fremont. I told my friends that I would have to go to a house and go to bed. I could not stand it any longer. They did not want to leave me, I told them they must. They could be of no possible service to me and it was foolish for them to imperil their chances of escape on my account. They reluctantly left me.

In 1872 I found in the Southern Magazine, published at Baltimore an article written by Winston, giving an account of his escape. From this article I learned how they got along after they left me. Toledo is about eighteen miles from Fremont. They went around that city Sunday night. Their plan was after they got around the city to take a plank road which led to Detroit, and ran along close to the railroad. They left this road and went directly to the Detroit River and believing that they were pursued by Home Guards who were looking out for deserters from the Federal Army, they

made a rush for the river and crossed at the first point they could reach. It happened to be where there were dangerous rapids. The ice was broken into blocks and was floating over the rapids. They found themselves suddenly in this situation and had to leap from one chunk of ice to another, but finally got across in safety. A Canadian at whose house they stopped told them he had never known the river to be crossed at that point before. Winston said in his article that he had been in many battles, but he regarded the crossing of the Detroit River as the most dangerous thing that he had experienced during the entire war.

I entered the hotel just as a boy came into the barroom to build a fire. I told him I wanted a room because I was sick. He took me to one, and I went to bed at once. I lay there all day unable to hold my head up a minute without getting deathly sick. Fortunately for me the landlord was sick and did not trouble me with his presence and questions. But late in the evening he did come and insisted on calling a doctor. I told him, "No; I would be alright in the morning and if a doctor came he would give me medicine which would lay me up for two or three days." When the morning came I was entirely relieved of my sickness but was very weak. I had no money. In order to get away before night it would be necessary for me to sell my watch. I went to a jewelry store. While I was cogitating as to how I should bring the matter up, without exciting suspicion, a man came in, laid his watch on the counter and asked the jeweler how much it was worth. This was my opportunity. I butted in at once, took out my watch and asked the same question. He examined it carefully and said it was worth fifteen dollars. I told him he could

have it for that. He said, "No; I can't afford to pay that much for it." We commenced dickering and I finally offered it to him for seven and a half dollars. This made him suspicious. He went to his books, examined them, returned, and said that watch had been there before. I replied, "Never." He finally agreed to give me seven and a half if I would take my pay in Ohio State Currency. I said I would do it if it was good. He said it was all right in Ohio. I got my money and went to the drug-store, made a small purchase, and found my money all right. I paid my hotel bill, went to the depot, bought a ticket for Toledo. The agent did not want to take my money, but I told him it was all I had, so he finally took it. The train came along at eleven o'clock. I bought a Sandusky paper and found no notice of our escape. Presently a man came through the car, with a sergeant's uniform on. There was a number of recruits on the car going to Toledo and this sergeant spent his time with them and did not seem to be looking for anybody. When I arrived in Toledo I found that the train for Detroit would not leave for two hours. I went up into the city to a bank and exchanged my money for greenbacks. I waited so as not to arrive at the depot until just time to buy my ticket and get on the car. On my way the feeling suddenly came on me that if I went into that depot I would be arrested and taken back to the island. So strongly was I impressed that I stopped and debated with myself whether I should go or not. Reason said, "you are not well; you are very weak; you are not able to walk; it is about sixty miles to your destination; you have on civilian's clothes; no pass is required to ride on the cars and why undertake an impossible tramp when you might as well get on the car,

have a comfortable ride, and in two hours be in Canada and safe and free." Intuition said, "No," to all this. I followed reason, to my sorrow. What was this, that so impressed me? Who knows?

As I entered the depot I saw this same sergeant, the conductor and a soldier standing together and as soon as they saw me, which was at the same time I saw them, they started towards me. I turned,, started to walk out of the depot. They folowed me rapidly and when the sergeant reached me, he slapped me on the shoulder and I turned and with assumed indignation, asked him, "what he meant by that?" He smiled and replied, "When did you leave Johnson's Island?" I told him I never was there in my life. He then asked me where I was from. I replied, "Meadville, Pa." "Have you any papers to show that?" he asked. I told him, "No." He then said, "Look at your boots, how rough they are, like you had been walking. You look like a gentleman, but they don't travel in such boots as those." The fact was they put a man off at Fremont who found out about my coming there, sick and going to bed. He also had our names and knew about our escape and was sent in pursuit. He remarked, "I am sure you are one of the escaped prisoners, and I am going to take you back." The conductor then identified me as the man who got on at Fremont. When I found he was going to take me back anyway I told him who I was. There was a large crowd of people in the depot as the train was about ready to start. Some of them spoke to me kindly and all of them seemed to sympathize with me. The sergeant took me to the Provost Marshal's office. I was followed by a train of between fifty and hundred boys. Not one of them offered me any insult of any

kind. When I got to the Provost Marshal's office I saw a large pile of handcuffs. The Provost Marshal and the sergeant commenced trying to fit me out of that miscellaneous lot. They could only find one pair that was small enough to stay on, and even that pair I could have slipped the left one off, and when they were testing it I held my hand stiff so that it wouldn't come off. I hoped to get an opportunity to use it to knock down my guards and escape. I was then taken to jail. The handcuffs were taken off and I had a pleasant visit with the jailer, a man who was deputy sheriff and whose name was Kelly. He was a "Copperhead Democrat," was a man of honor, otherwise he would have let me escape; at least he told me so. When he put me in my cell for the night I found myself behind two iron doors. Very like St. Paul, I was in the inner prison. Some time between midnight and daylight the Provost Marshal and the sergeant came, woke me up, and handcuffed me. It was noon the next day before they came to take these ornaments off. I learned the reason they did this was, they were afraid the jailer would let me escape.

Late in the evening of the next day the sergeant started with me for Sandusky. We arrived there after night. He took me to a hotel and gave me my supper and then took me to jail for safe keeping for the night. I had not been in there long until the sheriff of the county and the Deputy United States Marshal, whose name was Osborne, came to the jail with a prisoner. I knew the prisoner. He was from Baltimore. He had been in the island prison, but being suspected by his messmates as a spy on his fellow prisoners they made such demonstration looking to doing violence to him

one night tht he took protection under a sentinel. He was taken on the outside and given the parole of the island. In violation of his parole he had walked on the ice over to Sandusky. A detective spotted him as a suspicious character, got him to drinking, and he commenced singing southern war songs. The result of it was that he landed in jail.

Mr. Osborne turned to me and said, "What are you doing in here?" I replied, "I am one of the unfortunate prisoners who made his escape a few nights ago from the island." He moved off and beckoned me to follow him. When we were alone he said to me, "While I am Deputy United States Marshal, and belong to the Party, I honor you for your attempt to gain your liberty." He asked me what he could do for me. Whether I needed any money. I was very much astonished. I knew he was sincere for there was no reason for his playing detective on me. I told him if he gave me money it would be taken from me before I was returned to prison. He then said to me, "Anything that you need or any of your friends, if you will let me know I will buy for you, provided you are allowed to have them by the regulations of the prison. He says I know General Terry very well, who was then in command, and I can learn from him what you are allowed to have. After I had been on the island a while I wrote to him and asked him to borrow a copy of Blackstone for me, from some lawyer's office and to send it to me, and when I had read it I would return it. Instead of borrowing one, he bought a new one and made me a present of it. I had two roommates, who were from Alabama and could get nothing from home, and each was needing a suit of clothes very badly. I wrote him, giving him their sizes and he

bought a new suit of clothes for each one and sent them to them.

My wife visited me at Johnson's Island, after this. I had written her about Mr. Osborne. She wired him what time she would arrive, he met her at the train, took her to General Terry's office, got her a permit and took her to the boat that brought her to the island. When she returned he met her at the landing, took her to a train, and saw her safely on her way. He told my wife that he had spent five thousand dollars of his own money on the prisoners on that island. He was a man of rare generosity. I would call him an imperial man. Sandusky was hated by every Confederate prisoner that ever passed through their depot. It was their custom to jeer and insult every batch of prisoners that came there. The Daily Commercial Register, a newspaper, was continually abusing us, and complaining that we were treated better than we ought to be. I had no good feeling for that city. If Sodom could have mustered ten good people it would have been spared the rain of fire. I only knew of one good man in Sandusky and on his account I forgave the whole city for its villainous conduct, towards Confederate prisoners.

The next morning I had trouble with the sergeant about how I should be taken across to the prison. He wanted to handcuff me and then have me walk across. I refused. His idea was absurd. I couldn't stand on my feet without the use of my arms to balance myself. He argued that he was afroid Colonel Pearson would censure him if he brought me there any other way. I said that that was absurd, as Pearson was a gentleman and not a brute. He finally agreed that he would haul me over in a sleigh if I would consent to his handcuf-

fing me after I got over and before taking me to headquarters. This was the way I went over. Colonel Pearson gave me a cordial greeting and tried to console me by telling me that he had gotten the information the day before that he believed we would all be paroled and sent off for exchange in a few days; but it was more than a year before that happy event occurred.

The next night after our escape there were scores of men trying to get out. The guards were doubtful as to whether some had not got out; hence, a detachment of guards was sent over to the mainland to search for escaped prisoners. They found Lieutenant Smith. They took him back, put him into a cold dungeon and kept him there without food or fire till they forced him to tell who got out with him, and our names. This is what gave the sergeant at Toledo such confidence that I was one of the parties.

IN THE STATE SENATE.

I was elected to the Senate of the 38th General Assembly in the fall of 1872 by a majority of more than two to one over my Democratic opponent, and of over four hundred over my Republican opponent, from the Ninth Senatorial District, composed of the Counties of Macon, Smith, Clay, Trousdale, Sumner and Jackson. The state at that time was divided into twenty-five senatorial districts.

The Democratic Party was badly divided by reason of the persistent efforts of ex-President Andrew Johnson to obtain an endorsement of the people of Tennessee. There were thirteen regular Democrats, six Johnson Democrats, and six Republicans. The only time that politics seemed to cut any figure in our delibera-

tions, was in the election of a speaker of the Senate. The contest lasted two days and resulted in the election of Senator Lacy of Memphis, a Johnson Democrat, by the help of the Republicans. After we got down to business it was a non-partisan Legislative Assembly.

While I was a lawyer at the time of my election, I had been the greater portion of my then adult life, an Educator.

Tennessee up to that time had never had a public school law of any consequence. As a means of education for the people, what law there was on the statute books, was a negligable quantity. I had in mind, in offering myself for the senate, the purpose of making a supreme effort to have enacted into a law a first-class, up-to-date, public school system. I was a member of the committee on Education and Common Schools. Senator W. P. Jones of Davidson County was the Chairman. He was a man much past middle life and had been a physician and surgeon all his life. The State Teacher's Association appointed a committee of five gentlemen to draft a public school law, and to present the same to the incoming Legislative Assembly for its action. Ex-Governor Neil S. Brown, a prominent citizen of the state, a man of learning, was Chairman. Senator Jones introduced the bill, framed by this Committee.

The credit of the state was badly demoralized. We had not got over the effects of the Civil War. The state had been exploited by the worst "carpet-bagger" legislatures that ever afflicted a people. John C. Brown of Giles County was Governor of the state. He was an excellent man and had the honor and credit of his state much at heart. He was very desirous of re-funding the past due bonded indebtedness and thus put the state

upon a basis upon which she could pay the interest on the bonds and provide for their full payment at maturity. It was a question whether the state would bear taxation sufficient to do this and provide for the maintenance of a first class public school system. Senator James D. Richardson of Rutherford County, a leading Democrat, came to me and asked me to be content with making some amendments to the public school system then in existence and leave the matter, for some future legislature to dig up the old system by the roots and plant a new and first class one in its place. I replied at once, "No, never. While I will join you in the effort to re-establish the credit of the state, I will not do it at the sacrifice of the education of the children of the commonwealth. If we cannot provide for both, let the bondholders suffer and not the children." "But," I urged, "We can take care of both." And we did. The bill was amended and put in better shape than it was when introduced. I had charge of the bill in the Senate. It provided for the education of the children of our colored population. So far as the distribution of funds was concerned they were put upon the same basis as the white children; but the bill distinctly provided that they should be educated in separate schools. The provision of the bill granting colored children equal sums of money per capita with white children was sharply contested by some Democrats. I defended this provision. I remember an incident that occurred on the train as I was going home on a Saturday afternoon. A prominent citizen of Sumner County, who was very much opposed to the provision for the education of colored children was on the same car with me, and in a very loud voice, attracting the attention of every one in the car, was condemn-

ing the bill. I knew him well. He was one of my constituents. I knew he was an elder in the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, which supported foreign missions. In his argument, he said the negro was like Ephraim, "joined to his idols. Let him alone." I finally interrupted him and said, "Let me talk awhile." You are a Christian, I believe?" He replied, "Yes." "You pay your money to aid foreign missions?" He said, "Yes, of course." "You believe that a negro has a soul?" He said, "Yes." "Now, I concluded, "When you can explain to me how much more the soul of a negro who lives on the banks of the Congo, in Africa, is worth, than the soul of a negro who lives on the banks of the Cumberland in Sumner County, then I will let you talk; otherwise, you had better subside." He subsided. The Senate passed the bill. We assured our friends in the House that the bill was as near perfect as it could be made. The Honorable Julius A. Trousdale, an able representative from Sumner, had charge of the bill. Under his management every amendment which was offered, was defeated, and the bill passed as it came from the Senate without the crossing of a "t" or the dotting of an "i." Governor Brown approved it on March 15th, 1873. In this manner there was launched the present school law of Tennessee. It has been developed into one of the finest systems in these United States. The people would not part with it for any consideration. I prize more highly, my efforts in behalf of this measure than any other work which I did during my whole career.

I offered, and advocated in the interest of public school education, the following joint resolution, viz.:

Whereas, The public domain belongs alike to all

the people of the United States, and is held as an express trust by Congress for their benefit; and,

Whereas, Congress, in violation of this trust, is continually diminishing its amount by granting large donations to railroads, and to other corporations, and to some of the States; and,

Whereas, The development, growth and perpetuation of our free government depends upon the educated intelligence and virtue of our people, and,

Whereas, It is our duty, as the Representatives of the people of Tennessee, to protest against this partial and unjust method of disposing of the public domain; therefore,

Be it resolved, by the General Assembly of the State of Tennessee, That our Senators in the Congress of the United States are instructed and our Representatives are requested to propose and advocate such measures as will give to the several States of the American Union, those hereafter to be formed, as well as those now existing, their proper share of the public lands, to be dedicated as a perpetual fund to the education of the successive generations of American Youths that are destined to people this country.

2. That in our judgment, Congress can not discharge its high trust as the guardian of the public lands in a more impartial and just manner than by thus dedicating them to the sacred cause of education, and to condemn the vicious practice of giving them to railroad monopolies, where they foster swindles and Credit Mobilier corruptions, as most reprehensible.

3. That the Governor be instructed to send a copy of these resolutions to each of our Senators and Representatives in Congress.

I was the author of a bill which was enacted into a law, providing that whenever two or more persons are jointly indicted, any one of them who may demand a severance, shall be entitled to a separate trial. It often happened that there was very material evidence which was admissible against one or more defendants but not as against others. It was impossible by instructions to the jury to prevent such evidence from having influence against the innocent defendant. I believe in the square deal; that every person, who is charged with crime, shall have an independent and fair trial.

I introduced a bill which was enacted into a law, authorizing Chancery Courts to create corporations. The existing law provided for the different kinds of corporations which might be organized. This bill simply provided that five citizens by filing a petition in chancery court and going through the proceedure, provided in the act, could organize a corporation. Among the corporations provided for by law,, were educational institutions. Under this act, five citizens could at any time, organize a corporation for educational purposes. This was a very innocent bill. It had no purpose at the time except public convenience.

At the next Legislature Assembly, the authorities of the University of the South at Sewanee, sent a committee to Nashville and had introduced a bill which was enacted into a law without opposition, prohibiting the sale of liquor within four miles of an incorporated institution of learning, not located in an incorporated city or town. The University had been annoyed by a person, who happened to get hold of a piece of ground close to the University buildings and put up a house and opened a saloon. To get rid of this nuisance the four

mile scheme was adopted. The University was near Sewanee but it was a small town not incorporated. The liquor men of the state did not oppose it because it exempted all incorporated cities and towns.

Under the corporation law it was possible for any five citizens to drive saloons four miles from their institution of learning, be it ever so humble by going into the chancery court and incorporating.

I will have more to say about this law, when I come to speak of my judicial career in Tennessee.

Another bill which I introduced and was enacted into a law was an act requiring "that on the trial of all felonies, every word of the judge's charge shall be reduced to writing before given to the jury, and no part of it, whatever, shall be delivered orally in any such case, but shall be delivered wholly in writing." This was to cure an evil which had become prevalent in the state. There were no stenographers in those days and upon appeal it was often impossible to get the judge's charge just as he had delivered it. In order to sustain himself he sometimes had the faculty of forgetting some of the things he had said to the jury which he ought not to have said. Here again was invoked the principle of the square deal.

In another part of my book I have given an account of my experiences in the Gallatin Jail; and of its utterly unsanitary condition. It was but a sample of nearly all the other jails in the state. I introduced and it was enacted into a law, a bill to render effective the provisions of the Constitution of the State, which "declares the erection of safe and comfortable prisons, and the inspection of prisons, and the humane treatment of prisoners shall be provided for;" and that "no prison with-

out heat, light, ventilation and sewerage, can be comfortable or healthful." The bill made it a misdemeanor in office on the part of the County Courts of the state not to provide "suitable means for heating and ventilating, and also sufficient sewerage, to insure the health and comfort of the inmates."

The laws for the assessment and collection of revenue for state and county purposes was in much confusion. I offered a resolution which was adopted, directing the Committee on Finance, Ways and Means to report a bill which shall contain all of the necessary provisions of the existing revenue laws together with such new legislation as may be necessary; the intent being to have the revenue laws digested in one uniform, intelligible act.

It was introduced and enacted into a law. I remember as part of its history that when it was being considered in committee of the whole that it was so numerously amended that when we got through considering it, section by section, it was impossible to tell whether all the provisions were harmonious or not. I had the bill referred to a special committee for the purpose of engrossing it and offering such amendments as would make all its provisions harmonious. I was chairman of that committee and sat up one whole night engrossing the bill, and preparing a number of amendments to make the bill harmonious. The session was nearly at its close. There was a constitutional limit of seventy-five days.

A joint resolution was offered instructing our senators and requetsing our representatives in Congress to support a bill making an appropriation for an International Exhibition celebrating the Hundreth Anniversary

of the Declaration of Independence. This resolution met with sharp opposition by some of my Confederate brethren. One member urged that the North would have their battle flags there and flaunt them in our faces. I earnestly advocated the passage of this resolution. It was passed and I had the pleasure of visiting the great Centennial Exhibition held at the city of Philadelphia, in 1876. The above are some of the measures I stood for when filling the office of State Senator. I am strongly for them yet.

I enjoyed my legislative experience very much. I started out to try to make a statesman of myself. In 1874 I became a candidate for Congress. There were several other Democratic candidates, and, the Democratic Congressional Committee deemed it necessary to call a convention. It was held in Hartsville. The two-thirds rule was adopted, according to Democratic usage. I had a large majority of the votes of the convention for some two hundred ballots, but I never could quite get the requisite two-thirds. On one ballot I only lacked one-sixth of a vote. I finally withdrew and my friends nominated the Honorable Samuel M. Fite, the Judge of the Fifth Circuit, who was a friend of mine and had not been a candidate. This created a vacancy on the bench which I was appointed to fill and subsequently twice elected to the office. This was a case in which I shot at the "buck" and killed the "doe!" It changed my whole career in life.

At the time the 38th Legislative Assembly was in session, Mrs. Polk, the widow of President James Knox Polk, was living in Nashville. It was customary for the members of the legislative assembly to call upon and pay their respects to her. I had considerable conversa-

tion with her. She was at that time quite an old lady but very bright and entertaining. She was a woman of fine attainments. In the lifetime of her husband they lived at Columbia, within fifteen miles of where I was raised. My father and President Polk were warm personal friends. He was one of our great Presidents. He was a Scotch-Irishman, with all that that means. He has been very much criticised on account of the war with Mexico, which was waged during his administration. But, I think, very unjustly. The United States claimed that the boundary of Texas was the Rio Grande; Mexico claimed that it was the Nueces. The main question between the Democratic and Whig Parties in the campaign of 1844 was the annexation of Texas. Polk and the Democrats were in favor of it, and Henry Clay and the Whigs were against it. Polk was elected. Texas was annexed, and while it was consummated a day or two before the 4th of March, 1845, when Polk was inaugurated, it was distinctly a Polk measure. Mexico at that time had not acknowledged the independence of the Republic of Texas. The Mexican General crossed the Rio Grande and openly defied General Zachary Taylor who with an army inferior in numbers was sent to the border to protect the Americans. In those days, Americans did not submit tamely to such an ignominy. General Taylor in the battles of Palo Alto and Rasaca De La Palma gave the Mexicans a sound thrashing and drove them back across the Rio Grande. As the fruits of that war we secured a territory which is an empire in itself and which our people would not now part with for any consideration. The day will come when history will write the name of James Knox Polk as one of our great Presidents.

JUDICIAL EXPERIENCES.

As stated above, Judge Fite was nominated and elected to Congress by the Democratic Party in the Fourth Congressional District. This created a vacancy in the office of Judge of the Fifth Judicial Circuit. Under the law the Governor had the power to appoint a person to hold the office until the next regular General Election. At that election the people would elect a judge to fill out the unexpired term of the regular incumbent. The full term of office was eight years. About half of the term had expired when Judge Fite resigned. The appointment was made on the.....day of April, 1875. This held until the following November, when the regular election was held. I was elected without opposition. I was a candidate in 1878 for a full term. The Legislative Assembly of 1875 enacted what was known as the "Four Mile Liquor Law." I was on the bench at the time; and commenced enforcing it strictly. This made the whole liquor influence throughout the circuit, hostile to my administration. This law did not apply to incorporated towns or cities. My circuit was composed of the counties of Trousdale, Macon, Clay, Smith, Jackson, Putnam, White and DeKalb. The County Seats were all incorporated.

When the people began to see the good effects of this law the towns took steps to surrender their charters and thus disincorporate in order to get the benefit of the law. It was not long until there was not an incorporated town in my circuit. Honorable George H. Morgan, during the first four years of my administration, was my Attorney-General. He was an able, conscientious officer, of the very highest character. At that

time the law did not provide for the prosecuting officer to file complaints or indictments without a grand jury. No person could be prosecuted unless first indicted or presented by a grand jury. At the opening then of each term of court, the grand jury was organized and charged by the Court. It was their duty to hear testimony and frame indictments or presentments and return them into court. They were under the charge of the Attorney-General. This officer, like the Judge, attended all the courts throughout the circuit. It was my custom to open Court in the forenoon of the day on which the Court commenced, organize the grand jury, give them the charge and then adjourn until the afternoon. The charge was in the form of a lecture, instructing the jury as to the laws, their enforcement and the duty of the grand jury in regard thereto. I made it my business to talk to the public through the grand jury. Nearly always I had a popular audience which filled the court-room. I deemed it a high duty in this manner to instruct the public as to what the law was and to inculcate in them a respect for, and obedience to the law. Some laws, I was required by statutes, to give specially in charge to the grand jury. I made it my business, always, to explain to the grand jury this "Four Mile Law," and by way of enlightening the public, I explained how easy a matter it was to get the benefit of it under my corporation act. The school edifice might be any structure in which a school could be conducted. The school building would become the center of a circle with a radius four miles, and, within this area, no liquor could be sold.

Some saloon-keepers in the towns took out a license for a long term when it became manifest that the town

was going to surrender its charter. Then claimed as a vested right, the privilege of selling liquor to the end of the time designated in the license. I said "No, your business is of such a character that the principle invoked does not protect." A case was made, taken to the Supreme Court, and I was sustained. My circuit embraced a part of the table-land on the Cumberland Mountain and the canyons and other fastnesses on the sides of the mountain. In this mountain section there were a good many illicit distilleries. This out-law business confronted me as well as the saloon business. As time went on the benefits of this "Four Mile Law," became so manifest that a large majority of the people were very much in favor of its enforcement. This, perhaps, at first, was not the case; the law created its own support by the fruits which it bore.

As the time approached in 1878, for the election of a judge for the full term, the whiskey element and all of its supporters and sympathizers, began to look around to find a candidate, who could beat me. It was characteristic of this element to be noisy and aggressive. In this way it was not difficult to deceive the public and to create the belief that the law was very unpopular. The result of it was, Colonel John A. Fite, a brother of Judge Samuel M. Fite, an ex-Confederate Colonel, and a popular man, was induced to make the race. He appeared at the opening of one of my courts at Smithville, in DeKalb County and after I had charged the grand jury and adjourned the Court, until the afternoon sitting, he arose, called the people to order and announced himself a candidate for Judge. He made a vigorous attack on my administration. I listened to him, and when he got through, I said to him, "If that is

what you are going to do, I will go with you, and we will have joint discussions before the people." This was the custom in the South with opposing candidates. I never knew before of a speakng campaign being made for Judge. The election came off early in August. We published a list of appointments and spoke during the month of July. It was very hot; we were both Democrats; there was no issues to discuss, except the manner in which the Circuit Courts should be held. We took it time about in opening and closing. The campaign soon became as warm as the weather. The excitement was very high. I defied the liquor element and appealed to the law and order element. The Colonel was, himself, a high-toned, honorable citizen, and a law and order man, but unfortunately, for him, he had the united support of the liquor sellers and their lawless associates. It proved to be a mill-stone tied to his neck. When the vote was counted I had received 8046 votes and the Colonel had received 5895 votes. One Jeff Bradford, who had butted in received 591 votes. I carried all the counties except one. In this the Colonel got a small majority. I carried his own county by 411 votes.

During my administration of the eight years of this full term he supported me.

At the same election a new Attorney-General was chosen. Henry C. Snodgrass, an able young lawyer of White County was elected. While he was a different type of man from General Morgan he made a faithful and able officer.

When I went upon the bench the calendars of the Courts were very much crowded. There was a good deal of complaint of the "law's delay." I determined to clean them up. I commenced court often in the early

part of my career as early as seven-thirty o'clock in the morning, wroked until noon, took a recess for one hour, then worked until six and often in the winter held a night session. The lawyers complained very much. I said to them, "I am in court all the time, and you only part of the time, and if I can stand it, I think you ought to."

The result was within eighteen months, I had the calendars cleaned up. Every case that was ready was tried at each successive term while I remained upon the bench. A great many lawyers, perhaps the majority, are dilatory about preparing their cases for trial, if they know that the Judge will be indulgent and allow them to continue. There was another evil prevalent. A few leading lawyers traveled around the circuit, taking business in all the courts and expected the court to continue their cases if they could not be present. There was a Chancery Court which tried equity cases. This was separate from the Circuit Court. It often happened that these able gentlemen were absent, trying cases in the Chancery Court. This seems to have been a good excuse for their absence. This worked a great detriment to the younger class of lawyers whose business was not quite so extensive. I gave notice on my first round of courts that absence of a foreign lawyer in another court would not be a sufficient reason for the continuance of his case in my court. As soon as the bar learned that want of preparation for the trial of the case, which could have been avoided by reasonable diligence, was not a sufficient ground for continuance they mended their ways and prepared for trial. The bar throughout my circuit became an admirable, working bar. Causes were tried; the lawyers got their fees; the expense of attend-

ing term after term of court on the part of litigants and witnesses, was avoided, and everybody was happy.

There was a statute which provided that in civil cases either party who desired a jury must pray for one in his first pleading; otherwise, the causes would be put upon the non-jury calendar. The Clerk was required to prepare two calendars; one containing the jury cases and the other the non-jury cases. It was not long until I tried without a jury, nine-tenths of the cases. I usually expedited the trial by getting a statement from each side showing just what was admitted and what was controverted. This would eliminate a great many witnesses. It did not often happen that I had any difficulty in determining when the evidence was all in, where the truth lay. I made a point invariably to deliver an opinion, analyze the testimony, and give my reasons for my decision. By this means the losing party often became convinced that the decision was correct. It is a misfortune for a litigent to go out of court, beliving that the Judge has not dealt justly by him. It is distinctly an American trait to want a square deal, and not to be content if he has not had it. Sometimes, when juries fail to agree it was up to me to decide.

I had a case once in which there were three jury trials and a hung jury each time. At the last trial, the jury was equally divided. The plaintiff was a white man and the defendant was a colored man. Six of the jurors were Democrats and six were Republicans. The Democrats were all for the white man and the Republicans all for the colored man. It was a case in which the plaintiff sued the defendant for cutting down a tree which fell upon the plaintiff's milk cow and killed her. The colored man admitted he cut the tree down, but

said the cow was so far away that the tree did not strike her. He was sustained in this by his son. The plaintiff introduced witnesses to show that he found the cow under the top of the tree, dead, and badly bruised. The colored man did not undertake to explain how the cow got under there, if the tree did not fall on her. Witnesses were introduced who testified that the colored man enjoyed an excellent character; in fact that he was an exceptionally good citiezn. The lawyers, tired of the three trials, agreed that the Court might decide it,—he having heard the evidence three times. I at once decided in favor of the plaintiff and chided the jury for the absurdity of its failure to agree. Of course both sides knew I was right.

At the time I went on the bench the regular Klu Klux organization, which existed in the South, after the close of the Civil War had been abandoned and no longer existed. In my circuit, that is, in some of the counties, there was an organization which bore this name but composed of the lawless elements. Under the cloak of being Klu Klux, they raided the country at night and committed all sorts of unlawful deeds, and often felonious crimes. Thoughtless youths, belonging to good familes, were often drawn into this organization upon the idea that in their night rides they could have some fun. The legislature passed a very stringent law against this night riding in disguise. The grand juries were granted inquisitorial power. A part of the obligation of the order was that they would commit perjury rather than divulge the names of any of their members. General Morgan, in one of my courts in White County, introduced so many witnesses before the grand jury, trying to reach this organization, which existed in that

county, in its most vicious form, that the County Court refused to pay the bill incurred for witness fees. This bill was regularly audited and approved by myself and the Attorney-General. The County Court is made up of the Justices of the Peace of the county. I sent them word if they did not pay it I would mandamus them, and if they refused to pay then, I would commit them to jail for contempt until they did pay it. The bill was paid. On a certain night a citizen of good standing of the name of Little, was raided and badly beaten. He recognized the leader of the crowd, whose name was Fisk. He went before the grand jury and indicted him for felonious assault. The sheriff, who belonged to the Klu Klux, would never execute the warrant for his arrest. It turned out, on one Christmas Day, that Fisk crossed a little river, called the Calfkiller, with a young man, named Brown, who was with the crowd when Little was beaten. Little happened to be not far off and saw him and it happened that Fisk on this particular occasion was not armed. Little was, and he made it his business to shoot and kill Fisk. He was indicted for murder. Upon the trial, the courthouse was crowded with members of the Klu Klux Klan. Young Brown was put upon the witness stand and testified that he was along the night that Little was beaten; thereby admitting that he was a member of the Klan. I had him taken before the grand jury and examined. The jury soon returned with him, stating that he refused to answer questions. I should have said that the statute provided for a pardon for those who testified and by their testimony implicated themselves. They could not be prosecuted after giving testimony. I then instructed the witness what would be the consequence if he did not testify. He was taken back before the grand jury and

refused again. He was brought within the bar and I ordered him to jail until he got ready to purge himself of the contempt by testifying. The jail was a hundred yards from the courthouse. I could not trust the Sheriff and I put him in charge of two deputies, one of whom, I believed, belonged to the Order, but I believed he had manhood enough to do his duty. I said to these officers, "Take him, one by each arm and hold on to him until you have locked him up in a cell." I then remarked to the people in the room, "I do not want a man to leave the courtroom until these officers return," and instructed them if any one did attempt to interfere, to note who he was and as soon as they had committed the prisoner, to arrest such person, bring him before me and I would put him in the same place. The excitement was intense. I remarked further that I was determined to break up that Order. If there was not patriotism enough among the people to assist me I would call on the Governor for a company of militia. I said further, "If it becomes necessary, I will sit upon this bench with a gun on hand to defend myself." No business was done till the officers returned. Not a man left that courtroom while they were gone. I directed the deputy sheriff in charge of the jail to summon certain young men that I knew in the town and whom I could trust to help guard the prisoner during the night. They made threats that they would take him out of there if they had to pull the building down and not leave one brick upon another. About ten o'clock these young men came to my hotel and said. "We are willing to guard that prisoner if you will turn him over to us, but we are not willing to do it under your deputy sheriff for we believe he is one of them, and might give us away." I got the Attorney-

General and we went to the jail. I found the deputy had other good men that I could trust. I gave them this instruction. "Don't hurt anyone, if you can possibly help it." The cell was upstairs. The stairs were winding and only two could walk abreast up the stairway. I said, "If they undertake to make a rush up these stairs give them warning, and avoid shooting as long as you safely can, but kill if it is necessary to keep the prisoner from escaping." The young man got repentant and late at night sent me a message that if I would turn him out, he would testify and tell all he knew. I paid no attention to him until the next afternoon, when I brought him out and he testified. Upon his testimony the grand jury returned about a dozen presentments. Of course, when he left the grand jury room he gave out the names of those against whom he had testified. They had an attorney employed who at once addressed the court,—it was then near the close of its term,—saying, that if I would have no warrant issued that his clients would be there the next term and submit to any disposition which I might see fit to make of their cases. They were not indicted for any felonies, but simply for raiding in disguise which was only a misdemeanor.

At the next term of court they were on hand and I let them off with the costs and made each one give a bond to keep the peace and not to raid any more. I sent each one of them before the grand jury. This resulted in another and much larger batch of presentments. A few days after that when I returned to court for an afternoon session I found the courthouse crowded with men. When I took the bench and opened court, a lawyer arose and said, "I represent about one hundred and fifty clients, who are now in the courtroom. They do not know whether they are indicted yet or not, but they

knew that they will be the way things are going now. They authorize me to say to you that they want to submit now and give bond and to pledge you and the country that they will quit this organization at once and assist the authorities in breaking it up throughout the county. I sent the Clerk to another room to take their bonds. This was the last that was ever heard of that organization in that county and in fact anywhere in my circuit.

It must be remembered that this was not many years after the close of the Civil War. The demoralization incident to that war still existed to a greater or less extent.

I served out my full term and went out of office in the State of Tennessee in the fall of 1886.

All the trouble with the Klu Klux and the whiskey interests of any note occurred during the first four years of my administration. After I made the fight upon these lawless and quasi-lawless elements and was so triumphantly sustained by the people, I had no further trouble.

The good people of the circuit gave me their hearty support in the administration of the law. The other class never learned to love me, but they did learn to fear me. I enjoyed my work during the last eight years very much. I would like to mention the names of many of my warm friends, but the scope of this work forbids.

I was appointed to the office of Judge by Governor James D. Porter. He was assistant Secretary of State under President Cleveland's first administration and heartily endorsed me to President Cleveland for the appointment of Chief Justice of the Territory of Montana in 1887. In connection with my first appointment, the

Honorable Thomas J. Freeman, then one of the Supreme Judges of the State of Tennessee, rendered me valuable assistance. It afforded me pleasure to render him valuable service in return in his nomination in the Democratic Convention of the State for a second term as Supreme Judge. I went to the Convention and brought him the support of all my counties. On the ballot in which he was nominated the race narrowed down to a contest between him and the Honorable Howell E. Jackson, afterwards Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. Out of twelve hundred votes in the Convention, Freeman's majority was only twenty. Porter and Freeman have both passed away and thus it has been with a large majority of my friends, whom I loved and enjoyed during my earlier life.

CONCLUSION.

I should have stated, as a part of my "autobiographical sketch," that I am a Free Mason, embracing all the degrees, up to and including the degree of Knight Templar; I was Grand Master of the State of Tennessee for the year 1883.

It affords me great satisfaction to note that the young generation of our families now living, are bright, intelligent and well educated.

I contemplate the future with the very highest hopes. What a grand thing it is to be young at the commencement of this new century. The world is aflame with the spirit of progress. No one can forecast what this century will bring forth.

If I am permitted, after I shall have crossed the Great Divide, which separates this life from the other, to know what goes on here, I shall watch with the great-

est interest the development and progress of the young members of the families, for whose benefit I have written this book.

I believe in the immortality of the soul and that when I shall have passed through The Dark Valley and The Shadow of what we call Death, it will be to enter upon another and better life.

ERRATA.

Line 31, page 25, "July 4th, 1867" should be July 4th, 1868.

Line 23, page 28, "July 19th" should be July 23rd.

Line 24, page 28, "July" should be September.

Line 28, page 34, "crowned" should be crowded.

Line 22, page 38, "drifts" should be rifts.

Line 26, page 39, "dead" should be deaf.

Line 3, page 44, "1913" should be 1912.

Line 4, page 89, "Thomas" should be Nathaniel J.

Line 9, page 89, "eighty-one" should be eighty-nine.

Line 4, page 128, "1866" should be 1766.

Line 31, page 148, "Killiland" should be Gilleland.

At end of line 32, page 166, insert the following: "Minnie Ellis Welch made her home at my house from 1881 to 1888.

At end of line 2, page 235, put).

Line 17, page 279, "a" should be as.

At end of line 30, page 280, after the word "ordered" put "

Before the word "Josiah" line 10, page 285, put (.

Line 10, page 299, "grew" should be grow.

Line 4, page 341, "man" should be men.

Line 24, page 346 "the" should be he.

Line 16, page 366, and 18, page 367, "Clifton" should be Port Clifton.

Line 4, page 358, "avis" should be Davis.

There are typographical errors whose correction is obvious, and, hence are not noticed on this page.

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